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A DEMOCRATIC PEACE

BY WILLIAM FORBES COOLEY

"Let us be perfectly clear in our own minds," President Lowell of Harvard to the National Safety Council.

THE New York City Socialist Organisation has announced that it stands "absolutely with President Wilson in his contention for 'peace without victory,'" adding, "peace cannot come too soon to suit us." The prevailing opinion, however, is in strong opposition. It is expressed by the *North American Review* in its demand for Grant's historic terms at Fort Donelson, and its cry, "Away with Peace, peace when there is no peace! On with the fight for God and man!"* Even the discussion of peace upon other basis than that of victory is condemned, the usually judicially minded Taft calling upon his fellow-Unitarians to "stamp upon all proposals of peace as ill-advised or seditious." To like effect speaks Professor R. H. Dabney, in opposing Dr. Eliot's peace conference plan: "He has unintentionally given aid and comfort to the enemy of civilisation. Pro-Germans, traitors, slackers, and shallow pacifists, as well as the Germans themselves, will all rejoice that Dr. Eliot's potent voice is lifted in favour of peace without victory over Prussianism. His words will weaken the resolution of some Americans, and will strengthen the courage of the enemy. All such words will prolong the war, and cost the lives of Americans. For America . . . is going to stay in the war until victory is won and genuine peace and safety are attained."†

In the face of these insistent claims we seem to have special need of being "clear in our own minds." Two questions arise: What do we mean by *victory?* And what *kind of peace movement* is referred to?

To any movement for a merely American or separate peace there are the most grave ethical objections. It would be playing the poltroon in the world tragedy, and showing treachery to the cause of mankind in its hour of most desperate need. And it is true that even serious discussion of such a thing is hurtful; that "a double-minded man *is* unstable in all his ways," and that no one having put hand to the plough and looking back is fit for the domain of achievement. So long as we are at war, we must wage it with all our might and with utmost concentration of purpose.

Against an *international* peace agitation, however, the same objections as-

*September, 1917, p. 350.

†Cf. the words of ex-Premier Viviani in the French Chamber, after his return from America: "America has entered the war with the belief that there can be no peace without victory."

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surely do not lie. Peace of the right kind is, of course, the goal of all the warring peoples; and it cannot be ultimately harmful to any *legitimate* national interest* to inquire, on the one hand, what constitutes that right kind of peace, and, on the other, what possible steps, other than those of brute dictation, there may be for obtaining it? Rather is it morally imperative upon us to keep the field of that inquiry open, lest we be accomplices in the crime of needless human slaughter and preventable desolations of heart; lest, also, we burden the future with an unnecessary weight of international enmity. As a matter of fact, is it more than a vehement assumption that the only way out is to "attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key"? The favourite warrant appealed to is the course of Lincoln in 1864. Certainly no present-day pacifist longs for peace more ardently than did that "kindly earnest, brave, foreseeing man"; yet he would not consider a peace without victory. Ah, but the issue then was plainly different. In 1864 the very existence of the Southern Confederacy was involved, and necessarily so. Either the Confederacy or the Union had to go down. Is that the situation to-day as regards Germany? Most certainly not. That notion is precisely one of the false claims of Prussian militarism which we must sedulously deny and disprove; for it is a reinforcement of Kaiserism's hold upon the suffering but blind German populace, and so a factor making for ruthless prolongation of the conflict.

Over against sheer militancy's assumption is to be placed the need of making our war aims clear to all—a matter of first importance in a just cause, and a matter calling for broad-minded and free discussion. Mere general disavowals of sinister intent are not sufficient. Diplomacy has made insincerity almost the rule in international communications. We must declare and interpret and reiterate our war aims, if we would have the enemy peoples even entertain the possibility that they are not predatory. So different from our own is the German way of thinking in national affairs—a way modelled upon that of Frederick the Great and Treitschke—that principles which have been rooted in our national life for generations, and are supported by our best thought, are now, when brought into the world discussion, summarily dismissed by German critics as evident hypocrisy. We need the discussion, also, for ourselves, that we may keep our ideas clear and our purpose true. For human passion—and when is passion more active than in war time?—is perpetually clouding issues. We shall not think straight, if we do not pause occasionally and consider our aims and our acts with reference to world-wide interests. No mariner, having fixed his course, lashes his helm and thereafter devotes himself exclusively to sail or engine. Moreover, our aims may need to be modified with the march of events. New occasions do teach new duties. It is common for warring peoples to end with quite different aims from those with which they began, as was the case with us in 1898. Such modification of aims can be made wisely only after critical and candid discussion.

And what opportunities for higher purposes and greater achievements in ethical civilisation are now appearing on the horizon! It has been pointed out that rarely, if ever, has there been such an opportunity to realise the ethical radical's wish, and, in the words of Omar Khayyam, shatter "this sorry scheme of things entire" and "remould it nearer to our heart's desire." To-day not only is the unprecedented conflict, with its far-reaching readjustments of political, economic, and other social relations, clearing away "the dead wood in our social

*Chancellor Michaelis has, indeed, announced to a committee of the Reichstag that a "public statement" of the German war aims would "injure German interests" and "would contribute certainly to a prolongation of the war"; but no justification of the claim is given, and none suggests itself, except the all too probable one that what he calls "German interests" are opposed to human interests, that is, are not *legitimate*.

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inheritance," but at last the understanding mind is present amid the fury and the change. The social consciousness of our day is a new thing in the earth. But the understanding mind must be awake and active. "Der Tag" of mankind, that finer "life of the nations on a new basis of justice" recently prophesied by the Russian Ambassador, will not be attained, if passion, however justifiable and even needful when of the right kind, excludes the activity of critical, fair-minded thought. In the birth throes of a new civilisation much assuredly will depend upon the midwife, Reason. Nor will it do for intelligence to wait until force has determined the issue. If prejudice and partisan feeling have the field to themselves until the fighting is over, they will not then quietly yield it to reason. Ethical thought, charged with the interests of mankind, must be in the field *before* the end—alert, and ready to seize opportunity, which, as we have long been informed, has only a forelock and is bald behind. Of course, it will not do for intelligence to champion Utopias. Doctrinaire panaceas will only disgust the conservatives, increase opposition, and perhaps defeat the larger good altogether. This is the Scylla over against the Charybdis of the *fainéant* mind. No; constructive thought must keep in touch with facts. It must seek to plant and develop rather than to manufacture—to bring about new forms of organised social *life,* forms which may be expected to *grow* with the new needs and new conditions of the future.

The other question raised above was as to the meaning "victory" when insisted upon as indispensable. It is natural to understand it as a triumph of arms over the German nation—the destruction of its fighting power, so that it shall be forced to accept our terms. If that is the meaning, then to fight for victory merely, or mainly, is to fight for the very thing the Prussian junker is after, namely, tribal domination, and that is a barbarian rather than a civilised objective. Of course, victory in that sense is not our real end. At most it is an end sought by us as the only means of attaining the finer and more ethical end lying beyond it—the larger human good, and that larger good discussion must make clear and *keep* clear. It is to be noted that the door for "peace without victory" (in this military sense) is still left open in the President's reply to the Pope, though it is true that a peremptory sentinel stands guard.

Sometimes, however—indeed, often—the victory demanded is ideal rather than military—the victory of liberty over despotism, of democracy over divine right, of self-governing peoples over a would-be master caste. In the opposition of principles involved in the statements of the late Professor Münsterberg, on the one hand, that "In the German view the state is not for the individuals, but the individuals for the state," and of Mr. Wilson, on the other, that "The American people . . . believe that peace should rest upon the rights of peoples, not the rights of governments,"—in this ideal conflict, it must be admitted, there can be no "peace without victory." Any settlement will be but temporary—a mere truce—so long as the principles of "macht-politik" dominate sixty-seven millions of capable, aggressive men and women. But why should it be assumed that the only field for decision for these conflicting ideas and ideals is the field of battle? Is force, then, so cogent intellectually? Or is it supposed that an idea defeated in battle is thenceforth dead? How exceedingly dead in that case should the idea of liberty be! As a matter of fact, ideas which "crushed to earth . . . rise again" are not limited to what we call "truth"; and, if only bayonets and bombs are appealed to, the idea that German welfare involves German domination may well be one of these. Indubitably the court of decision for truth is the court of reason. Facts, no doubt, are needful for the adjudication, and sometimes facts which only the battle-field can supply; but the decision itself, if real, is always in the domain of mind.

Ex-President Eliot—like the Social-

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ists—has raised the question whether an international peace conference is not now possible, that is, whether the international discussion of conditions of peace may not be carried from the press to, say, the Peace Palace at The Hague. He would have each of the warring nations represented in such a conference by from two to four conferees, but not in any way committed to their words or acts, the appointees being entirely uninstructed. What would be the advantages of this plan over that of journalistic discussion? The disputants would apparently correspond very closely to "inspired" editorial writers. Would they be more likely to reach common ground in oral than in printed debate? When we consider the present bitterness of inter-belligerent feeling, this seems quite unlikely. It is an old observation that the tongue is "unruly," a "fire" kindling "the course of nature," whereas print is accounted "cold." With unrestricted and uncontrolled conferees the chances of argument flaming into passion instead of crystallising into rational agreement seem to be seriously increased. The peace palace might become a pandemonium! And what possible advantage offsets this risk? The agreements reached—should there be any—having no binding force, would seemingly be upon the same plane as those reached on the safer arena of press discussion.

In the September issue of THE BOOKMAN an argument was presented by Mr. Carl H. P. Thurston for what he calls "A Legislated Peace." He, too, would have an international conference called at once, without waiting for the victory of either side, but he would substitute *delegates* for conferees; that is, he would have the appointees empowered, under the control of their governments, to reach conclusions binding upon the nations represented. One merit in this plan is that, the appointees being legislators, their discussions might well be serious and rational. Responsibility makes strongly for sobriety in judgment and caution in word and act. Furthermore, the value of the outcome sought—a binding international agreement—would fully justify the experiment. Perhaps, however, the most valuable feature of the scheme is the limitation of the discussions—at least in the first and most important stage—to "certain principles by which all the questions in dispute might be resolved," principles to "be held valid for the future as well as the present." It does seem that even now *principles* of settlement might be discussed in a responsible conference; for principles, being abstract, are not so inflammatory as concrete issues. And it is a happy thought that they should be discussed *by themselves,* that is, abstractly; for in concrete situations judgment regarding them is always more or less warped by private or partisan interest. Of course, the personal interest can never be eliminated altogether; but the chances of some measure of agreement are increased when the issues are universalised, in accordance with the recognised rule of Immanuel Kant.

I must dissent, however, when Mr. Thurston adds, that "the method of choosing delegates might profitably be left to the separate states." Earlier in his article he has condemned the programme of a "negotiated peace" as a "sordid trading across a mahogany table"—a trading by "diplomats" in the fortunes and destinies of unrepresented peoples. But if the states consult only their own pleasure in the choice of delegates, it is evident that the Central Powers will be represented by mere government appointees, representatives of the master classes and not of the peoples themselves. In such a case, how would any conclusions agreed upon differ from those of a "negotiated peace," except in the fact that they were confined to principles and did not cover concrete matters? And what would be the value of principles resting upon the concurrence of men who have been reared to regard diplomacy as the art of overreaching other nations? The Teutonic Powers have acceded to the Pope's proposal of reduction of armaments and compulsory arbitration, but Entente sentiment

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is very little impressed thereby. It is regarded as but another case where "the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be." The Greeks of Central Europe are distrusted even when bearing gifts, for they have shown in both diplomacy and war such facility in using professions as masques, and in side-tracking admirable principles in administration. What the world situation calls for is an intellectual coming together of the belligerent peoples themselves. As the President has said: "The test . . . of every plan of peace is this: Is it based upon the faith of all the peoples involved, or merely upon the word of an ambitious and intriguing government, on the one hand, and of a group of free peoples on the other?" Now, real negotiation between the *peoples* can be effected most speedily through a *democratically based international congress* —a body of broad-minded, responsible men *representing the popular legislative bodies of the nations concerned,* convened with the avowed purpose of determining the main principles upon which the international settlement shall be made. Whatever agreements were reached by such a congress would be so much real progress toward the restoration of reason to the throne in the affairs of mankind. Even in the case of irreconcilable differences it would be a gain to have them brought out into the light of criticism. Error is ever most mischievous and most incorrigible in the dark or in the lurid half lights of passion.

The objector will probably urge that whatever the advantages of such a congress, it is idle to agitate for it, because an unbeaten Germany will never participate in it. The thought of the German rulers being that the people exist only for the state, and that *L'Etat, c'est nous,* to let the people determine through their chosen representatives the terms of peace would, from their point of view, be to surrender the very principle which makes the existence of Germany worth while. Consequently a democratic congress before a decisive defeat of the German arms is only another case of lunar politics. From this conclusion I must dissent. It cannot be an idle thing to set ourselves right with the conscience of mankind. At the least an earnest movement on the part of neutrals and the Entente Powers toward a peace democratically arranged and guaranteed would place the issue historically in such a clear light that after the war, when the heats of passion shall have subsided, the German people will hardly be able to avoid it. The fact that their rulers would not allow them a voice in matters of life and death importance to them will assuredly make them more critical of the system under which they have lived and suffered and come to disaster, and will through reaction make them more accessible to modern ethical national ideals.

But why should we assume that the democratic interest is dead in Germany? That it is obscured is evident enough; but that is due to the obsession, so diligently cultivated by Junkerism, that Germany's very existence is at stake. If there is a real, though repressed, interest in popular government in Germany, what would be more likely to dispel their delusion; what more likely to disarm the Teutonic Junkers—and Entente jingoes, withal—than an appeal to join in a democratic congress issued from some neutral source and *responded to favourably by the belligerent free peoples?* Surely it is a hard saying that a people who, in their calmer hours, are of unsurpassed mental capacity are now incapable of being brought by any evidence to a reasonable outlook upon the world. Nor is it believable that the countrymen of Luther, Schiller, and Carl Schurz are too brutish to feel the ethical appeal of human welfare.

It is evident, of course, that no Entente government could call such a congress, for the German militarists would at once construe the call as a sign of weakness, and stiffen their aggression both in the field and at the council table. Least of all could the United States issue the call, for that to these same oppo-

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nents would be pleading guilty to their insistent charge that we are "bluffing,"* and do not mean to fight wholeheartedly—indeed, are incapable of doing so. But why should not the Pope make the needed advances? If it be thought that his first peace appeal indicated a leaning toward the Central Powers, it is to be remembered that at the outset such an attitude would be quite natural for him, and might well be unconscious. The Romanic Church has inherited from classic society like imperialistic assumptions and ideals to those of the aristocracies of central Europe. But Benedict is by no means a mere traditionalist, and it is greatly to be hoped that he will see the reason for the failure of his first attempt, and—this time with adequate appreciation of the deep convictions and ethical aims of the free peoples—will address himself afresh to the truly Christian task of bringing "peace upon earth." If, however, he is unable or unwilling to come into such sympathetic touch with the modern world, then one of the European neutrals—Switzerland or Holland—might well assume the honourable task.

The topics to be considered in such a congress should be outlined in advance, and *all the proceedings should be public and open to collateral discussion in the press of all nations.* The field of the diplomatic gamester should be restricted to the utmost. Moreover, the topics should be practical, and not doctrinaire, and should be requisite to the supreme issue at hand—the making of a just and stable peace. That means that they should be *prospective in their reference,* and should take account of the past only so far as that may be needful to provide for the good of men in the present and future, and not at all for the satisfaction of feelings of revenge, tribal hostility, or even traditional morality. When the sound objective of human welfare is attained, the "eternal principles of justice"—venerable phrase of vague import!—will doubtless be found to be in accord therewith. Nor should we and our allies enter the discussion in a dogmatic temper, assuming that our cherished ideas are necessarily the last and perfect description and programme of humanity's wellbeing. Rather must we take up the great discussion in a broad-minded ethical temper, with a readiness to make concessions and even sacrifices, when these are needful for the common good.

The geographical question will, no doubt, come first, that being its rank in the popular interest, and in the Allied statement of peace terms. "Restitution" is the latter's catchword, a term offering various interpretations. Restitution of the *status quo ante* will not suffice, for that will not be accepted by the French or the Italians. Nor yet will the boundaries of 1870 be acceptable. Indeed, the German justification of the rape of Alsace-Lorraine is that it was but a restitution of the old situation of some two hundred years before;† a justification rather staggering to Americans since it gives Great Britain an even better claim to the United States! It is evident that if the restitution idea is to result in more than a "sordid trading across a mahogany table," it must be qualified by some principle of popular referendum. No true people—one possessing a life, traditions, and ideals of its own—should be forced to accept a rule that is continuously distasteful to it, no matter what technical justification for the "restitution" the past may offer. If this principle of the rightful primacy of the popular interest could be adopted by a world congress, a hopeful beginning would be made for an equitable, and therefore stable, adjustment of conflicting national claims. But even this evidently just principle needs interpretation. Does it mean that every people desirous of independence should have it, regard-

*So recently Von Tirpitz to the Hungarian representatives: "American help is, and will remain, a mere bluff."

†The German apologist conveniently overlooks the fact that for centuries prior to Louis Quatorze, Alsace was the possession of the house of Austria, and not of any member of the present German Empire.

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less of whether it can maintain that independence or not, and regardless, also, of the inconvenience or danger that the independence may cause to other peoples? Sinn Feiners and many Bohemians will no doubt say, Yes, it means just that; but the answer is inconclusive. A nation which is actually dependent, politically, upon other peoples cannot justly deny all political claims on their part. Duties and rights go together. It may be that the real rights of such a people are satisfied when home rule is accorded to it.

A related question is that of the rights of peoples who are backward in development. We Americans in the past have nominally dealt with our Indian tribes as foreign nations, nations sovereign and independent, with territories which were their exclusive possession. The system has worked ill, ill for the American good name and worse for the welfare of the aborigines. It is to be doubted if it has worked better in Africa or the British East Indies. Indeed, it would be hard to instance a case the earth around where this doctrinaire principle has worked to the advantage of backward peoples when thrown into contact with those which are advanced. The idea that the rights of all peoples, regardless of their ability to maintain them, or use them, or perhaps even understand them, are identical is all that gives colour to the long-cherished charge of the Germans against the British of "crushing" weaker peoples. Certainly the "crushed" peoples have in the past three years shown a singular readiness to stand up for their alleged oppressors. It is the idea, too, which furnishes American critics of our Philippine policy with most of their arguments. The best examples of really helpful relations between advanced and backward peoples—Egypt, for instance—have been those cases where the *duties* of the stronger nation to the weaker have been honourably recognised, and the *rights* of supervision which go with such duties have been frankly exercised. Is it not time that international principle and policy should discard the misleading analogy covered by the words "nation" and "people," and should recognise explicitly that the rights of a people in the sisterhood of nations are limited to such a degree and kind of self-government as it can maintain effectively and serviceably to itself and mankind, *together with all such conditions of national and racial development toward complete parity with its neighbours* as international cooperation can provide?

Connected with the geographical question is the important matter of the enlargement of the sphere of international control. The "freedom of the seas" appears to have been mostly a phrase for partisan declamation,* yet the principle bears upon the peace settlement in two important ways. One of these is the familiar, but not fully established, doctrine of the "open door" in all non-self-governing over-seas possessions. Any nation exercising control over portions of the earth not mainly inhabited by its own citizens should be required to do so as the representative of the collective interests of mankind, and the guardian of equal commercial rights *with itself* for all nations. Secondly, neither the Central nor the Entente Powers can afford to have the Turkish straits controlled after the war by their present enemies; and a "dictated peace" which left the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles so controlled would contain fertile seed of future conflict. International control is evidently the true solution. This, of course, would be a serious check to Germany's eastern ambitions; and, if obliged to concede it, she may confidently be expected to demand that the artificial straits of Suez and Panama should be internationalised likewise. And, indeed, why not? It is hard to see other than partisan reasons to the contrary, and partisan interests insisted upon to the detriment of other peoples will surely breed future trouble. Why should it

*Reduced to its lowest terms the German demand seems to be that the indispensable naval defences which Great Britain has erected against a foreign attack should be removed by international agreement!

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not be established as an international principle, in the interest of world-wide human good, that all water-ways, whether natural or artificial, the use of which is requisite to the welfare of two or more peoples shall, upon the demand of one of these, be put under international control?

The Entente call for "reparation" will probably be the one most hotly contested by Germany; yet it appears to spring from a sound principle. The new democracy of Russia has declared for "no indemnities," and the Pope has suggested that both sides drop the claim for reparation. This might well be good counsel, if only economic interests were at stake; for the Entente Powers could afford better to repair the desolations of Belgium, France, and Serbia themselves than to continue the war for a year or two longer. But it is not so; political and ethical interests are involved. Successful national depredation is an evil virus in the world. Germany would not have prepared for and executed her Jingis Khan undertaking of 1914, if it had not been for her predatory success in 1870. Moreover, among the needful "guarantees" of peace in future must be placed an adequate realisation on the part of the German people of the iniquity of the policy of "schrecklichkeit." To seek that realisation by retaliation in kind would be too great an injury to civilisation and the moral sentiment of the world; it would be to take a long stride backward toward barbarism. What more equitable way, then, is there of safeguarding the future morally than that of bringing home to an erring people the evils of a barbarian policy by making them pay its judicially determined damages?

This question of guarantees for the future, professedly desired by both sides, is evidently one of great difficulty. Mere treaties are broken reeds for safety—"scraps of paper" in the hour of stress. On national *interests,* not on mere promises, must reliance be placed. In some way the peoples must be brought to see, what happily is the truth, that their real interests lie in co-operation and friendly rivalry in the arts of peace, not in overreaching and robbery. Now, the recognition of this truth, and the establishment of national attitudes which shall put it into effect, seem to be possible (as in civil life) only under the protective guarantee of some international organisation equipped with power; that is, something in the nature of Mr. Taft's "League to Enforce Peace." No people —not even the American—can properly allow the question of its safety to become secondary with it, can reasonably pass beyond the sword and revolver stage of development, unless that safety is sufficiently provided for, at least as regards sudden exigencies, by a world society. It is not enough to agree and proclaim, as should be agreed and proclaimed, that it is an international crime for a people to arise, thrust aside all judicial inquiry, and, on the plea that it has private information that its neighbour is plotting its hurt, forthwith assail that neighbour and devastate her lands and cities. It is not enough, because too many peoples (like too many individuals) are still liable to criminal or crazy impulses. A democratic Peace Congress which shall meet the real world needs must, therefore, commit the peoples it represents to the principle of a duly equipped peace league, a league which shall at least secure to each nation the protection of an arbitratment of reason before an appeal to arms is permitted.

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THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART II

Stephen Phillips—his immediate success—influence of Stratford-on-Avon—his plays—a traditional poet—his realism.—William Watson—his unpromising start—his lament on the coldness of the age toward poetry—his Epigrams—"Wordsworth's Grave"—his eminence as a critic in verse—his anti-imperialism—his Song of Hate—his Byronic wit—his contempt for the "new' poetry.—Alfred Noyes—both literary and rhetorical—an orthodox poet—a singer—his democracy—his childlike imagination—his sea-poems—"Drake"—his optimism—his religious faith.—A. E. Housman—his paganism and pessimism—his modernity—his originality—his lyrical power—war poems—Ludlow.

I

THE genius of Stephen Phillips was immediately recognised by London critics. When the thin volume, *Poems,* containing "Marpessa," "Christ in Hades," and some lyrical pieces, appeared in 1897, it was greeted by a loud chorus of approval, ceremoniously ratified by the bestowal of the First Prize from the British Academy. Some of the more distinguished among his admirers asserted that the nobility, splendour, and beauty of his verse merited the adjective Miltonic. I remember that we Americans thought that the English critics had lost their heads, and we queried what they would say if we praised a new poet in the United States in any such fashion. But that was before we had seen the book; when we had once read it for ourselves, we felt no alarm for the safety of Milton, but we knew that English Literature had been enriched. Stephen Phillips is among the English poets.

His career extended over the space of twenty-five years, from the first publication of "Marpessa," in 1890, to his death on December 9, 1915. He was born near the city of Oxford, July 28, 1868. His father, the Rev. Dr. Stephen Phillips, still living, is Precentor of Peterborough Cathedral; his mother was related to Wordsworth. He was exposed to poetry germs at the age of eight, for in 1876 his father became Chaplain and Sub-Vicar at Stratford-on-Avon, and the boy attended the Grammar School. Later he spent a year at Queens College, Cambridge, enough to give him the right to be enrolled in the long list of Cambridge poets. He went on the stage as a member of Frank Benson's company, and in his time played many parts, receiving on one occasion a curtain call as the Ghost in *Hamlet.* This experience—with the early Stratford inspiration—probably fired his ambition to become a dramatist. George Alexander produced *Paolo and Francesca; Herod* was acted in London by Beerbohm Tree, and in America by William Faversham. Neither of these plays was a failure, but it is regrettable that he wrote for the stage at all. His genius was not adapted for drama, and the quality of his verse was not improved by the experiment, although all of his half-dozen pieces have occasional passages of rare loveliness. His best play, *Paolo and Francesca,* suffers when compared either with Boker's or D'Annunzio's treatment of the old story. It lacks the stage-craft of the former, and the virility of the latter.

Phillips was no pioneer: he followed the main tradition of English poetry, and must be counted among the legiti-

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mate heirs. At his best, he resembles Keats most of all; and none but a real poet could ever make us think of Keats. If he be condemned for not breaking new paths, we may remember the words of a wise man—"It is easier to differ from the great poets than it is to resemble them.". He loved to employ the standard five-foot measure that has done so much of the best work of English poetry. In "The Woman with the Dead Soul," he showed once more the musical possibilities latent in the heroic couplet, which Pope had used with such monotonous brilliance. In "Marpessa," he gave us blank verse of noble artistry. But he was far more than a mere technician. He fairly meets the test set by John Davidson. "In the poet the whole assembly of his being is harmonious; no organ is master; a diapason extends throughout the entire scale; his whole body, his whole soul, is rapt into the making of his poetry. . . . Poetry is the product of originality, of a first-hand experience and observation of life, of a direct communion with men and women, with the seasons of the year, with day and night. The critic will therefore be well advised, if he have the good fortune to find something that seems to him poetry, to lay it out in the daylight and the moonlight, to take it into the street and the fields, to set against it his own experience and observation of life."

One of the most severe tests of poetry that I know of is to read it aloud on the shore of an angry sea. Homer, Shakespeare, Milton gain in splendour with this accompaniment.

With the words of John Davidson in mind, let us take two passages from "Marpessa," and measure one against the atmosphere of day and night, and the other against homely human experience. Although Mr. Davidson was not thinking of Phillips, I believe he would have admitted the validity of this verse.

From the dark
The floating smell of flowers invisible,
The mystic yearning of the garden wet,
The moonless-passing night—into his brain
Wandered, until he rose and outward leaned
In the dim summer: 'twas the moment deep
When we are conscious of the secret dawn,
Amid the darkness that we feel is green. . . .
When the long day that glideth without cloud,
The summer day, was at her deep blue hour
Of lilies musical with busy bliss,
Whose very light trembled as with excess,
And heat was frail, and every bush and flower
Was drooping in the glory overcome;

Any poet knows how to speak in authentic tones of the wild passion of insurgent hearts; but not every poet possesses the rarer gift of setting the mellower years to harmonious music, as in the following gracious words:

But if I live with Idas, then we two
On the low earth shall prosper hand in hand
In odours of the open field, and live
In peaceful noises of the farm, and watch
The pastoral fields burned by the setting sun. . . .
And though the first sweet sting of love be past,
The sweet that almost venom is; though youth,
With tender and extravagant delight,
The first and secret kiss by twilight hedge,
The insane farewell repeated o'er and o'er,
Pass off; there shall succeed a faithful peace;
Beautiful friendship tried by sun and wind,
Durable from the daily dust of life.
And though with sadder, still with kinder eyes,
We shall behold all frailties, we shall haste
To pardon, and with mellowing minds to bless.
Then though we must grow old, we shall grow old
Together, and he shall not greatly miss
My bloom faded, and waning light of eyes,
Too deeply gazed in ever to seem dim;
Nor shall we murmur at, nor much regret
The years that gently bend us to the ground,
And gradually incline our face; that we
Leisurely stooping, and with each slow step,
May curiously inspect our lasting home.
But we shall sit with luminous holy smiles,
Endeared by many griefs, by many a jest,

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And custom sweet of living side by side;
And full of memories not unkindly glance
Upon each other. Last, we shall descend
Into the natural ground—not without tears—
One must go first, ah God! one must go first;
After so long one blow for both were good;
Still like old friends, glad to have met, and leave
Behind a wholesome memory on the earth.

Although "Marpessa"* and "Christ in Hades" are subjects naturally adapted for poetic treatment, Phillips did not hesitate to try his art on material less malleable. In some of his poems we find a realism as honest and clear-sighted as that of Crabbe or Masefield. In "The Woman with the Dead Soul" and "The Wife" we have naturalism elevated into poetry. He could make a London night as mystical as a moonlit meadow. And in a brief couplet he has given to one of the most familiar of metropolitan spectacles a pretty touch of imagination. The traffic policeman becomes a musician.

The constable with lifted hand
Conducting the orchestral Strand.

Stephen Phillips's second volume of collected verse, *New Poems* (1907), came ten years after the first, and was to me a most agreeable surprise. His devotion to the drama made me fear that he had burned himself out in the *Poems* of 1897; but the later book is as unmistakably the work of a poet as was the earlier. The mystical communion with nature is expressed with authority in such poems as "After Rain," "Thoughts at Sunrise," "Thoughts at Noon." Indeed the first-named distinctly harks back to that transcendental mystic of the seventeenth century, the wonderful Henry Vaughan. The greatest triumph in the whole volume comes where we should least expect it, in the eulogy on Gladstone. The worst poetry in the world is ever to be found among epitaphs. The village poets have added new terrors to Death. Even the most sure-footed bards often miss their path in the Dark Valley. Yet in these seven stanzas on the Old Parliamentary Hand there is not a single weak line, not a single false note; word placed on word grows steadily into a column of majestic beauty.

This poem is all the more refreshing because admiration for Gladstone had become unfashionable; his work was belittled, his motives befouled, his clear mentality discounted by thousands of pygmy politicians and journalistic gnats. The poet, with a poet's love for mountains, turns the powerful light of his genius on the old giant; the mists disappear; and we see again a form venerable and august.

The saint and poet dwell apart; but thou
Wast holy in the furious press of men,
And choral in the central rush of life.
Yet didst thou love old branches and a book,
And Roman verses on an English lawn. . . .

Yet not for all thy breathing charm remote,
Nor breach tremendous in the forts of Hell,
Not for these things we praise thee, though these things
Are much; but more, because thou didst discern
In temporal policy the eternal will;

Thou gav'st to party strife the epic note,
And to debate the thunder of the Lord;
To meanest issues fire of the Most High.

II

William Watson, a Yorkshireman by birth and ancestry, was born on August 2, 1858. His first volume, *The Prince's Quest,* appeared in 1880. Seldom has a true poet made a more unpromising start, or given so little indication, not only of the flame of genius, but of the power of thought. No twentieth century English poet has a stronger, richer personality than William Watson. There is not the slightest tang of it in *The Prince's Quest.* This long, rambling romance, in ten sections, is as de-

*It is perhaps worth recording that "Marpessa," a tone-poem for orchestra and tenor, by Howard D. Barlow, in which the text is a portion of Phillips's poem, had its first performance at Bay View, Michigan, August 16, 1917.

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void of flavour as a five-finger exercise. It is more than objective—it is somnambulistic. It contains hardly any notable lines, and hardly any bad lines. Although quite dull, it never deviates into prose—it is always somehow poetical, without ever becoming poetry. It is written in the heroic couplet, written with a fatal fluency; not good enough and not bad enough to be interesting. It is like the student's theme, which was returned to him without corrections, yet with a low mark; and in reply to the student's resentful question, "Why did you not correct my faults, if you thought meanly of my work?" the teacher replied wearily, "Your theme has no faults; it is distinguished by a lack of merit."

In *The Prince's Quest,* Mr. Watson exhibited a rather remarkable command of a barren technique. He had neither thoughts that breathe, nor words that burn. He had one or two unusual words—his only indication of immaturity in style—like "wox" and "himseemed." (Why is it that when "herseemed," as used by Rossetti, is so beautiful, "himseemed" should be so irritating?) But aside from a very few specimens, the poem is as free from affectations as it is from passion. When we remember the amazing faults and the amazing splendours of *Pauline,* it seems incredible that a young poet could write so many pages without stumbling and without soaring; that he could produce a finished work of mediocrity. I suppose that those who read the poem in 1880 felt quite sure that its author would never scale the heights; and they were wrong; because William Watson really has the divine gift, and is one of the most deservedly eminent among living poets.

It is only fair to add that in the edition of his works in 1898, *The Prince's Quest* did not appear; he was persuaded, however, to include it in the two-volume edition of 1905, where it enjoys considerable revision, "wox" becoming normal, and "himseemed" becoming dissyllabic. For my part, I am glad that it has now been definitely retained. It is important in the study of a poet's development. It would seem that the William Watson of the last twenty-five years, a fiery, eager, sensitive man, with a burning passion to express himself on moral and political ideas, learned the mastery of his art before he had anything to say.

Perhaps, being a thoroughly honest craftsman, he felt that he ought to keep his thoughts to himself until he knew how to express them. After proving it on an impersonal romance, he was then ready to speak his mind. No poet has ever spoken his mind more plainly.

In an interesting address, delivered in various cities in the United States, and published in 1913, called *The Poet's Place in the Scheme of Life,* Mr. Watson said, "Since my arrival on these shores I have been told that here also the public interest in poetry is visibly on the wane." Now whoever told him that was mistaken. The public interest in poetry and in poets has visibly "wox," to use Mr. Watson's word. It is always true that a profoundly original genius, like Browning, like Ibsen, like Wagner, must wait some time for public recognition, although these three all lived long enough to receive not only appreciation, but idolatry; but the "reading public" has no difficulty in recognising immediately first-rate work when it is produced in the familiar forms of art. In the Preface that preceded his printed lecture, Mr. Watson complained with some natural resentment, though with no petulance, that his poem "King Alfred," starred as it was from the old armories of literature, received scarcely any critical comment, and attracted no attention. But the reason is plain enough—"King Alfred," as a whole, is an exceedingly dull poem, and is therefore not in the least provocative of eager discussion. The critics and the public rose in reverence before "Wordsworth's Grave," because it is a noble work of art. Its author did not have to tell us of its beauty—it was as clear as a cathedral.

I do not agree with Mr. Watson or with Mr. Mackaye, that real poets are

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speaking to deaf ears, or that they should be stimulated by forced attention. I once heard Percy Mackaye make an eloquent and high-minded address, where, if my memory serves me rightly, he advocated something like a stipend for young poets. A distinguished old man in the audience, now with God, whispered audibly, "What most of them need is hanging!" I do not think they should be rewarded either by cash or the gallows. Let them make their way, and if they have genius, the public will find it out. If all they have is talent, and no means to support it, poetry had better become their avocation.

Mr. Watson has expressly disclaimed that in his lecture he was lamenting merely "the insufficient praise bestowed upon living poets." It is certainly true that most poets cannot live by the sale of their works. Is this especially the fault of our age? is it the fault of our poets? is it a fault in human nature? Mr. Watson said, "Yet I am bound to admit that this need for the poet is felt by but few persons in our day. With one exception there is not a single living English poet the sales of whose poems would not have been thought contemptible by Scott and Byron. The exception is, of course, that apostle of British imperialism—that vehement and voluble glorifier of Britannic ideals, whom I dare say you will readily identify from my brief, and, I hope, not disparaging description of him. With that one brilliant and salient exception, England's living singers succeed in reaching only a pitifully small audience." In commenting on this passage, we ought to remember that Scott and Byron were colossal figures, so big that no eye could miss them; and that the reason why Kipling has enjoyed substantial rewards is not because of his political views, nor because of his glorification of the British Empire, but simply because of his literary genius. He is a brilliant and salient exception to the common run of poets, not merely in royalties, but in creative power. Furthermore, shortly after this lecture was delivered, Alfred Noyes and then John Masefield passed from city to city in America in a veritable march of triumph. Mr. Gibson and Mr. De La Mare received homage everywhere; "Riley day" is now a legal holiday in Indiana; Rupert Brooke has been canonised.

Mr. Watson is surely in error when he offers "his poetical contemporaries in England" his "most sincere condolences on the hard fate which condemned them to be born there at all in the latter part of the nineteenth century." But he is not mistaken in wishing that more people everywhere were appreciative of true poetry. I wish this with all my heart, not so much for the poet's sake, as for that of the people. But the chosen spirits are not rarer in our time than formerly. The fault is in human nature. Material blessings are instantly appreciated by every man, woman, and child, and by all the animals. For one person who knows the joys of listening to music, or looking at pictures, or reading poetry, there are a hundred thousand who know only the joys of food, clothing, shelter. Spiritual delights are not so immediately apparent as the gratification of physical desires. Perhaps if they were, man's growth would stop. As Browning says,

> While were it so with the soul,—this gift of truth
> Once grasped, were this our soul's gain safe, and sure
> To prosper as the body's gain is wont,—
> Why, man's probation would conclude, his earth
> Crumble; for he both reasons and decides,
> Weighs first, then chooses: will he give up fire
> For gold or purple once he knows its worth?
> Could he give Christ up were his worth as plain?
> Therefore, I say, to test man, the proofs shift,
> Nor may he grasp that fact like other fact,
> And straightway in his life acknowledge it,
> As, say, the indubitable bliss of fire.

One of the greatest functions of the poet is to awaken men and women to the

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knowledge of the delights of the mind, to give them abundant life instead of a humdrum existence. As Mr. Watson nobly expresses it, the aim of the poet "is to keep fresh within us our often flagging sense of life's greatness and grandeur." We can exist on food; but we cannot live without our poets, who lift us to higher planes of thought and feeling. The poetry of William Watson has done this inestimable service for us again and again.

In 1884 appeared *Epigrams of Art, Life, and Nature*. I do not think these have been sufficiently admired. As an epigrammatist Mr. Watson has no rival in Victorian or in contemporary verse. The epigram is a quite definite form of art, especially cultivated by the poets in the first half of the seventeenth century. Their formula was the terse expression of obscene thoughts. Mr. Watson excels the best of them in wit, concision, and grace; it is needless to say he makes no attempt to rival them as a garbage-collector. Of the large number of epigrams that he has contributed to English literature, I find the majority not only interesting, but richly stimulating. This one ought to please Mr. H. G. Wells:

When whelmed are altar, priest, and creed;
  When all the faiths have passed;
Perhaps, from darkening incense freed,
  God may emerge at last.

This one, despite its subject, is far above doggerel:

His friends he loved. His direst earthly foes—
  Cats—I believe he did but feign to hate.
My hand will miss the insinuated nose,
  Mine eyes the tail that wagg'd contempt at fate.

But his best epigrams are on purely literary themes:

Your Marlowe's page I close, my Shakespeare's ope.
  How welcome—after gong and cymbal's din—
The continuity, the long slow slope
  And vast curves of the gradual violin!

With the publication in 1890 of his masterpiece, "Wordsworth's Grave," William Watson came into his own. This is worthy of the man it honours, and what higher praise could be given? It is distinctly superior, both in penetration and in beauty, to Matthew Arnold's famous "Memorial Verses." Indeed, in the art of writing profound and subtle literary criticism in rhythmical language that is itself high and pure poetry, Mr. Watson is unapproachable by any of his contemporaries, and I do not know of any poet in English literature who has surpassed him. This is his specialty, this is his clearest title to permanent fame. And although his criticism is so valuable, when employed on a sympathetic theme, that he must be ranked among our foremost modern interpreters of literature, his style in expressing it could not possibly be translated into prose, a sure test of its poetical greatness. In his noble "Apologia" he says

I have full oft
In singers' selves found me a theme of song,
Holding these also to be very part
Of Nature's greatness, and accounting not
Their descants least heroical of deeds.

The poem "Wordsworth's Grave" not only expresses, as no one else has expressed, the supreme quality of Wordsworth's genius, but in single lines assigned to each, the same service is done for Milton, Shakespeare, Shelley, Coleridge, and Byron. This is a matchless illustration of the kind of criticism that is in itself genius; for we may quarrel with Mr. Spingarn as much as we please on his general dogmatic principle of the identity of genius and taste; here we have so admirable an example of what he means by creative criticism, that it is a pity he did not think of it himself. "For it still remains true," says Mr. Spingarn, "that the æsthetic critic, in his moments of highest power, rises to heights where he is at one with the creator whom he is interpreting. At that moment criticism and 'creation' are one."

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All great poets have the power of noble indignation, a divine wrath against wickedness in high places. The poets, like the prophets of old, pour out their irrepressible fury against what they believe to be cruelty and oppression. Milton's magnificent Piedmont sonnet is a glorious roar of righteous rage; and since his time the poets have ever been the spokesmen for the insulted and injured. Robert Burns, more than most statesmen, helped to make the world safe for democracy. I do not know what humanity would do without its poets—they are the champions of the individual against the tyranny of power, the cruel selfishness of kings, and the artificial conventions of society. We may or may not agree with Mr. Watson's anti-imperialistic sentiments as expressed in the early days of our century; he himself, like most of us, has changed his mind on many subjects since the outbreak of the world-war, and unless he ceases to develop, will probably change it many times in the future. But whatever our opinions, we cannot help admiring lines like these, published in 1897:

HOW WEARY IS OUR HEART

Of kings and courts; of kingly, courtly ways
In which the life of man is bought and sold;
How weary is our heart these many days!

Of ceremonious embassies that hold
Parley with Hell in fine and silken phrase,
How weary is our heart these many days!

Of wavering counsellors neither hot nor cold,
Whom from His mouth God speweth, be it told
How weary is our heart these many days!

Yea, for the ravelled night is round the lands,
And sick are we of all the imperial story.
The tramp of Power, and its long trail of pain;
The mighty brows in meanest arts grown hoary;
The mighty hands,
That in the dear, affronted name of Peace
Bind down a people to be racked and slain;
The emulous armies waxing without cease,
All-puissant all in vain;
The pacts and leagues to murder by delays,
And the dumb throngs that on the deaf thrones gaze;
The common loveless lust of territory;
The lips that only babble of their mart,
While to the night the shrieking hamlets blaze;
The bought allegiance, and the purchased praise,
False honour, and shameful glory;—
Of all the evil whereof this is part,
How weary is our heart,
How weary is our heart these many days!

Another poem I cite in full, not for its power and beauty, but as a curiosity. I do not think it has been remembered that in the *New Poems* of 1909 Mr. Watson published a poem of Hate some years before the Teutonic hymn became famous. It is worth reading again, because it so exactly expresses the cold reserve of the Anglo-Saxon, in contrast with the overflowing sentimentality of the German. There is, of course, no indication that its author had Germany in mind.

HATE

(To certain foreign detractors)

Sirs, if the truth must needs be told,
We love not you that rail and scold;
And, yet, my masters, you may wait
Till the Greek Calends for our hate.

No spendthrifts of our hate are we;
Our hate is used with husbandry.
We hold our hate too choice a thing
For light and careless lavishing.

We cannot, dare not, make it cheap!
For holy uses will we keep
A thing so pure, a thing so great
As Heaven's benignant gift of hate.

Is there no ancient, sceptred Wrong?
No torturing Power, enduied too long?
Yea; and for these our hatred shall
Be cloistered and kept virginal.

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He found occasion to draw from his cold storage of hate much sooner than he had anticipated. Being a convinced anti-imperialist, and having not a spark of antagonism to Germany, the early days of August, 1914, shocked no one in the world more than him. But after the first maze of bewilderment and horror, he drew his pen against the Kaiser in holy wrath. Most of his war poems have been collected in the little volume *The Man Who Saw,* published in the summer of 1917. He has now at all events one satisfaction, that of being in absolute harmony with the national sentiment. In his Preface, after commenting on the pain he had suffered in times past in finding himself in opposition to the majority of his countrymen, he manfully says, "During the present war, with all its agonies and horrors, he has had at any rate the one private satisfaction of feeling not even the most momentary doubt or misgiving as to the perfect righteousness of his country's cause. There is nothing on earth of which he is more certain than that this Empire, throughout this supreme ordeal, has shaped her course by the light of purest duty." The volume opens with a fine tribute to Mr. Lloyd-George, "the man who saw," and "The Kaiser's Dirge" is a savage malediction. The poems in this book—of decidedly unequal merit—have the fire of indignation if not always the flame of inspiration. Taken as a whole, they are more interesting psychologically than as a contribution to English verse. We sympathise with the author's feelings, and admire his sincerity; but his reputation as a poet is not heightened overmuch. Perhaps the best poem in the collection is "The Yellow Pansy," accompanied with Shakespeare's line, "There's pansies—that's for thoughts."

Winter had swooped, a lean and hungry hawk;
It seemed an age since summer was entombed;
Yet in our garden, on its frozen stalk,
A yellow pansy bloomed.

'Twas Nature saying by trope and metaphor:
"Behold, when empire against empire strives,
Though all else perish, ground 'neath iron war,
The golden thought survives."

Although, with the exception of his marriage and travels in America, Mr. Watson's verse tells us little of the facts of his life, few poets have ever revealed more of the history of their mind. What manner of man he is we know without waiting for the publication of his intimate correspondence. It is fortunate for his temperament, that combined with an almost morbid sensitiveness, he has something of Byron's power of hitting back. His numerous volumes contain many verses scoring off adverse critics, upon whom he exercises a sword of satire not always to be found among a poet's weapons; which exercise seems to give him both relief and delight. Apart from these thrusts edged with personal bitterness, William Watson possesses a rarely used vein of ironical wit that immediately recalls Byron, who might himself have written some of the stanzas in "The Eloping Angels." Faust requests Mephisto to procure for them both admission into heaven for half-an-hour:

To whom Mephisto: "Ah, you underrate
The hazards and the dangers, my good Sir.
Peter is stony as his name; the gate,
Excepting to invited guests, won't stir.
'Tis long since he and I were intimate;
We differed;—but to bygones why refer?
Still, there are windows; if a peep through these
Would serve your turn, we'll start whene'er you please. . . ."

So Faust and his companion entered, by
The window, the abodes where seraphs dwell.
"Already morning quickens in the sky,
And soon will sound the heavenly matin bell;
Our time is short," Mephisto said, "for I
Have an appointment about noon in hell.
Dear, dear! why, heaven has hardly changed one bit
Since the old days before the historic split."

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The excellent conventional technique displayed in *The Prince's Quest* has characterised nearly every page of Mr. Watson's works. He is not only content to walk in the ways of traditional poesy, he glories in it. He has rather a hide-bound contempt for heretics and experimenters, which he has expressed frequently not only in prose, but in verse. It is natural that he should worship Tennyson; natural (and unfortunate for him) that he can see little in Browning. And if he is blind to Browning, what he thinks of contemporary "new" poets may easily be imagined. With or without inspiration, he believes that hard work is necessary, and that good workmanship ought to be rated more highly. This idea has become an obsession; Mr. Watson writes too much about the sweat of his brow, and vents his spleen on "modern" poets too often. In his latest volume, *Retrogression,* published in 1917, thirty-two of the fifty-two poems are devoted to the defence of standards of poetic art and of purity of speech. They are all interesting and contain much truth; but if the "new" poetry and the "new" criticism are really balderdash, they should not require so much attention from one of the most eminent of contemporary writers. I think Mr. Watson is rather stiff-necked and obstinate, like an honest, hearty country squire, in his sturdy following of tradition. Smooth technique is a fine thing in art; but I do not care whether a poem is written in conventional metre or in free verse, so long as it is unmistakably poetry. And no garments yet invented or the lack of them can conceal true poetry. Perhaps the Traditionalist might reply that uninspired verse gracefully written is better than uninspired verse abominably written. So it is; but why bother about either? He might once more insist that inspired poetry gracefully written is better than inspired poetry ungracefully written. And I should reply that it depended altogether on the subject. I should not like to see Whitman's "Spirit that formed this Scene" turned into a Spenserian stanza. I cannot forget that David Mallet tried to smoothen Hamlet's soliloquy by jamming it into the heroic couplet. Mr. Watson thinks that the great John Donne is dead. On the contrary, he is most audibly alive; and the only time he really approached dissolution was when Pope "versified" him.

III

Stephen Phillips, William Watson, Alfred Noyes—each published his first volume of poems at the age of twenty-two, additional evidence of the old truth that poets are born, not made. Alfred Noyes is a Staffordshire man, though his report of the county differs from that of Arnold Bennett as poetry differs from prose. They did not see the same things in Staffordshire, and if they had, they would not have been the same things, anyhow. Mr. Noyes was born on September 16, 1880, and made his only departure from the traditions of English poetry in going to Oxford. There he was an excellent illustration of *mens sana in corpore sano,* writing verses and rowing on his college crew. He is married to an American wife, is a professor at Princeton, and understands the spirit of America better than most visitors who write clever books about us. He has the wholesome, modest, cheerful temperament of the American college undergraduate, and the Princeton students are fortunate, not only in hearing his lectures, but in the opportunity of fellowship with such a man.

Mr. Noyes is one of the very few poets who can read his own verses effectively, the reason being that his mind is by nature both literary and rhetorical—a rare union. The purely literary temperament is usually marked by a certain shyness which unfits its owner for the public platform. I have heard poets read passionate poetry in a muffled singsong, something like a child learning to "recite." The works of Alfred Noyes gain distinctly by his oral interpretation of them.

He is prolific. Although still a young

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man, he has a long list of books to his credit; and it is rather surprising that in such a profusion of literary experiments, the general level should be so high. I said a profusion of literary experiments, rather than new experiments; he takes the old metrical formulas, and works them out to the complete satisfaction of his admirers. He writes blank verse, octosyllabics, terza-rima, sonnets, and is particularly fond of long rolling lines that have in them the music of the sea. He is no more of a pioneer than Phillips or Watson. His ideas require no enlargement of the orchestra, and he sedulously avoids by-paths, or unbeaten tracks, content to go lustily singing along the highway. Perhaps it shows more courage to compete with standard poets in standard measures than to elude dangerous comparisons by making or adopting a new fashion. Mr. Noyes openly challenges the masters on their own field and with their own weapons. Yet he shows nothing of the schoolmasterish contempt for the "new" poetry so characteristic of Mr. Watson. He actually admires Blake, who was in spirit a twentieth century poet, and he has written a fine poem "On the Death of Francis Thompson," though he has nothing of Thompson in him except religious faith.

In the time-worn but useful classification of versemakers under the labels *Vates* and *Poeta,* Alfred Noyes belongs clearly to the latter group. He is not without ideas, but he is primarily an artist, a singer. He is one of the most melodious of modern writers, with a witchery in words that at its best is irresistible. He has an extraordinary command of the resources of language and rhythm. Were this all he possessed, he would be nothing but a graceful musician. But he has the imagination of the inspired poet, giving him creative power to reveal anew the majesty of the untamed sea, and the mystery of the stars. With this clairvoyance—essential in poetry—he has a hearty, charming, uncondescending sympathy with "common" people, common flowers, common music. One of his most original and most captivating poems is "The Tramp Transfigured, an Episode in the Life of a Corn-flower Millionaire." This contains a character worthy of Dickens, a fairy touch of fantasy, a rippling, singing melody, with delightful audacities of rime.

Tick, tack, tick, tack, I couldn't wait no longer!
Up I gets and bows polite and pleasant as a *toff*—
"Arternoon," I says, "I'm glad your boots are going stronger;
Only thing I'm dreading is your feet 'ull both come off."
Tick, tack, tick, tack, she didn't stop to answer,
"Arternoon," she says, and sort o' chokes a little cough,
"I must get to Piddinghoe to-morrow if I can, sir!"
"Demme, my good woman! Haw! Don't think I mean to loff,"
Says I, like a toff,
"Where d'you mean to sleep to-night? God made this grass for go'off."

His masterpiece, "The Barrel-Organ," has something of Kipling's rollicking music, with less noise and more refinement. Out of the mechanical grinding of the hand organ, with the accompaniment of city omnibuses, we get the very breath of spring in almost intolerable sweetness. This poem affects the head, the heart, and the feet. I defy any man or woman to read it without surrendering to the magic of the lilacs, the magic of old memories, the magic of the poet. Nor has anyone ever read this poem without going immediately back to the first line, and reading it all over again, so susceptible are we to the romantic pleasure of melancholy.

Mon coeur est un luth suspendu:
Sitôt qu'on le touche, il résonne.

The late Mr. Mabie, in his admirable Introduction to the *Poems* of Alfred Noyes, in 1906, said, "If he speaks to his generation with both beguilement and authority, it will be because the heart

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of the child and the mind of the man are in him." That he has the heart of the child is proved by his "Flower of Old Japan," and "Forest of Wild Thyme," a kind of singing Alice-in-Wonderland. These are the veritable stuff of dreams —wholly apart from the law of causation —one vision fading into another. It is our fault, and not that of the poet, that Mr. Noyes had to explain them: "It is no new wisdom to regard these things through the eyes of little children; and I know—however insignificant they may be to others—these two tales contain as deep and true things as I, personally, have the power to express. I hope, therefore, that I may be pardoned, in these hurried days, for pointing out that the two poems are not to be taken merely as fairy-tales, but as an attempt to follow the careless and happy feet of children back into the kingdom of those dreams which, as we said above, are the sole reality worth living and dying for; those beautiful dreams, or those fantastic jests—if any care to call them so—for which mankind has endured so many triumphant martyrdoms that even amidst the rush and roar of modern materialism they cannot be quite forgotten." Mr. William J. Locke says he would rather give up clean linen and tobacco than give up his dreams.

Nearly all English poetry smells of the sea; the waves rule Britannia. Alfred Noyes loves the ocean, and loves the old sea-dogs of Devonshire. He is not a literary poet, like William Watson, and has never given any indication of possessing the insight or the interpretative power of his contemporary in dealing with pure literature. He has the blessed gift of admiration, and his poems on Swinburne, Meredith, and other masters show a noble reverence; but they are without subtlety, and lack the discriminating phrase. He is, however, deeply read in Elizabethan verse and prose, as his *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern,* one of his longest, most painstaking, and least successful works, proves; and of all the Elizabethan men of action, Drake is his hero. English lovers of the sea, and German lovers of efficiency, have both done honour to Drake. I remember years ago, being in the town of Offenburg in Germany, and seeing at a distance a colossal statue, feeling some surprise when I discovered that the monument was erected to Sir Francis Drake, "in recognition of his having introduced the potato into Europe." Here was where eulogy became almost too specific, and I felt that their Drake was not my Drake.

Mr. Noyes called *Drake,* published in 1908, an English Epic. It is not really an epic—it is a historical romance in verse, as *Aurora Leigh* is a novel. It is interesting from beginning to end, more interesting as narrative than as poetry. It is big rather than great, rhetorical rather than literary, declamatory rather than passionate. And while many descriptive passages are fine, the pictures of the terrible storm near Cape Horn are surely less vivid than those in *Dauber.* Had Mr. Noyes written *Drake* without the songs, and written nothing else, I should not feel certain that he was a poet; I should regard him as an extremely fluent versifier, with remarkable skill in telling a rattling good story. But the "Songs," especially the one beginning, "Now the purple night is past," could have been written only by a poet. In "Forty Singing Seamen" there is displayed an imagination quite superior to anything in *Drake;* and I would not trade "The Admiral's Ghost" for the whole "epic."

Alfred Noyes proves, as Browning proved, that it is possible to be an inspired poet and in every other respect to remain normal. He is healthy-minded, without a trace of affectation or decadence. He is a robust optimist, and I think none the worse of him for that, since pessimism in itself is no evidence of profound thinking. He is an all-around poetical athlete, following the Tennysonian tradition in seeing that "Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters." He is deeply religious. A clear-headed, pure-hearted Englishman is Alfred Noyes.

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CREDO

Thou that art throned so far above
All earthly names, e'en those we deem
Eternal, e'en that name of Love
Which—as one speaketh in a dream—
We whisper, ere the morning break
And the hands yearn, and the heart ache.

O Thou that reignest, whom of old
Men sought to appease by praise or prayer;
The spirit's little gifts of gold,
The heart's faint frankincense and myrrh,
Though we—the sons of deeper days—
Can bring Thee neither prayer nor praise,

We have not turned in doubt aside,
Nor mocked with our ephemeral breath
The little creeds that man's poor pride
Still fashions in these gulfs of death,
The little creeds that only prove
Thou art so far, so far above.

So far beyond all Space and Time,
So infinitely far that none,
Though by ten thousand heavens he climb
Higher, shall yet be higher by one;
So far that—whelmed with light—we dare,
Father, to know that Thou art here.

IV

Although *A Shropshire Lad* was published in 1896, there is nothing of the nineteenth century in it except the date, and nothing Victorian except the allusions to the Queen. A double puzzle confronts the reader: How could a University Professor of Latin write this kind of poetry, and how, after having published it, could he refrain from publishing another bookful? Since the date of its appearance, he has produced an edition of *Manilius,* Book I, followed nine years later by Book II; also an edition of *Juvenal,* and many papers representing the result of original research. Possibly

Chill Pedantry repressed his noble rage,
And froze the genial current of his soul.

Alfred Edward Housman was born on March 26, 1859, was graduated from Oxford, was Professor of Latin at University College, London, from 1892 to 1911, and since then has been Professor of Latin at Cambridge. Few poets have made a deeper impression on the literature of the time than he; and the sixty-three short lyrics in one small volume form a slender wedge for so powerful an impact. This poetry, except in finished workmanship, follows no English tradition; it is as unorthodox as Samuel Butler; it is thoroughly "modern" in tone, in temper, and in emphasis. Although entirely original, it reminds one in many ways of the verse of Thomas Hardy. It has his paganism, his pessimism, his human sympathy, his austere pride in the tragedy of frustration, his curt refusal to pipe a merry tune, to make one of a holiday crowd.

Therefore, since the world has still
Much good, but much less good than ill,
And while the sun and moon endure
Luck's a chance, but trouble's sure,
I'd face it as a wise man would,
And train for ill and not for good.
'Tis true, the stuff I bring for sale
Is not so brisk a brew as ale:
Out of a stem that scored the hand
I wrung it in a weary land.
But take it: if the smack is sour,
The better for the embittered hour;
It should do good to heart and head
When your soul is in my soul's stead;
And I will friend you, if I may,
In the dark and cloudy day.

Those lines might have been written by Thomas Hardy. They express not merely his view of life, but his faith in the healing power of the bitter herb of pessimism. But we should remember that *A Shropshire Lad* was published before the first volume of Mr. Hardy's verse appeared, and that the lyrical power displayed in it is natural rather than acquired.

Although at the time of publication the author was thirty-six years old, many of the poems must have been written in the twenties. The style is mature, but the constant dwelling on death and the grave is a mark of youth. Young poets love to write about death, because its contrast

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to their present condition forms a romantic tragedy, sharply dramatic and yet instinctively felt to be remote. Tennyson's first volume is full of the details of dissolution, the falling jaw, the eyeballs fixing, the sharp-headed worm. Aged poets do not usually write in this manner, because death seems more realistic than romantic. It is a fact rather than an idea. When a young poet is obsessed with the idea of death, it is a sign, not of morbidity, but of normality.

The originality in this book consists not in the contrast between love and the grave, but in the acute self-consciousness of youth, in the pagan determination to enjoy nature without waiting till life's summer is past.

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

The death of the body is not the greatest tragedy in this volume, for suicide, a thought that youth loves to play with, is twice glorified. The death of love is often treated with an ironical bitterness that makes one think of *Time's Laughingstocks.*

Is my friend hearty,
  Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
  A better bed than mine?

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
  I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
  Never ask me whose.

The point of view expressed in "The Carpenter's Son" is singularly detached not only from conventional religious belief, but from conventional reverence. But the extraordinary originality in *A Shropshire Lad,* while more strikingly displayed in some poems than in others, leaves its mark on them all. It is the originality of a man who thinks his own thoughts with shy obstinacy, makes up his mind in secret meditation, totally unaffected by current opinion. It is not the poetry of a rebel; it is the poetry of an absolutely independent man, too indifferent to the crowd even to fight them. And now and then we find a lyric of flawless beauty, that lingers in the mind like the glow of a sunset.

Into my heart an air that kills
  From yon far country blows:
What are those blue remembered hills,
  What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content,
  I see it shining plain,
The happy highways where I went,
  And cannot come again.

Mr. Housman's poems are nearer to the twentieth century in spirit than the work of the late Victorians, and many of them are curiously prophetic of the dark days of the present war. What strange vision made him write such poems as "The Recruit," "The Street Sounds to the Soldiers' Tread," "The Day of Battle," and "On the Idle Hill of Summer"? Change the colour of the uniforms, and these four poems would fit to-day's tragedy accurately. They are, indeed, superior to most of the war-poems written by the professional poets since 1914.

Ludlow, forever associated with Milton's *Comus,* is now and will be for many years to come also significant in the minds of men as the home of a Shropshire lad.

(*To be continued.*)

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KINGSHIP IN THE BALANCE

BY FRANCES EVELYN WARWICK
(Countess of Warwick)

THE war, intended originally to involve a short sharp sacrifice of the producing classes for the greater glory of two dynasties, has resulted after a thousand days in conditions so entirely different from those anticipated that there is hardly a ruler in the world who would not be a pacifist if he could. Europe's proletariat has developed an inquiring mind. Plain people whose business in life is to offer themselves and their sons as cannon fodder for the carrying out of the policies of autocratic monarchs are asking in all seriousness if autocracy is worth it. The question is fatal because it admits of only one answer. As soon as the answer is given the scales fall from the worker's eyes. They realise that their enemies are not the men of the neighbouring country, men as poor, harassed, ill-used as themselves, but their own supreme ruler and the supreme rulers of the men over the border. When this simple truth is enunciated and understood the conviction follows that if the working man of one country will unite with the working man of another they can together throw down all the dynastic idols in their respective Houses of Baal. That conclusion once reached, the title of this paper is explained and justified.

Kingship, strictly limited as it is in our own Empire, is no evil thing, though certain evils gather round it. Queen Victoria was the last ruler of Great Britain who impressed her personal predilections upon her Ministers. But one of the faults of our limited monarchy is that it encourages in us a certain self-righteousness, a feeling that we are not as other people of the earth. We talk proudly of conferring liberty upon small nations, but at the time of writing we have not conferred that liberty upon Ireland, our nearest neighbour. We talk about freedom, as though it could only be written in these islands with a capital letter, while as a matter of simple fact the Defence of the Realm Act has not left us as much freedom as the villeins possessed in feudal times. The liberty we still enjoy is by grace of those who administer the Act and can be taken away without difficulty. Liberty and limited monarchy are excellent things in their way. It is our business in my country to regain the first and pay strict attention to the adjective attached to the second. Across the Channel monarchy is more or less in the melting pot and the hardest, cruelest, most autocratic and most vicious monarchy in Europe has been the first to go.

Now the Czar went, and the Czarina and family with him, because he preferred absolute monarchy to victory over the enemy. He feared that a Russian victory would make the people, whose sacrifices had brought it about, insistent upon a share in the results. Owing to the unending series of thefts in high quarters a great part of the burden of supporting the war had fallen upon the bodies that may be compared with our own parish councils. The most remote rural district had sent their sons to fight. In the trenches men had learned something of life, had realised that their valour and their blood were saving the Empire. Rather than pay the fair price for redemption Nicholas Romanoff, weakest of the weak, preferred not to be redeemed. He was urged to every kind of reaction and filled the cabinets with pro-Germans, who held up army supplies, deliberately sent men to slaughter, sold Rumania and prepared the way for a peace with Germany, just as a Russian Czar made peace with Frederick the Great when that melancholy degenerate had been

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beaten to his knees in the Seven Years War he brought about by stealing Silesia. Happily, and yet to us almost inexplicably, the people rose in revolt, and Russia bids fair to enter the ranks of the world's republics. I am afraid that many in England who pay lip service to this vast and far-reaching transformation secretly regret it. It is clear that all who are interested in monarchical institutions would have preferred Russia as a constitutional monarchy that the evils of old time might have been perpetuated in a milder form.

Of old Francis Joseph, who passed away last year full of years and empty of honour, there is nothing good to be said. The blood guilt that he carried to the grave is appalling in its magnitude, and the question as to how far senile decay and imbecility could condone it is one into which there is no occasion to inquire. Whether the successor to the throne, the son of an eccentric degenerate, is capable of handling the problems he has inherited, time alone can tell, but it is indeed a matter for surprise that any one of the Hapsburg house, a family enfeebled by every crime and excess, should be permitted in the twentieth century to rule over as much as a score of sane men.

The house of Hohenzollern will, we hope, pass soon beyond the sphere of rule. The first German Emperor was a sane and kindly old soldier, the second a hero and gentleman, the third may be left to the verdict of history. Perhaps the gravest charge to be made against him is that under his régime the interests of the people have been widely studied and skilfully guarded in order that there may be the greatest possible number of men to throw into the furnace of war, to no nobler end than that Germany might rule the world, to the greater glory of the Hohenzollern. Germany has sinned with knowledge. The developments within the Empire turned to peaceful purposes would have helped the whole world. But there was the glorification of a royal house to be considered, and by its side the real interests of the people were of no concern. German thoroughness, business capacity, education and industry were rapidly making a commercial conquest of the world; but that did not suffice. It was no conquest in Hohenzollern eyes that carried German capacity to the republics of America, where double-headed eagles would be shot at sight and put into a museum. Finely organised, universally drilled and half starved, the German rank and file that remain at home may be unable to express itself with force or coherence, but a time must come when the remnants will return from the battle-fields. Then they will realise the whole of the price they have been asked to pay for kingship.

If Bulgaria had been a republic, instead of being misruled by a man who for treachery, vanity and heartlessness has not an equal even among the crowned heads of Europe, it would never have entered into the war. Ruined beyond recovery, dependent for existence upon doles of weapons and money, Ferdinand of Bulgaria has probably betrayed his people for the last time. It was a struggle for them to forgive him for his failure in the Balkan war; they will not forgive him again, and it is well to remember that the Balkan struggle against Turkey was merely a diplomatic move by kings who did not concern themselves for a moment with the suffering involved. Territory was their sole interest.

Turkey's Armenian policy was always directed by rulers to gain political advantages, and the arrival of Turkey into the war area was arranged by rulers unknown to the Turk, who would rather have fought anybody than have fought Englishmen—his regard for them is sincere. But kings planned, and the Turkish rank and file have paid in their tens of thousands for the planning. In short, one may look all over Europe for any people outside Prussia who really wanted war, and Prussia itself was beguiled by false prophets in Hohenzollern employ—mad soldier men like Bernhardi, or mad philosophers like Frederick Nietz-

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sche. If the people did not know the truth before they have learned it now, and when all the tale of evil is told the responsibility of kings will be apparent even to those whose mind is slowest at forming conclusions from well-ascertained facts. In short, as I see it, the Great War has placed kingship upon its trial, and though the verdict has only been pronounced in Russia, it is likely that a similar verdict will be heard all over the Continent.

It would be easy enough to point to men who have borne the burdens of kingship honourably. Belgium has a real friend in King Albert, the king without a kingdom, and yet one of the most attractive figures in Europe. The danger is that the royal houses in Europe tend by intermarriage to create and sustain interests that are wholly inimical to democratic progress. Kingship rather than the individual king is the public enemy. We find the Czar surrendering feebly to influences that tended to ruin him and quite unable to help himself. Constantine of Greece is another who has tottered to his downfall for the same cause. Most royal unions are *mariages de convenance,* they have political aims first. The result is not flattering.

In this supreme crisis of their fate kings have not led their own armies, or if they have done so it has been after the fashion of the Duke of Plaza Toros in Gilbert's play:

> If there was any fighting
> He led his regiment from behind,
> He found it less exciting.

To go from place to place and make speeches, to send telegrams and kill enemies by word of mouth, all this is magnificent, but it is not war. In the light of the red fires they have set blazing there is not a monarch who does not look terribly insignificant. The old fighting spirit that made kings out of the most valiant warriors died with the discovery of gunpowder; Europe is awake to the true aspect and value of kingship. At present France, Portugal, and San Marino are the republics of Europe, and while a Russian republic has been declared, owing to the many and rapid political changes there we may not yet definitely claim her, although the portents are all favourable. How long before the great change comes?

For the rulers who go there will be neither pity nor regret. In twenty-four hours Nicholas Romanoff lost every friend he had in Europe and out of it. Even the monarchists had no good word for him. If and when the other autocrats go there will be no regrets, only an expression of relief. Remember I am not attacking kings personally—many of them have all the virtues and most of the charms of manner: it is kingship that is out of date. Kings are feared for what they can do, flattered for what they may give, but there are few to love them in spite of the fact that many have a truly appealing personality. Their trade is not a reputable one, the aims enforced upon them are selfish or sordid. Across the broad Atlantic your United States laughs at them and the whole American Continent is free from the taint of kingship. True sovereignty is in the people and nowhere else. The great tragedy is that it has taken a war of unexampled horror and magnitude to teach the simple truth. But if the teaching has been effective the world will soon have one anachronism the less to contend against.

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THE FLAG AND THE FIGHT

BY CHARLES FERGUSON

YOU have seen it perhaps breaking out from a flagstaff over an American consulate in some distant land—that wriggle of red slashes and speckle of stars! Or perhaps—very rarely indeed in latter days—you have glimpsed the flag of your country on the high seas or in some foreign port. Always when you have come upon it in alien or unexpected places, it has given you a shock and a thrill; and you have thought of it, for a moment at least, as it has been thought of, now for seven scores of years, by the baffled youth and the disappointed faith of ambitious men in all the lands that are not American.

This flag is not the flag of a nation only, it is a spiritual symbol that has stirred the world as no other symbol but the cross of Christ has ever stirred it. It is the conquering sign of a super-nation, a super-nation existing prophetically in the thoughts of the wise if not in the actualities of our achievement. To say of the United States that it is "one of the great powers" is to say a small thing. It is a kind of disparagement to say so. For America is so placed in history and in planetary space that it rounds a cycle of the race's experience and sums up the hope of four thousand years. One knows not what may befall mankind in other millenniums, but if liberty is to be realised in *this* age it must be *here*. Here is the place where the westward march of the race has reached its terminus. Men out of every nation have been thrown together here. Here is a nation whose bond is not of blood or flesh but of the spirit. Here is the meeting place of all breeds. Here is the cross-roads of the world. And here is the moral and physical focus of the Great War. It is to be fought out here. America is liberty and liberty is America. If America cannot find the way to freedom then, for the present, nobody can find the way.

And what is this liberty wherewith we are to enlighten the world—this liberty of which we talk so much, and which is forever judging us and all our works from day to day? It appears that liberty is not to be thought of as just a state of mind, as some moralists pretend—a mere stout-heartedness or freshness of spirit. It presupposes that. But the freedom that the flag stands for is more than that. It is a new and transforming politics—a civil order that is wholly different from the order of the Old World. It is what men think in the streets of American cities. It is what political refugees have thought for many generations, and westward-longing peasants in Ireland, Italy and the Russian plain. Here is the formula of it, if it must have a formula: *in the Old World a man's place in the social scale determines what he can do, while in the New World what a man can do determines his place in the scale.* That is the freedom the flag stands for. Emerson of Concord meant this when he said that America is only another name for Opportunity.

The difference between the way of the Old World and the way of the New is infinite. For the old order is governed by and for those who have claims upon it and debts to enforce against it; while the new order is governed by those and for those who have creative powers and social gifts to bestow. Under the old régime the enterprise of every man—the highest as well as the lowest—is limited by his status. The new régime sets no limit to enterprise.

Now the notion that the heritage of a people can be safeguarded by those who have enforceable claims against it better than by those who feel themselves to be debtors to it with obligation to

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discharge, is a very ancient notion. But it is not on that account either wise or practical. The truth is that the rule of organised ownership is exhausting. It always has ended, and in the nature of things always must end, in social suicide. Thus the old order lives on by the mere sufferance of the gods. It is the new order alone—the way of the bright flag—that is suitable to science and reality.

They wholly misunderstand the genius of America who suppose that it rests upon the constitution of 1789. The constitution does not undertake to define the new order; it is a strategic defence against the encroachments of the old. Americans do not fight for the constitution. They use it as a barricade against the politics of Europe. They fight behind it and above it, for the thing the barricade defends.

The genius of America is mobilisation—its order is framed not to keep things fixed, but to keep things moving. It proclaims a career for talent and tools to those who can use them.

America is not jealous of ownerships. But it will not be ruled by ownerships. It will be ruled by the organisation of enterprise. It understands that social security—even the security of investments—demands the clearing away of all legal obstacles to the improvement of the working plant.

America will not be ruled by clerics and legalists, or by those who sit indoors. The right that it will fight for is not the right of litigious egotism or frock-coated philanthropy. It fights for the open road, the straight furrow, the true point of the story and the bridge-girder that will stand the strain. It builds its altar of sacrifice to the right of the artist and the engineer. Its war is the only good war. It is the war of the masters of the arts and the engines against every human thing that wilfully obstructs or opposes the creative life.

The school-men shake their heads over the feebleness and inefficiency of democracy. But we know in our hearts that our weakness does not lie in our democracy, but in our capitulation to the principle of the Old World—the stupor of fixed status and the sway of the mortgagee.

We are ready now to leap from our seats and contend for our lives. We will not yield up the flag to market-hunters and stock-jobbers. We do not misunderstand the meaning of the Great War. It is the shaking down of all thrones of arbitrary power—dynastic, plebiscitary and financial. There is no power that can survive and govern except the power that knows how to build cities and subdue the earth.

The Great War was caused by the massiveness and intricacy of the modern apparatus of industry and commerce. The machine of civilisation had outgrown the capacities of diplomatists, lawyers and deskmen. They ran it off the rails and into the ditch.

But now comes America to the rescue. America has wavered in her understanding, but at the pitch of decision she does not misunderstand. She had talked of her legal rights, as if the war were a large lawsuit; and of her wounded honour, as if it were a question in the casuistry of duellists. Yet our democracy had built no high altar to such moralities.

America is the repairer, the restorer—the builder-up of the waste places. Her heart is in the everlasting practicalities—in food, clothes, housing and tranportation—in bread and wine. She will recall the nations to the business of living. She will fight her way to a community of interest that shall cross all frontiers and police the streets of the planet.

In America is the militant principle of reconstruction—the embattled power of peace.

America means business—the free organisation of men for the conquest of the difficulties of existence upon an inclement planet.

Her ministers are the masters of arts—the masters of materials. And her flag is war-red against all the masters of men.

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

THE BOOKMAN'S position in war-time has been the subject of much consideration by those in charge of its policy as well as a subject of natural interest to its subscribers. A recent letter from a BOOKMAN reader brought the criticism that too much attention is being given to the war and its problems. The editor replied with a declaration of THE BOOKMAN'S activities and policies in war-time, and at the request of the publishers the reply is given herewith:

The Bookman in War-Time

"It is true that THE BOOKMAN is devoting a large amount of space to the war. The editors feel that with this war going on, we are living in the midst of the greatest changes affecting human life and welfare that have ever occurred in history. The whole structure of society is crumbling before our very eyes, and the world and how we think and act in it will never again be what it was before this conflict. We cannot afford, therefore, even if we wished, to ignore this world-cataclysm—it pervades literature and thought in every field and enters men's lives in every activity in which they take part.

• • •

"Then, too, the world of to-morrow that will emerge from this war will be what we ourselves make it. For the first time in the evolution of the race, we are becoming conscious of our own control over our destiny, and thinking men are no longer willing to allow the future of their children to be determined by the operation of mere chance in conjunction with the ruthless mechanical laws of nature. As Omar Khayyam would have said, the world is being shattered into bits, and it is not only the task but the obligation of those who can do so to see to it that the new world is moulded 'nearer to our heart's desire.'

Our To-morrow

"There is, again, the more personal side to this vast struggle—many of us have friends and relatives in England, or perhaps in France, or even in Germany, and from them and from what we read we are gaining some little appreciation of the unlimited and uncomplaining sacrifice of all that they hold dear; and learning something too of the great sorrow for the lost and the maimed that is oppressing and purifying the hearts of all ranks of the people. In such times as these, it would seem that the consideration of literature purely as such must be utterly futile. What difference does it make whether Henry James's style became more involved in his later years, or whether Robert W. Chambers's characters are wearing better clothes than formerly, when, daily and hourly, men are paying the supreme price of laying down their lives for their brothers—a price that we ourselves are going to learn the value of much more intimately when our own casualty lists begin to come in. No, I submit, that in these times no man can wrap himself up in the delight of contemplating the purely classical in literature; for if he does, on some to-morrow he will awake to find himself a stranger in a new world.

The Personal Side

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"Then, too, I do not like to think of literature as an isolated, ultra-refined art whose intricacies are practised by an adept few to the wondering admiration of their devotees. Literature, I believe, is infinitely more than this; I like to think of it as an organic, spontaneous movement allied with all the arts in expressing man's determination to adjust himself harmoniously to his fellows and to the world in which he happens to find himself, and also in expressing his efforts to conquer and develop the world of en-

Literature as Always

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vironment to his own ends. This makes literature an intensely vital, living, human thing, and one of the most powerful tools at our command. And so the criticism of literature becomes not so much a controversy of dialecticians as to *how* a thing is written, but rather a philosopher's estimate of the human value of *what* is written. It is from this angle that THE BOOKMAN is trying to present current writing; and it is with these considerations in view that we are devoting much space to the war problems, and to all that they signify in human life. This policy, then, represents the gospel we are trying to work out in THE BOOKMAN; it represents that alignment of 'literature and life' that THE BOOKMAN has always endeavoured to stand for."—*The Editor.*

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The Japanese Commission

Of all the missions that have come to this country, the Japanese Commission that visited us the last month and more was the most remarkable and in point of entertainment perhaps the most spectacular. With our European allies we have been associated throughout our history, on battle-fields opposed or side by side and economically closely interwoven, so that their representatives brought no novel or unexpected ideas to this country. With Japan, however, the situation is different. But recently introduced to the family of nations, powerful, her ideas and aspirations unknown, her methods of thinking and of acting uncertain, Japan has brought into national relationships the disquieting element of strangeness, and with it she has occasioned a naturally suspicious regard toward this unascertained factor of no little potential strength for mischief. So all that His Excellency Viscount Ishii had to say was followed with the gravest consideration, and he and his mission were accorded the possibly exaggerated courtesy we are inclined to extend to those whom we admire and whose relations in the past with us have afforded some feelings of mistrust.

Viscount Ishii and his commission did all in their power to overcome these feelings of doubt and to cement the friendship of the two peoples. The attitude of Japan toward China has caused this country much uneasiness, and upon this point Viscount Ishii made decided assertions: Japan pledges herself, according to the Viscount, to maintain the territorial integrity of China and to sustain the policy of the "open door" to trade and western institutions. He also emphatically denied the assumption made in our press that Japan is proposing an Eastern Monroe doctrine—a doctrine in short, as he hinted, whereby a dominant nation informs the world that it will permit nobody to conquer its neighbours but itself; Japan's ill-advised demands on China that aroused western resentment were soon withdrawn, it will be remembered, when their troublous nature became obvious to the Japanese Government. It was hoped that Viscount Ishii would make some declaration or explanation of this matter, but upon this, as upon the methods of Japanese co-operation in the war, he was silent to the public at large.

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A Friendly Japan

Japan is a little though a beautiful land. Her people are crowded between the mountain ranges and the sea and her population presses against those natural barriers with an ever-increasing friction. Nothing can be wasted in Japan: if the crops fail, the people starve; if the fishing-boats are lost the want is great. In her cities Japan has become industralised, like the leading western nations. She must get a steady supply of raw materials or her workers suffer. Recently Japanese agents had bid up the price of iron and steel in New York to an unprecedented figure, and only our governmental price regulation saved a buyers' panic. Then Japan has silk to sell, and if her markets fail her, again her people starve through lack of buying power. And the United States is her best market both in which to sell her silk and in

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which to buy her steel—Japan needs a friendly United States, for any rupture of relations or even a prohibitive tariff or an embargo on exports would bring deep distress if not actual ruin. If we consider this aspect of Japan's economic wants, then remember the exalted mission sent to us and its earnest declarations of friendship, we can without any strain on our credulity banish the unworthy suspicions of our valiant neighbour across the Pacific.

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From Mars

It has been said that the best agency to unite mankind into a co-operative society would be an attack from the inhabitants of a hostile planet. And that is the situation to-day in practical effect. German thought and methods are so strange to those of the rest of the world, East and West alike, that she might just as well have launched her militant legions from Mars as far as the result on the world's peoples are concerned. For all the world is now united against this social outlaw, the super-monster of history, and it is especially the work of the Japanese and the presence of the Japanese commission among us that has emphasised this union of the most widely dissimilar peoples in the destruction of a common menace and in the pursuit of the now common and universal ideal of permanent peace. In effect, this union of peoples in the pursuit of a common effort has produced a world-state whose ramifications are so subtle and whose bonds so strong as to exceed the imagination of the most speculative of our literary prophets. Industry, transportation, shipping, wealth and men are everywhere being conscripted into a common pool and used with the single aim of efficiency and effectiveness for war operations to the exclusion of political or national prejudices or aspirations. Such a world-state in time of war will persist through its own momentum in the peace to come, notwithstanding the conservatives and alarmists and those whose pretence at an understanding of that refractory element called human nature simply cloaks an unimaginative stolidity or a faith-destroying, unfortunate personal experience. The world-state, in effect, must come if we are to achieve the first and most important step toward that ideal of permanent peace which has formulated itself out of this war and which alone can afford the hope to illumine the present valley of the shadow. The common good must transcend those national "aspirations" that are doomed to fall with the aristocratic caste through whom and by whom, in every nation which has been encumbered with their presence, these "aspirations" alone have found expression. A world-state with the interests and efforts of humanity combined against the common inclemency of environment is the only possible road toward permanent peace.

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America's War Aims

With the ill grace that might have been expected of him, La Follette in his "defence" before the Senate committee joins the captious and oft-times invidious critics of the administration to be found in certain journals as well as among individuals in their demands for a further official statement of America's war aims. President Wilson has often enough surely reiterated the main principles for which we strive: no indemnities, no territorial aggrandisement, and a stable basis of universal peace to make the world safe for democracy. And he has enunciated those principles so clearly and ably that there can be nowhere those who have the intelligence and interest to grasp them and who have not heard and inwardly digested them. But, of course, what the critics demand is a more specific and detailed account of this country's attitude on the particular intentions of each of our belligerent allies—notably what would be our voice at the peace conference when Italy demands the Trentino; when France, Alsace-Lorraine; when England demands the German colonies she has conquered; and where would our influence fall in the

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settlement of the Dardanelles question, the Balkan embroglio, the proposed internationalisation of the Suez Canal, the Straits of Gibraltar and the Panama Canal? A declaration of America's purpose on those points, these critics to the contrary notwithstanding, would be as disastrous as it would be unworthy of our statesmanship.

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Principles Only

There are two outstanding reasons for our silence on our detailed war aims: in the first place, any American interference in the aspirations of our allies would arouse a storm of contention among them and would lead to a "separate peace" opening for Germany's ubiquitous propaganda, while at the same time it would give opportunity for argument in this country, possibly rising to a bitter pitch, that would undermine our patriotism and lessen our war efficiency; then in the second place such a recital of war aims would be absolutely impossible, for we neither understand the European conflict of interests nor is it our business to do so. We are in this war for principle—peace and the rights of individual human beings—and the first and greatest obstacle to the recognition and establishment of these ideals is the German dynastic state. Imperial Germany and all that it implies of aggression in the acquisition and usufruct of domain and peoples must go—that is our job for the present, and we must co-operate with our allies until our combined effectiveness has completed the task.

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"On the Nature of Peace"

This decision—that Imperial Germany must go—is the only consistent logic that has for its objective a world-order of peace. A very careful study, arriving at this conclusion, is made by Professor Veblen in his latest book, *On the Nature of Peace*. The German dynastic establishment, Professor Veblen points out, is by its very nature aggressive and greedy for domain and so will forever contain a latent power for mischief. Given such a system in working order, side by side with nations whose essential spirit is pacifist while their national honour remains intact, there are three possible courses of action leading to peace. First, there is a possible submission to German domination—a course that might result in an increase of creature comforts but would never satisfy the psychological needs of Western peoples. Second, there is the peace of neutrals that would mean a league of the rest of the world combined against Germany with the necessary resultant of competitive armaments between the two world-orders—nothing more nor less than an accentuated "balance of power" scheme which wrecked the world in 1914 and which affords a solution that those who have the best interests of mankind at heart can never tolerate. There remains, according to Professor Veblen, only the "elimination of the unfit." That "a lasting peace is possible on no other terms than the disestablishment of the Imperial dynasty and the abrogation of all feudalistic remnants of privilege in the Fatherland and its allies, together with the reduction of those countries to the status of commonwealths made up of ungraded men," is the conclusion of a most interesting, sound and stimulating study of the present world-order (or rather world-disorder) and what may come of it.

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"Pistols for Two"

Pistols for Two is a little booklet written by one Owen Hatteras that although privately printed seems to have permeated the various literary strata "about town." It purports to give a detailed and somewhat pithy and spicy account of the intimate habits, customs and manners (or lack of them) of two of earth's curious creatures, by name H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan. These two gentlemen, who withal conduct the *Smart Set* magazine, appear to be accomplished in divers ways, but along no line so eminently successful as in their disregard

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of the minor inhibitions arising from those little social amenities and conventions whereby the lives and conduct of lesser citizens are regulated and to a degree circumscribed. These men belong to that type of intellectual superman for whom the vulgar morality of comomn usage is as *passé* and unthinkable as would be, say, a hoop skirt for Miss Molla Bjurstedt, the tennis champion. Such intellectual giants are a law unto themselves; that is, they graciously adapt their standards of action to the exigencies of the enterprise in hand with that abounding individualism that recks little of the common weal. These modest conclusions are drawn from Mr. Hatteras's sprightly volume, a modern, strictly American type of burlesque biography that ought to make poor old Boswell turn in his grave for very envy. Regarding the subjects of Mr. Hatteras's observations, it should be admitted that this pair must be as tolerant of others as they are of themselves; for otherwise there might indeed be "pistols for two," not in the duello sense intended, but rather with the warlike enterprise diverted in the direction of the author and publisher of the little volume.

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A Friend of Lafcadio Hearn

The publication this month of *Life and Literature,* a third volume in the series of lectures delivered by Lafcadio Hearn to his Japanese pupils, recalls some interesting facts about the man who made these volumes possible. It was through the efforts of Captain Mitchell McDonald of the United States Navy that these lectures were gathered together, for Hearn himself never wrote them out and the only record of them was in the notes taken at the time by Hearn's Japanese scholars. Captain McDonald, as Hearn's literary executor, was fortunate in being able to accumulate a great quantity of these notes, and they are now being edited by Professor Erskine of Columbia and published in book form. As a friend of Lafcadio Hearn, Captain McDonald has a unique memory, for Hearn was a most difficult, sensitive, distrustful and tactlessly candid man in his personal relationships. His susceptibility to offence, his appalling frankness toward friend and foe alike, his hatred of conventionalities, his morbid distrust confirmed by years of bitter experience, all tended to make friendship with him a perilous, though a precious, gift. But that Hearn was capable of inspiring a genuine and worthy friendship his relations with Captain McDonald prove, and his letters to this friend are among the most human and considerate that he has given us. In January, 1898, Hearn writes from Tokio to Captain McDonald in Yokohama, where the latter was attached as paymaster to the United States Naval Hospital:

> I believe those days of mine in Yokohama were the most pleasurable in a pilgrimage of forty-seven years. Such experience will not do for me except at vast intervals. It sends me back to work with much too good an opinion of myself—and that is bad for literary self-judgment. The beneficial result is an offsetting of that morbid condition—that utter want of self-confidence. . . . I not only feel that I ought to do something good, but I am going to do it—with the permission of the gods.

The characteristic shyness of the man, which made him shun anything of the nature of "social functions," appears in this extract:

> How to answer your kind suggestions about pulling me out of my shell I don't well know. I like to be out of the shell—but much of that kind of thing could only result in the blue devils. After seeing men like you and the other Guardsman—the dear Doctor—one is beset with a foolish wish to get back into the world which produced you both.

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Hearn on How to Read

At present Captain McDonald, with a little accumulation of years since his friendship with Hearn, but as young in spirit as ever, is on active duty in the United States Navy. Recently, in the evenings when his official work was over, he has

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been engaged in the generous task of reading the proofs of his friend's last work to be given to the public—these lectures of Hearn to his Japanese pupils—and it must be a labour of love to lighten even the tedious night work that follows a heavy day of energy and care. In the first chapter of this latest volume of these lectures, *Life and Literature,* there is some good advice on the reading of books, and as we suspect the faults of which Hearn speaks are not confined to the youth of Japan, we quote some of his remarks in the following:

> Thousands and thousands of books are bought every year, every month, I might even say every day, by people who do not read at all. They only think that they read. They buy books just to amuse themselves, "to kill time," as they call it. In one hour or two their eyes have passed over all the pages, and there is left in their minds a vague idea or two about what they have been looking at; and this they really believe is reading. . . . No man is really able to read a book who is not able to express an original opinion regarding the contents of a book.
>
> No doubt you will think that this statement of the case confuses reading with study. You might say, "When we read history or philosophy or science, then we do read very thoroughly, studying all the meanings and bearings of the text, slowly, and thinking about it. This is hard study. But when we read a story or a poem out of class hour, we read for amusement. Amusement and study are two different things." As a matter of fact, every book worth reading ought to be read in precisely the same way that a scientific book is read—not simply for amusement; and every book worth reading should have the same amount of value in it that a scientific book has, though the value may be of a totally different kind. For, after all, the good book of fiction or romance or poetry is a scientific work; it has been composed according to the best principles of more than one science, but especially according to the principles of the great science of life, the knowledge of human nature.

The Plays of Pinero

An authorised Library Edition of *The Social Plays of Arthur Wing Pinero* is about to be issued by Clayton Hamilton, whose *Problems of the Playwright* is reviewed by Professor Brander Matthews in the present number of THE BOOKMAN. The first volume will start off with a General Introduction, reviewing the recent history of the English drama and narrating the life of Sir Arthur Pinero. This volume will contain the texts of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and *The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith,* each accompanied by a Critical Preface from the pen of the editor; and it will be followed by four or five other volumes, in which the masterpieces of Pinero will be set forth in chronological succession. Mr. Hamilton's edition of Pinero follows, in the main, the pattern set by Mr. William Archer in his edition of the plays of Henrik Ibsen; and most of the Critical Prefaces will be based on personal conversations between the editor and the author of the plays.

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Clayton Hamilton, the Editor

Mr. Hamilton is well known to readers of THE BOOKMAN, for he has contributed monthly articles about the current drama to the pages of this magazine throughout the last eight years. He has also served for several seasons as the dramatic editor of *Vogue;* and, in past years, he has been engaged in a similar capacity with *Everybody's Magazine* and with *The Forum.* He is generally regarded as one of the foremost critics in this country, not only of the drama but also of literature and painting. In contradistinction to most dramatic critics, Mr. Hamilton has also been successful as a maker of plays. Two new pieces, planned by him and executed in collaboration with Mr. A. E. Thomas, are scheduled for production during the present season. One of these, a farce called *Thirty Days,* has been bought by A. H. Woods, and the other, a serious

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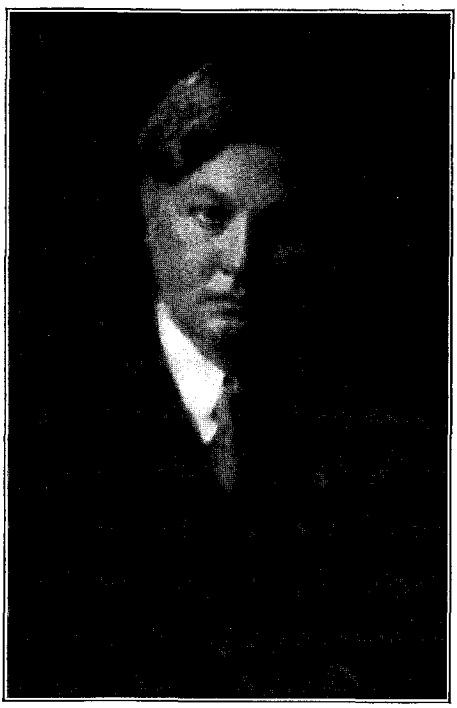

Photo by Genthe, N. Y.
CLAYTON HAMILTON, CRITIC, LECTURER, PLAYWRIGHT—THE DRAMATIC CRITIC FOR THE BOOKMAN

drama called *The Better Understanding,* is owned by Henry Miller.

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As Good-Natured as He Is Lazy

Though Mr. Hamilton habitually writes five or six magazine articles every month and issues a new book and a new play every year or two, he manages also to find time for conducting a popular career as a public lecturer on literature and the drama. His course in Contemporary Dramatic Literature in the Department of Extension Teaching at Columbia University is largely attended, and he has also been associated as a lecturer with Dartmouth College, the Chautauqua Institute, and the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences. Not many years ago, Mr. Hamilton was noted as a long distance swimmer; and he still seems to enjoy the experience of exerting himself to the limit of endurance. But, despite his manifold activities, he always appears to have plenty of time for play and has a habit of bemoaning his own laziness. He never talks about the drama when he can possibly avoid the topic; but prefers to tell of his experiences as the purser of a wandering tramp-steamer, or as an adventurous traveller in Greece at the outset of the second Balkan war, or as a corporal in the third training regiment at Plattsburg.

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Beck's Judgment

Early in the war, the public mind experienced a sense of bewilderment from the appearance of various diplomatic documents, and counter arguments — particularly those of Dr. Dernburg, Germany's *advocatus diaboli,*—which led the New York *Times* to ask the Hon. James M. Beck, jurist and late Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, to analyse the evidence in regard to the causation of the war, and to give his opinion as a jurist on the question of moral responsibility contained in these documents. Mr. Beck dictated for four unbroken hours "The Dual Alliance versus The Triple Entente," called in England "Beck's Judg-

JAMES M. BECK, LAWYER, AUTHOR OF "THE WAR AND HUMANITY"

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ment." This paper made an instantaneous and remarkable impression all over the world. It was translated into Bulgarian, Spanish, Swedish, Japanese, Greek, Italian, Russian, French and German. In France there were three different reprints: here a lawsuit gathered about it, resulting in one publisher paying damages when a Bordeaux paper used a copyrighted translation. Because of the interest everywhere in his argument, Mr. Beck made up his mind to extend his paper, and the result was *The Evidence in the Case,* a book that was published not only in English, but in French, and even in German—the latter edition being by Swiss publishers. Of special interest is the fact that the chapter on Belgium was translated into nearly every modern language. Of course the book was promptly put on the proscribed list of both Germany and Austria, but copies got into circulation in Germany, together with some reviews, one a two-column article in the *Continental Times* of Berlin. Mr. Beck then wrote a sequel, *The War and Humanity,* which is now in its third edition and of which a French edition is to appear this month.

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An Interpreter Abroad

In view of the widespread interest taken in Mr. Beck's work both in England and France, he was invited to visit both countries and to make public addresses. This he did in the summer of 1916, and he was accorded a reception truly extraordinary for one who held no office and bore no credentials. The chief function given in his honour by England was a luncheon in London on July 5, 1916. Viscount Bryce presided and a very representative group of nearly five hundred Englishmen came to welcome him. Mr. Beck spoke on "America and the Allies," and this reply is reprinted in his second book on the war. Following the London reception, he was entertained in Glasgow, Manchester, and other English cities, and subsequently in Paris, making public addresses in each city. As a guest of both nations, he spent six days on the battle front, and later made a visit to the Grand Fleet.

At the time of Mr. Beck's visit, there was both in England and France a certain resentment against the United States, growing out of blockade difficulties. He therefore faced a situation not unlike that growing out of the Civil War when Henry Ward Beecher went to England to interpret America to English audiences. The results of the two visits are not dissimilar, for it is generally recognised in England that Mr. Beecher's visit and his addresses went far to modify the hostile attitude which then prevailed.

In Mr. Beck's books, he has at times severely criticised the neutral policy of the Wilson administration; but in his addresses abroad he showed good taste and excellent judgment in saying nothing derogatory of the government. On the contrary he justified the attitude of the American people and indirectly showed the great difficulties under which it laboured in following any policy other than that of neutrality in the first year of the war. Since the entry of the United States into the war, he has refrained from any criticism of the Administration and has loyally supported all its war policies.

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No Camouflage for Booth Tarkington

Booth Tarkington did not write the play which has been made from his story *Seventeen* and which has been produced this fall by Stuart Walker of Portmanteau Theatre fame. Mr. Tarkington is both a playwright and a just man. He knows from personal experience that writing a play is very different from writing a story. That he does not wish to take credit from the hard-working dramatist is shown in a letter published in the Indianapolis *News* before the initial performance of *Seventeen.* Mr. Tarkington writes:

> The play *Seventeen* is not mine; I haven't seen the script, even. One of my aversions

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BOOTH TARKINGTON. HIS BOOK "SEVENTEEN" HAS RECENTLY REACHED THE STAGE UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF STUART WALKER

is the habit of managers to cut out all possible references to the actual playwright, in the case of plays founded on popular books. The writer of the book usually permits such a play to be referred to as *his* play—sometimes he encourages such references; and I have known the writers of dramatised books who somehow got to believing that they had made the dramatisations. I know one lady writer who "travels with the company," makes first night speeches, and talks about "my little play"—puts in the "little" to show how modest she is—and she never in her life wrote a line in any play produced!

All I know about *Seventeen* as a play is that whatever it turns out to be, it will be a surprise to *me!* It's not my play, and if it's a good play, that will be altogether to the credit of the people who write it and those who produce it. I suspect that it has merit or Mr. Stuart Walker wouldn't be producing it. Also, I strongly believe that Mr. Gregory Kelly will be delectable.

In a telegram of congratulation to Mr. Walker after the successful opening of *Seventeen,* Mr. Tarkington modestly remarked, "I am in no discernible measure responsible for either the production or its friendly reception." Which shows Mr. Tarkington a consistent man, for he steadfastly refuses to steal any thunder even after there is thunder to steal.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

BY DANIEL M. HENDERSON

From out the library's silent halls I strode
  Into the traffic of Fifth Avenue;
  Into a scene of turmoil, from a view
Of book-lined aisles where Milton's lamp still glowed;
Where valiant spirits of the past abode;
  Where, in a cloister-hush, men paid their due
  Of reverence to the great souls whence they drew
Ideals and dreams to lighten their long road.

The two contrasted strangely in my thought—
  This tide of noisy, hurrying, heedless men,
  And yonder brooding temple of earth's lore;
And yet 'twas through this tide that fame was wrought,
  Within this life-stream Chaucer dipped his pen,
  And Shakespeare searched its depths and found his ore.

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THE OPERA—BY, FOR AND WITH AMERICANS

BY FREDERIC DEAN

SOMETHING over a quarter century ago, Edmund C. Stanton was the Director General of the operatic forces at the Metropolitan. He was a New Yorker —the first born and bred American since the house was opened by Henry E. Abbey in November, 1883. It was probably for this reason—because of his sympathies with home talent—that Mr. Stanton was besieged by American composers and singers. His desk was always full of American scores, and he had a formidable list of what he called "impossible applicants"—excellent singers, but singers without European operatic reputations. One day, as he was rearranging his desk, he turned to a friend and said: "Here's a drawer full of American compositions worthy of a hearing at the Metropolitan, but I wouldn't dare produce one of them before it had been heard on the other side. New Yorkers will not go across the street to hear anything that has not come by way of Europe." And, referring to his list of "impossibles," he added: "Now, take these singers. Here is a wealth of splendid material, but I might as well hand in my resignation as to suggest the engaging of these good people."

To-day, they do things differently. Among this season's offerings at the Metropolitan, Manager Gatti-Casazza announces six novelties, two of which are by Americans—a ballet, *The Dance in Congo Place,* by Henry W. Gilbert, and a two-act opera, *Shanewis,* by Charles Wakefield Cadman; and of his seven "new artists" six are American girls—three of whom have never before been heard in opera. Nor is this all. Later in the winter, Cleofonte Campanini, as the head of the Chicago Opera Company, is to give a four-weeks' season of opera at the Lexington Theatre. He, too, intends producing a number of new works, and two of these are by Americans—Henry Hadley, whose tragedy, *Azora,* will be given its first New York hearing, and Arthur Nevin, who will be represented by a lighter work, *Daughter of the Forest.* Signor Campanini's company consists entirely of foreigners, but he is gracious enough to say that two of the *chef d'œvres* of his season will be his two American operas, which he has sandwiched in between Massenet's *Cleopatre,* Camille Erlanger's *Aphrodite,* Raoul Gounsbourg's *Le Vieil Aigle,* Xavier Leroux's *Le Chemineau,* Sylvio Lazzari's *Le Souteriot* and Mascagni's *Isabeau*—all to be heard for the first time. At the Metropolitan the novelties from across the water are Mascagni's *Lodoletta,* Henri Raboud's *Marouf,* Liszt's *Saint Elizabeth* and Rimsky-Korsokoff's *Le Coq d'Or.* The American newcomers at the Metropolitan are Florence Easton, May Peterson, Helen Kanders, Marie Conde, Ruth Miller and Cecil Arden; John McCormack, tenor, and Thomas Chalmers, baritone. Among the singers announced by the Chicago company are Amelita Galli-Curci, Marthe Chenal, Rosa Raisa, Genevieve Dix and Anna Fitziu—hailing from Italy, France, Poland and England—and Madame Melba, cosmopolitan and native of the world.

THE MOST AMBITIOUS NOVELTY

The most pretentious of the four American novelties is Hadley's *Azora.* Mr. Hadley is in his forty-fourth year—the youngest of the four men—and has been writing serious music since he was twenty. Heretofore he has shown a partiality for strings and wood-winds; in *Azora* he has made use of the brasses with true Strauss prodigality. The time

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CECIL ARDEN, NEW AMERICAN CONTRALTO AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

and place—olden time Mexico—call for music that is as ornate as is the scene in which the plot is laid; the costumes must be gorgeous and the scenery resplendent with everything that smacks of Mexican tropical luxury and regal magnificence. The music is full of colour and atmosphere. In the introduction to the third act there is a sumptuous bit of scoring and the number known as the "Barbaric Dance" is a hectic affair that will become popular. It is a dance of maidens who are unaware of the hideous fate awaiting them, and they dance with a joy that grows in excitement until it borders upon, and finally becomes, frenzy. Here Hadley is at his wildest and best. Trumpets and flutes, harps and tympani, violins and double-basses weave in and out, forming a musical mosaic flooded with colour. Unexpected rhythms, dissonances that melt into delicious harmonies, weird and telling combinations of instruments—all are

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used as aids to a sensuous, swinging melody that intoxicates and compels an ever-increasing vehemence and passionate fervour. In another scene there is a suggestion of a combination of Wolf-Ferrari and Berlioz; in another a touch of sadness that calls to mind Tschaikowski. A recurring melody haunts the entire opera, reminding one of the *Thais* Meditation—a melody that, like Massenet's interlude, is sung by the violin.

CADMAN'S INDIAN OPERA "SHANEWIS"

As Charles Wakefield Cadman has specialised in Indian music practically all of his musical life, it is fitting that he should write around an Indian theme in this his first opera. The two scenes in *Shanewis* are laid in California and Oklahoma. The trio forming the eternal triangle are a Vassar girl, an Indian maid and a vacillating lover. Mr. Cadman lived for a long time among the Blackfeet Indians and knows whereof he writes. A bit of Indian psychology that is wrapped up in the story is admirably expressed in the music. The appealing maid of nature and the susceptible young man from the East—although betrothed to one of his own kind—have their own life to live, and proceed to live it. Nature exacts her rightful punishment—the death of the seducer. A young Indian brave hands a poisoned arrow to the maid with the understanding that she will plunge it into the heart of her lover. But she has become "too civilised, too weak," and the messenger of death falls from her fingers to the ground, only to be picked up and shot straight to the mark by the one who thought to be free from the killing.

Around this simple tragedy Mr. Cadman has woven a number of Indian melodies—melodies that give just such atmosphere as the story needs—and has placed them in appropriate orchestral settings. The very simplicity of the plot and of its musical frame adds to the dignity of the undertaking. It is a glimpse of Indian life made vocal by the added charm of Indian music—*real* Indian music, music that is vital, fervid, sweet, passionate, tragic. Mrs. Nellie Richmond Eberhart, who furnished Mr. Cadman with many of the texts to his songs, has written the story of the play. It is more than a libretto; it is the real book of the play.

A BALLET FROM NEW ORLEANS LIFE

When Dr. Dvôrák visited this country as the "guest" Director of Mrs. Thurber's musical institute, he was amazed to find such a variety of material for an American symphony and such an aversion on the part of the American musician to using it; and he forthwith proceeded to gather and paste together the rhythmic cadences of the "home music," as he called it, and offered the finished product as his *New World Symphony*. In *The Dance in Place Congo* Henry W. Gilbert has undertaken the same idea in somewhat different form, and which he calls a "fantasy without words." George W. Cable must be credited with the inspiration of the present venture. Cable stole the idea from a famous dance, that in turn was credited to New Orleans over a century ago—a fantasy of life in the old creole days. What a surprise for the operatic looker-on! Would that it were possible to call back to life and energy the long-disbanded Williams and Walker coterie of artists! Their grace and their *abandon* could find no worthier opportunity for display than in this creole ballet of Gilbert's.

A GLANCE AT THE FOREIGN NOVELTIES

Cleopatre, Massenet's swan song, had its première at Monte Carlo five years ago. The silver-tongued Viviani has called Massenet's music "a poem in honour of woman—giving full expression to her as both temptress and consoler." Both the librettist, Louis Payen, and Massenet have done their best to give their Cleopatre full expression as temptress. Massenet loves low voices and has very cleverly given to his seductive charmer-heroine music written for a

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AMELITA GALLI-CURCI, THE COLORATURA OF THE CHICAGO OPERA COMPANY

rich, warm-toned mezzo, and, by way of contrast, made both Charmion and Octavia high sopranos. Marc Antony is a baritone. Cleopatre's entrance song, "C'est le nuit d'amour," and Antony's letter—the letter received from his love—are musical bits that will find favour among the American listeners. An excellent touch is the finale: Immediately after the death of the lovers a voice outside calls: "Place à Cesare," and the opera is brought to a sudden close.

Saint Elizabeth, one of Liszt's most successful religious compositions, is called by the Abbé not an oratorio, but "a legend." Its dramatic quality was discovered at Weimar and Vienna, where it was given in stage form—although against the repeatedly expressed unwillingness of the composer. It is a poem divided into scenes or "pictures" that lend themselves gracefully to dramatic stage treatment. From the arrival of little Elizabeth, daughter of a Hungarian noble prince, up to the

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MAY PETERSON, NEW AMERICAN SOPRANO AT THE METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE

final scene, there is intense dramatic feeling and great theatric possibilities. After the stage performances of Massenet's *Samson et Delilah,* why not try *Saint Elibazeth?*

Mascagni's *Isabeau,* produced at La Scala in 1912, follows the lines of Tennyson's story of Lady Godiva, who rode through the streets of her town "clad in her own modesty." The ride is described by one of Mascagni's very picturesque "intermezzos." The librettist is Luigi Illica—a melodramatic word painter. The "Song of the Hawk" is to be praised. The demanded scenery is magnificent.

Xavier Leroux, composer of *Le Chemineau,* and Camille Erlanger, whose *Aphrodite* will be seen at the same time, are of the same age and have had the same musical schooling, both being successful applicants for the *prix de Rome* from the Paris Conservatoire. Sylvio Lazzari, responsible for *Le Souteriot,* is five years their senior, but, like Tschaikowski, Lazzari started in the law and graduated into music. *La Vieil Aigle,* with both text and music by Raoul Gounsburgh, of Monte Carlo, was given its American première at Chicago last January. The opera lasts but forty-five minutes. The story is taken

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from one of Maxim Gorky's tales. Tolaik, son of the Khan, Asvazel el Moslaim, has returned in triumph from the war. His father asks what he will accept for his heroism. Tolaik looks upon the beautiful slave Zina and will have nothing but her. Zina is his father's pet, the chief delight of his harem, and Zina refuses to go, whereupon the chief lures her to a neighbouring cliff and hurls her into the sea. The scene is a barren region in the Crimea. Rosa Raisa, who sings the part of the slave, happens to know this part of the country and the type she represents. She was born in Russian Poland, found her way to Italy, where she was fortunate enough to attract the attention of Madame Campanini, through whose good offices she was introduced into opera in Italy and was brought to America to sing under the direction of Madame's husband.

WHO'S WHO AMONG THE NEWCOMERS

Everyone who remembers the first season of *Madama Butterfly* in America will remember the charming Japanese heroine to whom Colonel Savage introduced his audiences—Florence Easton. For over ten years Germany claimed Miss Easton, but, curiously enough, it was in Italian and French works that she made her reputation—in *Aida* and *Carmen,* in Puccini and Massenet; and, although she is engaged to take Madame Gadski's place at the Metropolitan and while she is an excellent Brunhilde and Isolde and toys with a number of other Wagner heroines, it will be in the music of the French and Italian writers that she will be most admired.

It was Mascagni who started Galli-Curci upon her operatic career. As an old friend of her father's he was strolling through the house one morning and chanced to hear the Senorita sing, to her own accompaniment, an aria she had heard at the opera the previous evening. She had been a pianiste of note, but never ventured to sing except in her own room. As Mascagni passed her door he heard a high note. He stopped, listened, put his eye to the keyhole, gently pushed the door ajar, and, placing his ear to the crack, remained motionless until the aria was finished, when he burst in upon her and demanded that she repeat it to his accompaniment. For a full hour he remained at the piano, playing one after another of her songs. At the conclusion of the recital he asked for the key to the piano, locked it and, returning the key, said: "Never play upon that instrument in public again. From this day forth sing—do nothing but sing." And she has.

May Peterson's forebears come from Norway. She has flaxen hair, china-blue eyes and the fair skin that is the third side of the isosceles triangle of Norwegian loveliness. Peterson *père* was a Methodist minister—his daughter started her musical training in papa's church choir. Her first appearance as an operatic star was in the town of Vichy, France. She had been engaged to sing in Massenet's *Manon.* When she reached the town she was amazed to find herself billed as "from the Metropolitan Opera House of New York"—a stage she had never seen. Fearing that she could not last long as a "Metropolitan" star, with true American thrift she *hired* her costumes instead of buying them. Once on the stage, she discovered that the chorus girls were far more handsomely gowned than she was. But her courage rose as her heart sank. She determined to *sing* her way into favour. With the assurance of a seasoned primadonna and with the voice of a Melba, she poured forth such a wealth of song that her hearers redemanded aria after aria. The next morning, when she had been assured that the length of her contract was but a matter for *her* to decide, she visited the costumers. At her next appearance in the part it was an exquisitely gowned Manon that received the applause. But that rented dress still hangs in her closet—the dearest souvenir any novice ever had of a performance made perfect by pluck.

Cecil Arden's father came from South Carolina; her mother was a Louisville

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belle. Miss Arden's voice is a rich contralto with a range that enables her to sing the music of Carmen, of Fides, of Amneris with perfect surety. But not for some time will she attempt to fly so high, for this will be—practically—her first trial at operatic work upon so large a scale. Miss Arden is an ardent American. So strong is her conviction that the best can be obtained at home that she remained in America until she had concluded the primary part of her musical education, when she quietly went to Italy and asked to be heard. "Did she wish to sing in opera?" "No." "In recital?" "Yes." And so a recital was arranged. Puccini heard her and Giordano and Ricardo Tosti—and they each and all complimented her and her American master. In Milan a reviewer expressed himself as "happy in finding in that far-off country people who cultivate with artistic love our art of *bel canto*." Truly, the tables are being turned. Here's an American girl who studies in her own country, goes abroad and wins encomiums for "artistic work"; a girl who, without an operatic career, is accepted at an audition held in the Metropolitan and is bidden to join the sacred circle. Miss Arden is to be congratulated upon doing her bit for Uncle Sam. Helen Kanders, a native of California, studied in France, Italy and Austria. For three years before the war she was a member of the opera company of Strassbourg, the capital of Alsace. Marie Conde is a Michigan girl. Her father was an Egyptologist and her mother a writer. For several years Miss Conde has lived in Boston, supporting herself by singing in church choirs. Ruth Frances Miller is a New Yorker well known as a concert singer. The war sent her home from Paris, where she was finishing her studies for the opera.

Here, then, is the double roster—of the singers and their songs. The struggle on the other side of the water has sewn up the operatic output and closed the operatic schools; and they who would entice the hearers of music in America must of necessity look about them *here* for the best available substitutes for the former operatic menus offered. In their search they have evidently found more than they were looking for; for, here be not only operas—and good ones—but those who can interpret these operas. Is it possible that the long-expected American School of Music is to become a fact?

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ON POLITICS AND HISTORY*

BY LUTHER E. ROBINSON

THE autumn list of publications in history and politics invites the bookman of generous tastes. It includes a new work on the Civil War by James Ford Rhodes embracing a study of "much new original material" come to light since the appearance of his three volumes on that period. It includes also the *Recollections* of Viscount Morley, in two volumes, a publication which, like that by Mr. Rhodes, excites high expectations by virtue of the author's past achievements. The list is rendered attractive by numerous other volumes whose timeliness in theme and seriousness of discussion must afford an audience among readers in search of the forces most potent in directing the course of progress in the world.

Those who believe that this progress is united with the welfare of democracy will welcome Mr. Weale's *The Fight for the Republic of China.* No other account of China's transition from monarchy to republicanism matches this book in interest. Its vigorous and informing narrative is reinforced by a wealth of documentary sources indispensable to a sincere and authentic knowledge of the supremely interesting experiment in popular government on test in the Orient. The author speaks as a keen, dispassionate, and personal observer of the events he describes. He tells the story of the Manchus from the accession of their dynasty in 1644, and indicates with precision the incoming of those modern ideas which finally undermined the gossamer foundation of that tyranny. He traces from its beginning the romantic career and personality of that political adventurer, Yuan Shih-kai; how by patient finesse and sagacity he possessed the confidence of the monarchy to which he was faithful until his discernment tempted him into the new order of things. He struck a bargain with the Revolutionists, whereby he became the first President of the Republic. There is a genuine mediæval flavour about the machinations of this Chinese Machiavelli. The events since the establishment of the republic turn round Yuan's futile stratagems to usurp power, to restore the monarchy with its ancient theocratic enchantment, against the results of the revolution held with consistency by the republican coalition. In the controversy which ensued, brain was matched against brain. The contest was fateful and historic. The memorandum of Dr. Goodnow, legal adviser to Yuan, by a prolix and periphrastic summary of human institutions, favoured the strong arm for China, and so was used to give aid and comfort to the President's personal ambitions. The counter-stroke was launched by a distinguished Chinese scholar and reformer, a Yale graduate, Liang Ch'i-chao, in a brilliant and earnest brief for republican institutions. These documents, reproduced in the

*The Fight for the Republic of China. By B. L. Putnam Weale. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Are We Capable of Self-Government. By Frank W. Moxon. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The President's Control of Foreign Relations. By Edward S. Corwin. Princeton, N. J.: The Princeton University Press.

Principles of American Diplomacy. By John Bassett Moore. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Government of England. By David D. Wallace. New York: Putnam's Sons.

A Short History of England. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company.

The Origins of the Triple Alliance. By Archibald Cary Coolidge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Diplomatic Days. By Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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book, give climax to the reader's interest. Mr. Weale is inclined to ascribe Dr. Goodnow's rôle in the drama to anti-republican sympathies imbibed during his student days in Germany. Be this as it may, the reader will feel that his political philosophy suffers somewhat under the impact of splendid republican ideals set out in serious and sinewy fashion by the Chinese advocate. The Appendixes to Mr. Weale's volume contain a rich array of documents invaluable for the study of this remarkable political transition. These include the Nineteen Articles granted by the Throne during the rebellion of 1911; the Edicts of Abdication; the Provisional Constitution of Nanking; Yuan's Presidential Election Law, 1913; the Constitutional Compact drafted by Dr. Goodnow, 1914; the Presidential Succession Decree of Yuan, same year; the Russo-Chinese Agreement regarding Outer Mongolia, 1913; Chino-Japanese treaties, with accompanying correspondence; the Permanent Constitution of 1917; the Proposed Local Government Law; the Report of the Ministry of Commerce on tariff revision; and a memorandum on the outstanding cases between China and foreign powers.

It would be difficult to overestimate the service this book must render to the study of the more important aspects of Far Eastern questions. It must have a place in every library furnished with the best available materials for the intelligent consideration of China and Chinese problems in their relation to the social advance of the modern world.

Much conjecture might be indulged over the question whether China is capable of self-government, but the query becomes somewhat arresting when it is put to an American audience anent themselves. This is what Mr. Frank W. Moxon has done in his book, *Are We Capable of Self-Government?* It is a discussion of our national problems and policies touching business over the period from 1900 to 1916. It is endorsed in a well-written introduction by Harry A. Wheeler, formerly president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States—stylistically the best section of the book. Admittedly, "compounded for busy people who prefer their information pre-digested," the volume is an attempt to compare, during the period considered, our business experience under government regulation with the previous groping of business toward a still better basis of self-control. This comparison, more suggested than actual, raises many provoking questions without serious attempt to answer them. The reader, for example, is invited to consider whether self-government is too extravagant to be successful. Is industry needlessly crippled by the increasing extension of national, state, and municipal taxation for purposes of social enterprise? Does industrial altruism mean special privilege to organised labour? Do the commercial cartels of Germany, England, France account for the relative backwardness of the United States, commercially? Has legislation like the Sherman law retarded national growth by the creation of uncertainty among business men? Above all, when circumstances of world confusion throw unrivalled chances for trade expansion at the doors of American capital, is it possible for our people to seize the advantage "short of many years during which many valuable opportunities, perhaps independence itself, are slipping away?" And our political parties. Do they exist to discuss vital problems, or, from the standpoint of business, are they instruments of "retaliation and punishment"? Much political and industrial history and practice are passed under rapid and critical review. The reader will enjoy the stimulus of the author's vivid catechising of what, in effect, amounts to the old opposing principles of *laissez faire* and social control. It is assumed as practically axiomatic that great wealth is the fortune of the few, the outcome of inevitable inequality. One might grant the general rule without prejudice, but must one conclude that industrial enterprise is incapacitated without the incitement of huge personal rewards? Henry

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Van Dyke once told an audience at the Sorbonne that our democracy has its source in the American sense of fair play. The principle seems as old as the country itself; it makes it difficult to look upon business, enormously important as it is as a measure of civilisation, as an exception to that philosophy of service which justifies other well-established forms of social activity. Both business and government will have to continue to grope; but we have had enough experience with both to hold fast our faith that the welfare of all may be promoted by social regulation as the adjuvant of private initiative, sacred as that is. As a mediæval English sovereign put it in a state paper, what concerns all ought by all to be approved.

One of the several ways by which Americans have been working out the details of self-government is exhibited by Dr. E. S. Corwin, professor of politics at Princeton, in a new book on *The President's Control of Foreign Relations*. The volume is a specialised study of the contest, never dramatic, and interesting to few outside of students of political history, that has now and then cropped out between the Executive and Congress over their respective spheres of control in the management of foreign affairs. It is a useful book for reference and collateral reading. Seldom have disputes between the two departments over diplomatic prerogative occurred, albeit a watchful jealousy has been maintained on both sides, and has at times inspired the tactics or earnest assertion of one against the other. Generally, neither side has been disposed to act inconsiderately of the rights of the other when these have been manifest from the wording of the Constitution. In the evolution of our domestic and foreign interests issues have arisen on which the constitutional direction was obscure or altogether wanting. For instance, the Constitution is silent on the subject of neutrality, the abrogation of treaties, the recognition of new governments, and on international agreements short of treaties. Our diplomatic history shows a gradual increment of Presidential powers in the handling of foreign affairs not specifically provided for. The discussion leading to this result began with Hamilton's defence of Washington's proclamation of neutrality in 1793, and the challenge of that policy which Madison, under Jefferson's appeal, was led to make. Lincoln, Cleveland, Roosevelt, Taft followed the Hamiltonian interpretation. President Wilson belongs to this school of interpreters. In treaty making the "advice" of the Senate comes in connection with the ratification privilege. The President has the power to make war through the control of diplomatic negotiation and his prerogative as commander-in-chief of the army and navy. This power, not specific but practical, has always been exercised in such close communication with Congress that no suspicion of its abuse has thus far arisen. The author does not generalise upon the data he has compiled further than to show the groundlessness of the complaint against our so-called "secret diplomacy." Outside of the evident value of the book as a record of constitutional development, one gathers from it the signs of popular concession to the executive function as best suited to represent the nation's consciousness of its expanding reciprocality of interests and intercourse with other world powers.

Of more general interest than Dr. Corwin's piece of careful research, is Professor John Bassett Moore's *Principles of American Diplomacy*. It follows the story of our diplomacy from the Revolution to the present in untechnical language, by a recognised master of the subject. The result is extremely interesting and valuable. One is almost surprised at the few fundamental principles governing the conduct of our diplomacy from Washington to Wilson. Out of the simple principle of non-interference with the internal affairs of other nations, adopted in 1793, have developed the Monroe Doctrine and the uncompleted doctrine of Pan-Americanism. Those who are interested in this may recall Mr. Lansing's high-minded inter-

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pretation, given before the Second Pan-American Scientific Congress in 1915, of the ideals that underlie this third doctrine. Professor Moore treats it fully from its inception and shows us the splendid vision of its possibilities in the minds of John Quincy Adams and Clay. Those, also, who have academically jumped to the conclusion that the Monroe Doctrine is moribund will find little comfort, so it seems, in the plain narration of its operation in this book. Impressive is the author's suggestion that the most important event of the past two hundred years was the advent of the United States into the family of nations. "Even now," he remarks, "as we survey the momentous changes of the last few years, we seem to stand only on the threshold of American history, as if its domain were the future rather than the past." Such words remind one of the estimate of this event made by Ambassador Whitelaw Reid at Cambridge University, in 1906, when he spoke of the advent of the United States as the "Greatest Fact in Modern History." The author adheres to the historical method in the discussion of events and their effects, but never fails to give fact a human interest. He enlists the reader's assent to his conviction that, in studying the past, the "element of real value is the motives, the thoughts and purposes by which events are inspired." One may wish for this volume, on a subject too unfamiliar to our people, written with such admirable proportion, accuracy, and readableness, a very wide popularity.

Opportune also is the appearance of an excellent treatise on *The Government of England,* written by Professor D. D. Wallace, of Wofford College. It comprises a description of national, local, and imperial administration. Its point of view is the present; only incidental attention is given to historical development of the processes which now obtain. Especially interesting are the chapters on the king and the premier. Mr. Wallace shows that in reality the king is a "permanent Minister, a member of every cabinet, but without authority and without responsibility." Although custom forbids his attendance at cabinet meetings, he maintains a close and often influential connection with the management of the foreign affairs of the country. The chapter on "Aristocracy and Democracy" clarifies a subject rather indistinct to Americans who have not observed English society at close range. The aristocratic class has of old governed England. It is divided into two parties, each bidding for popular support by promising laws for the popular benefit. "England thus presents the spectacle of a country whose government is conducted by wealthy and aristocratic classes, and yet has upon its statute book more laws for the benefit of the masses than most countries of a much more democratic society." In the chapter on "Lessons England Can Teach Us," the author dwells upon the greater flexibility of the English Constitutional system. Much of America's highest intellectual effort is consumed, not, as in England, in proving whether proposed measures are good or bad, but whether they are constitutional or not. Readers of Dr. Corwin's pages, previously referred to, will find abundant confirmation of this fact. Naturally Professor Wallace calls attention to the closer co-operation in England between the legislature and the executive—a co-operation, he might have observed, more and more becoming realised in our country. Other lessons concern the budget system, popular regard for law, and a civil service test in character and ability in addition to the applicant's "immediate preparation." In the hands of instructors capable of supplementing it with an additional fund of historical illustration, such for instance as the political career of Gladstone affords, this capitally written treatise should serve as an attractive text for college and university classes.

The momentous contest between the forces of self-government and absolutism has provoked Mr. G. K. Chesterton to write a commentary which he has chosen to call *A Short History of England.*

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With characteristic frankness he invites a retrospective study of England's historic development in order to isolate certain weaknesses that have grown out of deviations from fundamental tendencies in early England, which, unarrested, would have facilitated the coming of democracy. The virtues that inhere in the British character have somehow made for national solidarity and success, he thinks, in spite of the blunders that have delayed the advantages of social equality. He suspects that the dénouement of English historic errors is involved for good or for evil in the cataclysmic struggle of the powers to-day. Mr. Chesterton's doctrine is that the advent of Roman Christianity among the barbarian units of early England was the inversion of aristocracy; that the farther we go back in mediæval English society the nearer we approach "a fair law and a free state." Per contra, the closer we come to the modern period, the more ignorance and special privilege the citizen must endure. Arthur and the Round Table symbolise the equality of the early time. Christianity is the only thing of the mediæval age that remained stable. Monastic institutions introduced representative government, besides preserving the literature of the day. Slavery was disappearing; it could not grow in the climate of Catholic Christianity. The three events most intimately associated with the civilisation of the Islands are the coming of the Romans, of Christianity, and of the Normans. Green, like other popular historians, errs in assuming that England's history began with the coming of the "Schleswig people." In civilising power, the French are superior to the Scandinavian. Social institutions, like the Guild System, flourished under the mediæval régime. "In modern constitutional countries there are practically no political institutions thus given by the people; they are all received by the people." Trade Unions, "attenuated and threatened," survive like a ghost of the Middle Ages. Protestantism imposed a "cyclic war of creeds." The new tyranny suppressed the popular movement, of which the Pilgrimage of Grace was a vital expression. The Puritans, though patriots, despoiled the Church and the Crown. Their principle of self-government was selfish, equal but exclusive. England was never so undemocratic as when it was a republic. Whigism was aristocratic; so was Chatham and his imperial policy, Burke and his antipathy to the French Revolution. But this revolution broke up the formal funeral of Christianity. Napoleon was the instrument of equality and so regarded himself. The Reform Bill postponed democracy by evading the enthusiasm behind it. Trade Unionism is an English expression of European resistance to capitalism, which tends to end in slavery. Unwilling to surrender their position to state socialism, the employing class has conceded employers' liability, old age pensions, and workingmen's insurance. Many good men laboured to make English education like the German, to imitate German Higher Criticism, but failed. When German culture stepped across Belgium, England could see what image it had tried to fashion for itself. The future critic of history and of literature will find the hero of this war in the English poor, in the mob bullied by fashion and despoiled of property and liberty.

Mr. Chesterton's sympathy for the participation of the masses in social initiative will meet with the consent of good political philosophy. England to be sure has bestowed such participation with remarkable conservatism. Undoubtedly Christianity is essentially a social leaven. But this book, a pioneer in historical introspection, must kindle severe criticism for its superficial conclusions, inferentially at least, against the assertion of spirited leadership in transition eras, when the persistence of "one good custom should corrupt the world." If Napoleon's effort was "impersonal," Chatham's must have proved much more so. Revolutionary France, Russia, and Mexico, not to mention other examples, illustrate the catastrophic risk of sudden assumption of popular responsibility.

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England has come to popular rule by slow but strong processes. But this is not to deny that leaders have all too often refrained from nurturing the capacity of the multitude out of scepticism or selfishness; that "the people are the city," yet not without the men of strength and imagination and even egoism. Mediævalism did not offer a solution of the socialisation of the crowd, nor a practical mediating factor between what the people should or may give and what they should receive. Modernism with all its blunders is working to this end. For example, modern Christianity is more mixed with mind than the mediæval type of it. However, Mr. Chesterton is to be welcomed in this new rôle of political philosopher for the fresh interest he brings.

Arguments for and against Mr. Chesterton's theories could easily be picked out of two very different publications included in the new titles on history and politics. In *The Origins of the Triple Alliance,* Professor Coolidge, of Harvard, puts in the permanent form they deserve the Barbour-Page lectures which he gave at the University of Virginia last year. The book is of general interest just now, when especial need is felt of a readable and accurate account of the political forces at work among the central European powers following the Franco-Prussian war, the culmination of which, for Germany and Austria at least, was the alliance that apparently separated Italy from her logical ally France. The intricacies of Bismarck's plans to secure the fruits of the wars out of which he constructed the political edifice of the Empire involved many personalities and state jealousies, and conflicting ambitions looking to the future of European equilibrium or national advantage at the expense of states too weak to cope with the spirit of imperialism. The story includes numerous episodes, such as the war scare of 1875, growing out of the mutual suspicions of Germany and France; the decline of Turkey, and Austrian ambitions in the Balkan states. The luring of Italy into the alliance with Germany and Austria, her age-old foe, made temporarily for the quiescence of suspicions and dislikes, could not be permanent. The artificial basis broke in pieces as Teutonic motives grew more and more apparent and Italia Irredenta as well as natural sympathies for the ideals of France drew the Italians irresistibly upon the side of the *entente.* The Germanic ambitions well illustrate Mr. Chesterton's theories of aristocracy versus the masses.

The other aspect of the question, as a problem of civilisation, may be gathered from the attractive pages of *Diplomatic Days,* a new volume by Mrs. Nelson O'Shaughnessy, written after the manner of its predecessor, in which the author gave her impressions of Mexico under the Huerta régime. Here, in epistolary form, we have Mrs. O'Shaughnessy's readable miscellany of Mexican landscape, architecture, foreign personalities, and legation dinners, made serious and arresting at intervals by penetrating comment on the Mexican mob, the Diaz dictatorship, and the popular revolution under the *élan* of Madero's idealism. The reluctant surrender of the old President from his position of long, distinguished, and stable rule produced feelings of deep disquietude among the foreign contingents. The author tells us how she shared the common apprehension of her class, yet felt the bliss of being alive in such momentous times. Especially interesting are her descriptions of Madero, her disappointment at his personal appearance, and the growth of her misgivings as to his capability of realising the expectations he had excited in the minds of his supporters. Mrs. O'Shaughnessy has a good word to say about the friars; yet in the domain of government she would have encouraged Madero to consult *Le Prince.* Her interesting pages, somewhat pedantically sown with foreign phrases, throw many lights and shades over the turbulent events of which she was an eye-witness, and give her book permanent importance as contemporary history.

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FROM PRIMITIVE MAN TO MODERN CIVILISATION*

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

IN RECENT years, in fact ever since Mr. Israel Zangwill wrote a momentarily arresting play, the gripping phrase for these states—the melting pot—has run through the popular gamut of facile misuse. The symbol of a giant cauldron, into which the base metal of Europe pours unceasingly, and ultimately comes forth in the shining mintage of a decipherable Americanism, gratifies the fancy of our patriots. Yet the disillusions of this crucial hour—the grim awakening to the inchoate nature of our civilisation and the disparate elements in the pseudo-composite of our nationality—shatter the all too gratifying fiction of our creative imaginations. Indeed, the symbol was restricted to too narrow dimensions; the boundaries of that great cauldron must be enlarged to embrace the civilised world itself. To-day all creeds, philosophies, religions, theories of government and forms of society are being smelted anew in the cosmic holocaust of Europe, whence shall arise some day the spirits of peace, of rehabilitation and reconstruction. Man to-day is caught in a giant flux; and the world conflict is giving a powerful wrench forward to the wheel of evolution.

The devastating test through which the world is passing is remarkable as a revelation of the lower depths and ultimate reaches of the human spirit. No like interval in history has ever subjected the entire resources of man's mind and soul—his power for evil and his capacity for faith—to such stress and strain. The bases of civilisation itself are shaken at the foundation. The eternal problem of culture, of the meaning, reality and saving grace of our vaunted advances and victories in science, government and social control, presses upon mankind with irresistible force. So insistent is this pressure that we are beginning to realise that the great material advances of the past century, the triumphs of the century of science, have signally failed to corroborate our faith in similar triumphs in the domain of the human spirit.

So it is that when serious studies into the origin and evolution of life, the development of civilisation, and the nature of our social life are brought to our attention, we feel inclined rather to study our origins than to attempt to pierce the dark veil of the future. Now, as never before, are we vitally concerned with the problem of the nature of man and of the way in which he has evolved. For only by understanding these still cryptic and obscure questions, in far fuller measure than we understand them to-day, shall we be able to form true social syntheses for the future. In the face of the moral bankruptcy of science we must make the best we can of its sheer power to inform, to elucidate, to display the essential elements and constitution of things. And with the con-

*The Origin and Evolution of Life. By Henry Fairfield Osborne. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Earliest Man. By Frederick William Hugh Migeod. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Company.

Is Civilisation a Disease? By Stanton Coit. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Mankind: Racial Values and the Racial Prospect. By Seth K. Humphrey. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

An Introduction to Social Psychology. By Charles A. Ellwood. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Philosophy and the Social Problem. By Will Durant. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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structive and renovative instrumentality of philosophy, indicating paths and enlightening ends, we may again venture with a larger measure of confidence to the making-over of a world.

"THE ORIGIN AND EVOLUTION OF LIFE"

A book such as this volume by Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborne enlarges our conception of the immense problems with which he grapples. Even after the epochal contributions of Lamarck, of Darwin, of Weismann, of de Vries, science to-day outspokenly acknowledges that, while we know to some extent *how* plants and animals and man evolve, we do not know *why* they evolve. So far as a century and a quarter ago Kant boldly asserted "that it is absurd for man to hope that a Newton may one day arise able to make the production of a blade of grass comprehensible, according to natural laws ordained by no intention; such an insight we must absolutely deny to man." And even to-day we are in no better position to give a valid scientific explanation for those processes of development from within, which Bergson has termed "l'évolution créatrice." Whether with Kant we assume the presence of a supernatural principle, or assume with Driesch an internal perfecting influence, the scientist is reluctant to regard the origin and evolution of life as an ultimate law like the law of gravitation. Despite the almost insuperable obstacles which present themselves, the scientist prefers to continue the search for causes. Thus soon after Darwin it is already acknowledged that the law of selection as a natural explanation of the origin of all fitness in form and function has lost its prestige. And while all of Darwinism which now meets with universal acceptance is the law of the survival of the fittest, investigators of the stamp of Cope point out, rightly enough, that the *survival* of fitness and the *origin* of fitness are two very different phenomena. Science reasonably holds, in Osborne's view, that life is a continuation of the evolutionary process; but, on the other hand, it appears to him that living matter, because of its "creative" energy, does not follow the old evolutionary order. While not denying the possibility that among the cosmic chemical elements necessary to life there may be some *known* element which thus far has not betrayed itself in chemical analysis—*pace* radium—he thinks it far more probable that unknown principles of action, reaction and interaction await our discovery. Over the famous question as to whether life forms are the result of law or of chance, the author unhesitatingly affirms that Aristotle was essentially right in the dictum: "Nature produces those things which, being continually moved by a certain principle contained in themselves, arrive at a certain end." After elaborate studies demonstrating that some kind of energy or work precedes some kind of form, Osborne believes it to be probable that energy also precedes and controls the evolution of life. Newton's third law of the equality of *action* and *reaction* lays the foundation for the modern doctrine of energy in the most general sense; and Osborne's genuine contribution in this book is the formulation of the general theory, with much confirmatory experimental evidence, that every physicochemical *action* and *reaction* concerned in the manifestation of energy give rise to a physicochemical agent of interaction affecting the organism in whole or in part. For this theory he says:

> It may be claimed that it brings us somewhat nearer a consistent physicochemical conception of the original processes of life. If our theory is still far from offering any conception of the nature of heredity and the causes of elaborate adaptation in the higher organisms, it may yet serve the desired purpose of directing our imagination, our experiment and our observation along lines whereby we may attain small but real advances into the unknown.

"EARLIEST MAN"

When we take a bird's-eye view of earliest man, as is done in the simple summary of Mr. F. W. H. Migeod, we

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find enormous *lacunae* in our knowledge merely of the evolution of man from his Simian ancestry down to the time that he attained the rank of *homo primigenius*. It is humiliating to realise that only two generations ago the negro of Africa began, in the social sense, to be regarded as a human being; and certainly it is far from the case that he is now everywhere treated as a human being. Until recently scientists were inclined to hold that man has undergone great changes; but the more recent discoveries, e.g., the Piltdown skull, give indications of a fairly capacious intellect in very remote ages. Evolution compels the assumption that the first man succeeded a lower creature; and upon such an assumption studies like the present one inevitably rest. In distinguishing the connection of creation with evolution it is deftly pointed out that evolution is really no more than a series of acts of creation working on well-ordered lines. The doctrine of the survival of the fittest is taken in a special sense; for the author regards as fittest not necessarily the strongest and best, but those who alone had any chance of surviving. It is startling to observe that perhaps one-hundred-thousand years supervene between the life-epoch or period of one known specimen and another. The most that can be done is to describe the specimens; and by the arts of reasoning, attempt to bridge over the vast gap. This little book is an ingenious attempt of this kind—dealing in succession with the dawn, primary instincts, proto-man, progress in the arts, the change from eoliths to palæoliths, the orgin of speech and social organisation.

"IS CIVILISATION A DISEASE?"

After studying primitive man and recognising the enormous disparity between the life-forms that have been discovered, we need scarcely be surprised that man of the present day presents almost incredible differences from his primitive ancestors. Indeed, when he sees him, man pursues and kills that form of animal life still existent, which represents the closest approximation to his primitive ancestors—notably the gorilla and the orang-outang. Perhaps it is no wonder that some men have come to regard civilisation as a disease. Certain it is that Edward Carpenter's little volume, *Civilisation: Its Cause and Cure,* suggested to Dr. Stanton Coit the idea of treating civilisation as a disease. These lectures were originally delivered at the University of California on the Weinstock foundation, and bear the earmarks of shallow thinking, as well as the defacements of fulsome expression. The New Order—which he is willing to call, indiscriminately, "Christianity, the Meaning of America, the Dream of California, the Wisconsin Idea, Social Democracy, Humanity!"—must justify itself by leavening the lump of civilisation. Each era must be rated in terms of the age which follows. "The world war," he points out with booming fatuity, "is perhaps best understood when it is looked upon as a struggle of civilisation against its successor. Alarmed and armed to the teeth, civilisation (applied science organised on a basis of reasoned self-interest) is attempting to expand itself over territory which had been pre-empted and mapped out by social democracy and was being devoted, in the spirit of the ideal commonwealth foreshadowed in Christian sentiment and Jewish prophecy, to the coordination of wealth and power on the principle of deference to the humanity in every man."

"MANKIND: RACIAL VALUES AND THE RACIAL PROSPECT"

Peculiarly pertinent to the type of problems we are considering here is Mr. Humphrey's interesting study, vigorous in expression and noteworthy for the laudable independence of the thinking. In this look into the future the author sees in racial values affecting conservation the one hope for all future civilisation. The all-embracing race consciousness now developing in thoughtful minds the world over throws light upon the events of the past and thus enables us the more

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confidently to meet the future. Significant of the revolutionary change in living conditions is the fact that in this day "knowledge, skill and ability for sustained, concerted effort under authority are demanded of a vastly greater proportion of the plodding masses, who hitherto have directed their own more or less inefficient efforts. . . . Capacities are put to the task *en masse*." In a word, the mania for achievement has turned to the "rather desperate case of the human race itself." The author shrewdly points out that the first use man made of his wits was to soften the conditions of living, and he asserts that the old physical basis of survival of the fittest gave way to the new—the survival of the wittiest. The fundamental principle enunciated by the author is found in the following description of the exceptionally desirable inheritance: "It is that quality of brain—one might almost say *quantity* of brain—which leads to creative leadership in whatever activity it may select. It dominates environment and advances into new undertakings. It is the mark of the social migrator—the man of individual initiative who extricates himself from the mass and changes some bit of the world, for better or for worse, by his contact with it." In the light of such a conception he studies, in a series of brilliant chapters, the nations at war, including America, which latter he terms the melting pot, after the familiar practice. Germany he describes as a case of arrested development—a people who became ever more and more self-centred. The distinctiveness of the character of the German is attributed to three causes: the remoteness of his connection with other Aryan stocks; the long period of his suppression, and the upward twist given to his self-esteem by the perfectly logical rapidity of his development. Concerning the true foe of Germany he speaks with equal frankness: "England has appropriated all the parcels of earth of especial interest to her, and is quite ready to settle down. To-day she is in the position of a prosperous burglar, viewing old age some distance ahead, who takes to preaching on the iniquity of breaking and entering. Yet she is forgiven her sins because of the world benefits which have come from her prosperity." The chapter on "English or German?" is full of suggestive lessons for the United States, for he means by English those of English race and language. While he recognises that one or the other must, in the long run, become racially dominant and give the colour of its interpretations to the culture of a receptive world, if differences of inherited characteristics are to continue to hold the two to separate ambitions and ideals, he does not venture to prophesy which shall ultimately dominate. The future he finds full of uncertainty; but the sure fact that all must recognise is that the source of all strength is in an abounding racial vigour. The race is neither to the swift nor to the strong necessarily, but to the "Eugenic"—the "well-born." America today should be working on the problem of the adequate perpetuation of the racial values which have made of us a great nation.

"SOCIAL PSYCHOLOGY"

Just now, when serious doubts are being raised as to the worth and depth of contemporary culture, it is highly important, nay more, eminently desirable, that we have some well-reasoned conception of what social progress actually is, or at least should be. While Professor Ellwood attempts no formal definition of social progress, he illuminates so fully the subject with his commentary that one is in no doubt as to his meaning. Social progress certainly means, for one thing, the double mastery of man over physical nature and over himself. Nor can it be safely denied that true social progress must ultimately work for the greatly increased happiness of mankind. All such ideas, however, are too limited in their scope to afford an adequate and comprehensive definition of social progress. The description, rather than the formal definition, given by the author is: "Increasing adaptation to the require-

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ments of socal existence which shall harmonise all factors, whether internal or external, present or remote, in the life of humanity, securing the greatest capacity for social survival, the greatest efficiency in mutual co-operation and the greatest possible harmony among all its varied elements." Throughout the author sanely holds that the intellect is the supreme instrument of adaptation in the social life; and as instruments the intellect and its ideas are the means by which social progress can be rationally planned. The author is perfectly consistent in the declaration that "probably the greatest service which Professor Lester F. Ward rendered to the social sciences was to demonstrate, once for all, that education was the initial means of progress in human society."

"PHILOSOPHY AND THE SOCIAL PROBLEM"

How little of the heartening faith or positive conviction, upon which so many phases of the social problem is grounded, may suffice to produce a book is found in this accurate, concise and very disappointing book. The author writes with a crisp, effective style; he seems to possess a gift for summary. Thus in succession he deals with: The Present Significance of the Socratic Ethic; Plato: Philosophy as Politics; Francis Bacon and the Social Possibilities of Science; Spinoza on the Social Problem; and Nietzsche. In all these chapters he effectively summarises their method of approach to the social problem—viz., the problem of reducing human misery by modifying social institutions. In the author's view, the problem is really to facilitate the growth and spread of intelligence, and for this he proposes the obviously Utopian concept of a society functioning under organised intelligence. Stronger stimulus to creation and recreation, art and games should be given; higher education should be secured to those who desire but cannot afford it; and the education now attained by the rich should be made available for the poor. In this somewhat futile Socratic discussion the pros too accurately balance the cons; there is little left to go on with. If it be true that effort is all happiness and success, then do we indeed hear the call of the work, that it be done:

Edens that wait the wizardry of thought,
Beauty that craves the touch of artist hands,
Truth that but hungers to be felt or seen.

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THE MASQUE OF POETS*

EDITED BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

PRELUDES

IF YOU stand where I stand—
in my boudoir—
(don't mind my shaving—
I can't afford a barber)—
you can see into her boudoir—
you can see milady—
her back, her green smock, the bench she loves—
her hair always down in the morning—
(the sun conspiring with the curtains?)—
reddish brown,
with ringlets at the tips—
the hairdresser called this A. M.—
him I have to, I want to afford.
Unhappily, you can't see her face—
only the back of her small round head—
and a glint of her ears, two glints—
but her hands, alas, not her hands, though
happily, you can hear them.
It isn't a clavichord—
only a satinwood square—
bought cheap at an auction—
but it might be, you'd think it,
a clavichord, bequeathed by the past—
it sounds quite like feathers.
Bach? Yes, who else could that be—
whom else would you have in the morning—
with the sun and milady?

**Last month it was announced that in this issue of* THE BOOKMAN *the names of the contributors to "The Masque of Poets" would be given, together with the titles of the poems which claim their authorship. Some belated contributions that, it is felt, are too good to be left out of the series, necessitates extending the department "The Masque of Poets," through this and the following issue. In January the contributors' names will be given. The following is a list of those who have written poems appearing in the series: Thomas Walsh, Witter Bynner, Margaret Widdemer, Amelia Josephine Burr, Anna Hempstead Branch, William Rose Benét, Sarah N. Cleghorn, William Alexander Percy, Christopher Morley, Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Vincent O'Sullivan, John Gould Fletcher, Grace Hazard Conkling, Sara Teasdale, George Sterling, Harriet Monroe, Edgar Lee Masters, Arthur Davison Ficke, Bliss Carman, Alfred Kreymborg, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Lincoln Colcord, William Stanley Braithwaite, Conrad Aiken, Josephine Preston Peabody, Lizette Woodworth Reese, Amy Lowell, Charles Wharton Stork, Edward J. O'Brien. The series has continued throughout the year, and in the January number, the poems, given hitherto anonymously, will be listed with their authors' names.*

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Grave? Yes, but so is the sun—
not always? No, but please don't ponder—
listen, hear the theme—
hear it dig into the earth of harmonies.
A dissonance? No, 'twas only a stone—
which powders into particles with the rest.
Now follow the theme—
down, down, into the soil—
calling, evoking the spirit of birth—
you hear those new tones—
that sprinkle, that burst—
roulade and arpeggio?
Gently now, firmly—
with solemn persuasion—
hiding a whimsic raillery—
(does a dead king raise his forefinger?)—
though they would, though they might—
no phrase can escape—
the theme, the theme rules.
Unhappy? Nay, nay—
they ought to be happy—
each is because of, in spite of, the other—
that is democracy.
He can't spare a particle—
that priest of the morning sun—
A mistake? Yes indeed, but—
all the more human—
would you have her drum like a schoolmaster—
abominable right note at the right time—
in the morning, so early—
or ever at all?
She'll play it again—
oh don't, please don't clap—
you'll disturb them!
Here, try my tobacco—
good, a deep pipeful, eh?—
an aromatic blend—
my other extravagance—
yes, I'll join you, but wait—
I must first dry my face!

PRAYER BEFORE SUMMER

Once more across the frozen hills
Comes the premonitory breath
Of violets and of daffodils
Returning from their masque of death;

And barren branches faintly shake
To the vibrations of the sun;
In the blue sky swift wings awake:
The dance of April is begun.

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Again the evening woods will be
Aisles for our trysting feet; again
The summer light on land and sea
Will make the paths of wonder plain.

Belovèd—since the indifferent Powers
That shaped out fibres deign to will
That one more summer-flush be ours,
Ours the bright wave, the flowering hill—

Cannot some wisdom from the past
Make gay and gentle in its mood
This April passage, through the vast
Confusions, toward our quietude?—

And sense of briefness come to lay
Its spell, as might the dreaming moon,
On the poor actors in this play
That ends so starkly and so soon?

THE WET WOODS

This path leads to the laurel,
And that, winds to the burn:
Hemlocks, pines, and birches,
Know the one that I turn.

It is wet in the woods to-day,—
And perhaps, the sun to-morrow,
Shall weave its gold, while away
I will be alone with sorrow.

A CHRONICLE

All about the blown wind's ways,
Never unbelieving,
With a mellow, antique grace,
And triumphant grieving,—

Came across the meadow,
Went beyond the hill,
Thin as any shadow,
Passed my chronicle.

Earth writes the epitaph,
Rain and leaves wear it:—
Eyes to see, lips to laugh,
Are my shadows near it.

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THE BEST PLAYS OF THE EARLY AUTUMN SEASON

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

THERE is ample evidence that man must be, by nature, a theatre-going animal. Otherwise, it would be impossible to account for the apparent prosperity of the theatres in New York at a time when scarcely any plays are being shown which are worthy of an hour's attention from adults of intelligence and taste. Cultivated people who have climbed to years of discretion do not waste their time in the consideration of bad music, bad painting, bad sculpture, or bad architecture; but there always seems to be a public for bad plays. The passion for going to the theatre must be written down as irresistible, like the love of woman or that other weak and amiable habit of wasting time and money. In seasons when the plays are meritorious, the public enjoys a sense of satisfaction; but, in seasons when the plays are unendurable, the public attends the theatre none the less. From this curious phenomenon, we might deduce a proverb that the next thing most desirable to a good play is a bad play, and that the only absolute negation to the theatre-going impulse would be no play at all.

The current theatre-season was inaugurated on the night of August 6, when a traditional and antiquated farce called *Mary's Ankle,* by May Tully, was exhibited at the Bijou Theatre to the delectation of a large and apparently enthusiastic audience. This audience was awakened easily to laughter by reason of the elemental fact that every situation in the piece had been laughed at by the same sort of audience at least a hundred times before. Some time or other, when I can find a day with nothing else to do, I shall write a pscychologic essay on the subject of "Laughter as a Habit," and the theme will be that the ordinary person finds most funny in the present whatever he has been accustomed to regard as funny in the past.

Between August 6 and October 1, precisely twenty-seven "legitimate" plays were produced for the first time in the first-class theatres of New York. This computation excludes "musical comedies" and all other types of non-dramatic entertainment. Of these twenty-seven plays, only one is likely to be remembered half a dozen years from now; and this sole exception to the current rule was an immediate and arrant failure. The other twenty-six may be divided into two categories, "for better or for worse"; but there is scarcely a play in the lot that is worthy to attract the serious consideration of a critic of the drama.

This is a bad record for two months; and the record is all the more regrettable because it comes at a period which is extraordinarily propitious for the development of a serious drama in America. For the first time in history, our native playwrights are now "protected" against any considerable competition from the better-trained and more experienced dramatists of Europe; and, since our theatre is more generously patronised at present than it has been in many antecedent seasons, it behooves our authors and our managers to seize the current opportunity to set forth something better than their recent best. The theatre is, and always must remain, a commercial institution; but—precisely in consequence of this admitted fact—it follows that the best time for trying to establish great plays in the estimation of the public is a time when the public has exhibited a willingness to patronise the theatre with unstinted liberality.

A dutiful dramatic critic, who has curtailed his own vacation to attend the

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openings of all the early-season plays, is assailed, around October first, with many questions from many friends more fortunate than himself. He is repeatedly asked to recommend the best plays that are running at the moment, and is requested to warn his interlocutors away from the waste of an irrecoverable evening.

In response to many spoken and written interrogatories of this kind, the present writer will attempt to tabulate, in the order of respective merit, the six best plays among the twenty-seven that were produced in New York between August 6 and October 1, 1917, and to indicate, in each case, the reasons for their ranking.

"THE DELUGE"

The Deluge—which was written by a Swedish author, Henning Berger, and adapted into English by Mr. Frank Allen—was speedily withdrawn, because it failed to attract the drifting patronage of the public of mid-August, despite the fact that it was admirably acted and was very carefully produced by Mr. Arthur Hopkins.

This play was genuinely worthy of attention from cultivated people of adult intelligence. Though the author was a Swede, he had lived for several years in the United States and had enjoyed the adventurous experience of serving for some time as a bar-tender in Chicago. In consequence of this initiation to our local life, his play was set in the Mississippi valley.

The theme of *The Deluge* might be compared with that of Bret Harte's famous story,—*The Outcasts of Poker Flat*. A group of wastrels was gathered together and threatened with the imminence of death. Appalled by the environing conditions, these scoundrels and skulkers—who had been trapped like rats, in an underground saloon, by a rising of the waters of the Mississippi —turned over a new leaf and resolved to die like heroes,—cleanly and without reproach. But, when the flood subsided unexpectedly, they relapsed at once into their habitual dispositions, and revealed themselves once more as the slackers they had always been before their lives had been endangered.

This play was developed from a serious theme, and it exhibited a serious analysis of the basic phenomena of human nature. Nevertheless, the dismal fact must be recorded that *The Deluge* was summarily rejected by the theatre-going public of mid-August, at a time when *Mary's Ankle* was still attracting a remunerative patronage.

"BUSINESS BEFORE PLEASURE"

Business Before Pleasure, by Montague Glass and Jules Eckert Goodman, may be signalised as a "commercial" comedy of quite extraordinary merit. This piece has made more money than any other offering of the early autumn season; and the reassuring fact must be recorded that its success has been achieved in consequence of the characterisation which has been displayed in the writing of the leading parts.

The central figures in the present piece are Abe Potash and Mawruss Perlmutter. *Business Before Pleasure* is the third play in which these characters have been exhibited before the theatre-going public; yet the present composition is more amusing than either of its predecessors. The abiding vitality of Mr. Glass's character-creations is now attested by the fact that he has succeeded three times in the theatre with three different collaborators,—the late Charles Klein, and Mr. Roi Cooper Megrue, and Mr. Jules Eckert Goodman. In each reincarnation, Abe and Mawruss have seemed more and more alive. There is no denying now that these creations constitute a permanent addition to the portrait gallery of our local and contemporary literature.

In *Business Before Pleasure,* we are invited to follow the fortunes of Potash and Perlmutter after they have decided to forsake the cloak-and-suit trade and to embark upon a more perilous but more profitable speculation in the moving-picture business. As Mr. Glass re-

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marks, in a memorable line, "Everybody nowadays has two businesses,—his own and moving-pictures." The play offers, therefore, not only a successful repetition of two living characters that had already won their way into the affections of the theatre-going public, but it offers also a shrewd and almost subtle satire of that conspiracy against the innate weakness of the public taste that is known as the moving-picture business.

The dialogue of Mr. Glass is masterly. Time after time, for twenty minutes at a stretch, it is literally true that every line is greeted with a laugh. Much of this laughter is afforded by a jugglery of words which is facilitated by the fact that the medium of speech is not straight English, but the Jewish dialect. For instance, when Perlmutter has described the leading lady by saying, "She's a regular Kipling vampire," Potash quite innocently answers, "Well, show her in and lemme see her kipple." But even more of the laughter is due to *mots de caractère*:—that is to say, the lines would not be funny in themselves, were it not for the essential fact that the people speaking them are absolutely real.

"DE LUXE ANNIE"

I am inclined to regard *De Luxe Annie,* by Edward Clark, as second in interest among the still-surviving plays produced in August and September. Its merit, to be sure, is entirely technical; and those of us who love the mechanism of the drama are perhaps inclined to overpraise an author whose adroitness we admire even though he may be dealing with inferior material. The material, in this case, is of no importance. *De Luxe Annie* tells a story of that sensational variety that used to be published in the obsolete "dime-novel" and is now published in *The Saturday Evening Post.* But Mr. Clark has planned his play with a skill that is so exceptional as to seem almost uncanny.

The heroine is a criminal who is disclosed at the high tide of the successful practice of a novel and ingenious variation of the ancient "badger game." We are puzzled by the fact that she is evidently absolutely chaste and by the further fact that she appears to be a woman of education and refinement. She is being tracked by detectives; and we follow her through several thrilling scenes in which they are the pursuers and she is the pursued. Finally she is caught:—and then the revelation comes which the author has been saving for his climax. It turns out that Annie has been a victim of aphasia. Some years before the play began, she had been hit on the head by a burglar. This blow had made her forgetful of her past and unconscious of her own identity, and had afflicted her with the single criminal propensity which she had subsequently practised. It turns out also that the leader of the detectives who have been pursuing her is her own husband. Her trouble is relieved by a surgical operation; and by this device she is permitted to rejoin her husband—so to speak—as good as new. This entire narrative is enclosed between a prologue and an epilogue, in which the author cleverly forestalls an adverse verdict from the audience by explaining that the story itself is so sensational that any average person would regard it as incredible.

But the admirable thing about the play is not the subject-matter, but the ingenuity displayed by Mr. Clark in putting together the various pieces of his picture-puzzle. *De Luxe Annie* is a play that all playwrights will enjoy; for every craftsman is naturally interested in an ingenious exercise of craftsmanship.

"HAMILTON"

Hamilton, which was written by Mary Hamlin and George Arliss, is superior in many ways to the ordinary play of commerce that pretends to be historical. It presents a fairly accurate delineation of American life in the last decade of the eighteenth century, and exhibits such large figures as Hamilton and Jefferson, Monroe and Jay, without discredit to the dignity accorded to them in the estimation of posterity. The dia-

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logue is excellently written. It is not only adequate to the exigencies of the action but is also impermeated with the tone of literary distinction. Furthermore, the plot is well made, and the climatic moments are sufficiently dramatic to keep the audience enlivened.

In his attempt to reincarnate Alexander Hamilton, Mr. Arliss has probably contributed more in his capacity as actor than he contributed in his capacity as author. His performance of the title part is worth going many miles to see. Hamilton, at the period of the play, was younger by a score of years than Mr. Arliss is at present; yet the pervading note of this performance is the note of almost boyish youthfulness.

The finest thing about the play itself is that it discusses with extraordinary sanity a minor moral error of the central character. We are not only told that Hamilton was guilty of adultery, but we are also told exactly how and when and why. His sin is not condoned; yet it is used to form a sort of stepping-stone for the observation of those finer qualities of character which made him every inch a hero.

"THE FAMILY EXIT"

The Family Exit, by Lawrence Langner, is worthy of remark because it discusses an idea, even though this idea had been developed previously by Mr. Bernard Shaw. Ideas are rather rare in the region of Broadway; and, in most of the farces that are currently exhibited, the one most funny thing in life is assumed to be a falling over furniture.

Mr. Langner tells us—like Mr. Shaw before him—that the deadliest enemies of an individual who seeks to live a life that is simple and harmonious are his own immediate relatives and those of his wife. *The Family Exit* is a satire of the sanctimonious tradition that family assemblages—on Thanksgiving Day or Christmas, for example—are occasions of beauty, instead of being, as they actually are, occasions of sardonic horror. This play will be appreciated by every man who hates his relatives because they are the strangest of strangers, and who desires only to be left alone.

Mr. Langner also takes a fling at our immigration laws and at the mood of hypocritical morality which we have inherited from many generations of our British ancestors. His dialogue is very sprightly; and many of his lines are notable not only for their wit but also for their wisdom.

In pattern, *The Family Exit* may be defined by saying that it is not really a three-act play, but rather an agglomeration of three one-act plays, each dealing with the same theme and presenting the same characters. The construction is unskilful, and much of the writing is verbose. Nevertheless, the essential fact remains that Mr. Langner started out with something to say and that he managed, in the main, to say it entertainingly.

"POLLY WITH A PAST"

When Barrie had completed *Peter Pan,* he decided to send forth a very little girl to speak a prologue, in which it was explained that *she* was the author of the subsequent play, and that therefore the audience should not expect a grown-up composition. Many of our most successful current comedies appear to have been written from the point of view of girls in boarding-school; and it would be a rather pretty touch if the authors should set forward some hypothetic maid of seventeen as a sponsor for their compositions.

When *The Boomerang* was settling down to its record-breaking run, Mr. David Belasco told me that the average age of the theatre-going public was only twenty-two and that therefore it was necessary in the theatre to appeal primarily to the emotions of people who were very young. *Polly With a Past* has been written with a sedulous respect for this assumption. The subject-matter is of the sort that has been used innumerable times for "private theatricals" enacted in the corner of a drawing-room before an audience of well-fed and indulgent friends. The pattern of the

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piece, however, has been put together skilfully; for both George Middleton and Guy Bolton—who collaborated in this project—have enjoyed many years of previous experience before the footlights.

Polly With a Past has been dexterously planned and admirably written. Furthermore, it is beautifully acted, and directed with extraordinary skill. Mr. Belasco has achieved another "triumph," and will be amply rewarded for it before summer comes again. But the play is not "about anything,"—to use the easiest phrase that is available; and a grown-up human being who wanders in to see it, because he has been told—by some such person as the present writer—that the acting and the stage-direction are exemplary, may wonder—to express the feeling in a famous phrase of Molière's—what the devil he is doing in that galley. For, life itself—as shown by Mr. Middleton and Mr. Bolton in this play—is a playground for the adolescent, instead of a training camp for the adult.

THE DECADENTLET

BY BEATRICE WITTE RAVENEL

I AM sensitive supremely
To the whole complex creation,
With the atmospheric harmony
My mood grows subtly blent.
Unassuming though, extremely,
Let me add with deprecation,
The *noblesse oblige,* believe me,
Of a finer temperament.

All my senses for sensations
Hover ambushed and predacious,
(Feelings tremulous and trepidant
Yet exquisitely whole).
Full of psychic dissipations
Like a fly-trap orchidacious
That devours appreciations,
Is my odd, exotic soul.

I am morbid, with a tender
Purple-escent mood of dolour,
Like the smell of mould and violets
Or a prescience thrice-refined.
How its explanation render
Or translate emotion's colour?
For the ways are long and slender
From my soul into my mind.

Well, the Future, self-confessing,
Sends me stealthy backward glances;
We've an understanding, undulent
And refluent as a wave;
And she flings me like a blessing
Some revealed perfume that chances
From unbudded buds caressing
My undug, delightful grave.

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IS THE PEN SWIFTER THAN THE SWORD?

BY CARL H. P. THURSTON

THE Church has already been brought to judgment for the part it has played in the Great War, and so has socialism, and diplomacy, and many another tool that the mind has constructed to aid it in dealing with the world. But the human intellect itself, pure and undefiled, has thus far gone unchallenged. In so far as its use had become a habit we have used it; and we have called it in occasionally when nothing else seemed to serve the purpose quite so well; but we have demanded little from it and expected less. As long as individual brains did their appointed work properly we made no complaint. Like hands and stomach and feet, the brain is a limited, specialised organ, with its regular routine of work; why ask more of it?

What has its record been? It might plead in its own defence the remarkable success with which it has played Sherlock Holmes to the Hohenzollerns; it might point to its faithful services as a beast of burden under the military régime, and it might perhaps mention the fact that this is known as a "war of ideas"; but that is all. And it would be forced to admit that it had allowed a dangerously one-sided view of the war to prevail on each side of the trenches; that it had meekly submitted to being snubbed and censored and suppressed; that most of its professed devotees had recanted and gone over to emotionalism, morality or patriotism; that governments that had conscripted or organised every resource within their jurisdictions that seemed of any value had left the writers of books to their own devices; and that it had not only failed to evolve an idea great enough in itself to end the war, but had failed to devise any scheme by which militarism could end it. Russia evolved an idea which reverberated through the world, but it failed to receive official sanction.

At last, however, the mind's chance to redeem itself has come. Statesmen in both England and America have admitted, of their own accord, that a military victory was not necessary, but that the mere adoption of a certain idea by the enemy would satisfy us. If the Central Powers would only embrace democracy the war might end at once. But the emphasis, it should be noted, is not on democracy, but on the fact that the possibility of an *intellectual solution* of the problem has been officially recognised. If democracy fails to satisfy the given conditions we can try out some other answer. The importance of this revolutionary change of front has hardly penetrated our consciousness.

If we may judge from the authors of the season's war books the prospects for a spontaneous democracy in Germany are not bright. Ambassador Gerard says,[1] "The German nation is not one which makes revolutions. There will be scattered riots in Germany, but no simultaneous rising of the whole people." Dr. David Jayne Hill,[2] who preceded Mr. Gerard at Berlin, does not "look for a general revolution while the German armies are not beaten in the field," because "it is in the German character to be loyal to the Imperial Government while their country is believed to be still in peril." Prince von Bülow[3] goes still further and asserts that it is characteristic of the German people to

[1] My Four Years in Germany. By James W. Gerard. New York: George H. Doran Company.

[2] The Rebuilding of Europe: A Survey of Old Europe and a Promise of the New. By David Jayne Hill, LL.D. New York: The Century Company.

[3] Imperial Germany. By Prince Bernhard von Bülow, with a Foreword by J. W. Headlam. New and Revised Edition. Translation by Marie A. Lewenz, M.A. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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be loyal to their leaders in both success and failure. Herr Fernau[4] appeals first to the people to oust the dynasty and then to the Chancellor to grant a more democratic constitution, but his chief reliance seems to be on the armies of the Entente. Professor Veblen[5] feels that the world will not be secure unless the whole German aristocracy is rooted out, and realises that this can be done only by force of arms. Neither Mr. H. N. Brailsford[6] nor Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson[7] discusses the subject. The former says merely, "People must pledge themselves as well as governments"; and the latter applies his arguments in favour of a democratic control of foreign policy to the Allies as well as to Germany. As yet there has been no attempt to study the Imperial constitution, the history of German political reform, or the intricacies of German psychology with a view to assessing the possibility of peaceful democratisation. No one has tried to estimate the influence of the Russian revolution pro or con. There have been no questionnaires of German-Americans and German prisoners to discover their views on democracy or their possible preference for other guarantees of world peace. Mr. Phillips[8] points out that "nothing of real value or enduring influence can be imposed from without."

Perhaps our first step should be a study of our own psychology. M. Chevrillon's *England and the War*[9] is the best treatment of that aspect of events that has yet appeared, and much of it is applicable, for one reason or another, to life on this side of the Atlantic as well as on the other. English character, he says, "is a combination of will and conscience." And of the Englishman: "In a crisis which necessitates adaptation to a sudden change of circumstance, he will seek for means of safety, not in those ideal and rational methods, logically adequate to the problem, open to minds of less arrested growth, but in his habits and experiences." And of England: "For her war was a noble, dangerous, and exciting game." War for such a land of tradition was a thing that had to be fought out to a finish, not evaded by such futile means as words and ideas; and as German immorality came to light it became a sacred war, which it was not permitted to question. The suggestion that it was chiefly sacred to Mars, Vulcan, Plutus, Atropos, Shiva, Moloch, and other heathen deities, including the Devil, and that it was being conducted by the method of human sacrifice, was brushed aside as irrelevant. Germany had been tried, convicted, and sentenced in the court of the world, and judgment must be executed though the heavens fell.

It would be hard to say which has been more disheartening, the fond belief that the destruction of Germany would initiate the millennium, and the utter carelessness of the future shown in the various sentences passed on her, or the mental inertia which has kept us from moulding the tremendous moral enthusiasm of the past three years into some permanent world-organisation while it was still glowing, and forced us to wait till after the war when the molten metal will be cool and full of the old impurities of national selfishness. Perhaps the percentage of these impurities is too high even now. The last sentence of Mr. Wallace's *Greater Italy*[10] declares that "she is fighting not solely for the aggrandisement of her territory nor the increase of her wealth: she is fighting for the

[4] The Coming Democracy. By Hermann Fernau. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

[5] An Inquiry into the Nature of Peace and the Terms of Its Perpetuation. By Thorstein Veblen. New York: The Macmillan Company.

[6] A League of Nations. By Henry Noel Brailsford. New York: The Macmillan Company.

[7] The Choice Before Us. By G. Lowes Dickinson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

[8] Europe Unbound. By Lisle March Phillips. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[9] England and the War. By André Chevrillon. With a Preface by Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

[10] Greater Italy. By William Kay Wallace. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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greatness of her national soul; not exalted by any chimerical idealism, not in pursuit of some high-sounding phrase-maker's catchword, such as 'humanity' or 'civilisation,' but as an upholder of the right of nationhood"; and it is true that all over the world the very men who insist most loudly that the *status quo* in things geographical must be upset are the ones who are most determined to maintain it in things moral and political. In this country and in England, however, the obstacles are chiefly mental: a failure to realise that historical claims to territory have no place in a war for the freedom of peoples, nor strategic claims in a war that is to end war; and an inability to imagine the powerful moral effect, on ourselves as well as on the enemy, of legalising our own conduct and outlawing him. The net result of it all is that we are still nothing more than a mob of righteously indignant states out on a lynching party, and whether we shall organise ourselves into a community, with laws and a sheriff, or trust once more to the vigilante system, is still doubtful. Our old friend, the man from Mars, might easily get the impression that we were more interested in civilising war than in abolishing it.

It is so much easier to think of a state as a single individual than as a group of millions of individuals! It is so much easier to preach national solidarity as a duty and, when preaching fails, to enforce it than to study the peculiar conditions of a land full of pacifists and aliens and so devise our national policy as to tempt them into the fold. (There is much to be learned from Prince von Bülow's book with regard to this type of politics.) And in dealing with the enemy it is so much simpler to think of him as entirely evil than to remember the righteousness that is still in him and try to win it to our side. History records no previous war in which a working majority on each side were in essential agreement as to the outcome, and we cannot grasp the situation. It is so much easier to think by analogy than to reason out an entirely new problem that we naturally turn to the French Revolution and our own Civil War and rely for guidance on the clear lessons which they taught.

In our detestation of autocracy and our enthusiasm for democracy, we have sought a solution only in destruction and revolution. We have ignored the more subtle instruments of political change. The Hegelian doctrine of the divinity of the state and its Treitschkean corollary that the state is power depend for their validity on the fact that there is no higher authority in the world than the individual state. Establish such an authority and a certain percentage of Germans will inevitably transfer their allegiance to it, for, more than any other people in the world, they are guided by what von Bülow calls "our passion for logic." As Mr. Phillips says, "We shall not conquer Prussia finally until we put into the world an idea superior to Prussia's idea." Von Bülow also says, "We Germans have strong movements in great parties that demand the internationalisation of party ideas, and are not convinced that the party system has national limitations;" and "No people in the world has such a strong sense of law as the Germans." Add to these factors a sufficient guarantee against spoliation by her neighbours and rivals and an assurance of commercial freedom, stir well, and the result will be, if not the explosion we are now awaiting, at least an international cement which may prove even more valuable to the world and, incidentally, form a bridge to the desired democracy.

But we take our opinions from the newspapers, and few newspapers, unfornately, regard the development of constructive thought as any part of their function in the world. They are content, for the most part, with beating the drum and aplying the shingle; and there is no access to their editorial columns except over the telegraph wire. Events and speeches have the right of way there; mere books are herded together on a page by themselves, and are allowed there only in a strangely devitalised con-

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dition. Magazine articles are seldom mentioned in either place. The development of the weekly magazine section of a few metropolitan papers has been a great step forward, but its possibilities are limited. One wonders if books are really too unimportant, impractical, abstruse, or antiquated for the newspaper-reading public; and if their practical exclusion from our opinion-forming columns is not more an error than an act of wisdom.

At any rate, to change one's daily war-reading for a few weeks from papers to books is to breathe a freer and a sweeter air. A few books, like *The Peril of Prussianism,*[11] *The War and Humanity,*[12] and *The Menace of Peace,*[13] are only emotional stimuli; but collections of speeches such as President Butler's[14] and Professor Gilbert Murray's,[15] extending from the early weeks of the war to the present time, bring to the surface again a great deal of broad, sane thought and many facts irrelevant to the present trend of our purpose, all of which seemed to have been forgotten for the "duration of the war."

It is surprising to note how many of the war books are essentially histories of opinion; we have not quite realised the degree of intellectualisation of war which has already taken place. (If we had, we should have carried it still further by this time!) Yet it seems probable that this tendency will increase during the remainder of the war and will dominate all its future histories. Generations to come may even be taught that ancient history is not the history of the Greeks and Romans, but the history that was made by statesmen and generals, and that modern history, the kind that is made by public opinion, did not really begin until 1914. An occasional volume of the older sort of history, such as Major Whitton's[16] elaborate analysis of the Marne Campaign and Professor Rogers's *America's Case Against Germany,*[17] slips in; but *Turkey, Greece, and the Great Powers,*[18] though dealing largely with an older period, has for a subtitle "a study in friendship and hate," and the last chapter, "The Moral Suasion of Greece" is an excellent study of popular sentiment. *The Diary of a Nation,*[19] a reprint of Mr. E. S. Martin's war editorials in *Life,* is so full of shrewd common sense and native phraseology that might have come from the lips of Uncle Sam himself that its title is not unwarranted. *Present-Day Europe*[20] is a more formal study of the development of passions and opinions in the various nations of Europe, neutral as well as belligerent, from the beginning of the war to the present time; it is fair, accurate and comprehensive. *Behind the German Veil*[21] contains a series of interesting interviews with prominent Germans, from Hindenburg himself down to Press-Major Herwarth von Bitterfeld. *Germany, the Next Republic?*[22]

[11] The Peril of Prussianism. By Douglas Wilson Johnson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[12] The War and Humanity. By James M. Beck, LL.D. Third Edition, Revised, with Additional Material. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[13] The Menace of Peace. By George D. Herron. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

[14] A World in Ferment. By Nicholas Murray Butler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[15] Faith, War, and Policy. By Gilbert Murray. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company.

[16] The Marne Campaign. By Major F. E. Whitton. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

[17] America's Case Against Germany. By Lindsay Rogers, Ph.D., LL.B. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

[18] Turkey, Greece and the Great Powers: A Study in Friendship and Hate. By G. F. Abbott. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company.

[19] The Diary of a Nation. By Edward S. Martin. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

[20] Present-Day Europe. By T. Lothrop Stoddard New York: The Century Company.

[21] Behind the German Veil. By J. M. de Beaufort. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

[22] Germany, the Next Republic? By Carl W. Ackerman. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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is most valuable for its record of the changes of German opinion during the various crises with the United States. *Pros and Cons of the Great War*[23] contains a mass of references to controversial literature in several languages; its usefulness is lessened by an unsatisfactory arrangement of the material.

A few books have been written with the express purpose of correcting popular prejudices. Mr. Hammer's picture of the Kaiser[24] will never win him a German decoration, but it bears more of the earmarks of truth than those we are accustomed to. Mr. Salter's[25] scholarly exposition of Nietzsche's doctrines and Dr. Figgis's[26] brilliant lectures on the same subject might both take for their motto the words which Mr. Salter quotes from a German student of the same subject, "The important thing in the last instance is not that we refute him—but that we understand him." Mr. Herbert Adams Gibbons[27] appeals sincerely and courageously for clear thinking and international justice. Mr. Phillips, Mr. Dresser,[28] and Sir Charles Waldstein[29] are all engaged in penetrating behind the obvious moral lessons of the war to the deeper spiritual values that are involved.

But these are all preliminaries; the vital problem is the reconstruction of the world, and the first step is the criticism of its present order. Herr Karl Liebknecht[30] assails the past record of militarism socially, politically, economically, historically, and statistically, with true German thoroughness. Mr. Dickinson depicts the unbelievable, but highly probable, horrors of its future—if it is allowed to have one. He shows clearly that in the next war the distinction between combatants and non-combatants which we have tried so hard to preserve in this will no longer be recognised. Mr. Collins's book[31] suggests further horrors and calls our attention to the intimate relations between the most remote nations which will be created by the fleets of aeroplanes which will fill the air after the war. Writer after writer points out one aspect or another of the increasing unification of the world; the tendency of our activities to outgrow our national boundaries, the number of international organisations that have already come into existence, and, above all, the war, which, as Mr. Dresser puts it, "reminds us that the whole world is one, that all suffer together and all must work together to bring human suffering to an end." The consciousness of unity is everywhere so strong that there is a disposition to question the wisdom of our present theory of the state as the supreme human institution. Dr. Hill says, "The present European war reveals the inadequacy of purely national conceptions for the complete organisation of mankind. . . . If there is to be a new Europe it must reconstruct its theory of the state as an absolute autonomous entity." Mr. Dickinson is alarmed by the prospect that patriotism will soon displace all other religions, as it is generally believed to have done already in Germany. Sir Rabindranath Tagore[32] declares, in his warning to the West: "This nationalism is a cruel epidemic of evil that

[23] Pros and Cons of the Great War. By Leonard A. Magnus, LL.B. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

[24] William the Second. By S. C. Hammer, M.A. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

[25] Nietzsche the Thinker. By William M. Salter. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

[26] The Will to Freedom. By John Neville Figgis, D.D., Litt.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

[27] The Reconstruction of Poland and the Near East. By Herbert Adams Gibbons, Ph.D., F.R.S. New York: The Century Company.

[28] The Victorious Faith. By Horatio W. Dresser, Ph.D. New York: Harper and Brothers.

[29] Aristodemocracy. From the Great War Back to Moses, Christ, and Plato. An Essay. By Sir Charles Waldstein. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

[30] Militarism. By Dr. Karl Liebknecht. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

[31] The Airman: His Conquests in Peace and War. By Francis A. Collins. New York: The Century Company.

[32] Nationalism. By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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is sweeping over the world of the present age, eating into its normal vitality;" and "You who live under the delusion that you are free are every day sacrificing your freedom and humanity to this fetich of nationalism, living in the dense poisonous atmosphere of world-wide suspicion and greed and panic." Professor Veblen, writing before the United States entered the war, belabours the instinct of patriotism with a ferocious and pungent irony which might now endanger his life or his liberty if he had been so unlucky as to write in a more popular style. "Into the cultural and technological system of the modern world the patriotic spirit fits like dust in the eyes and sand in the bearings," and "Its net contribution to the outcome is obscuration, distrust, and retardation at every point where it touches the fortunes of modern mankind," are among his milder phrases. Edith Cavell's final words are quoted with approval in book after book: *"I see now that patriotism is not enough."*

Yet when our publicists face the actual problem of the organisation of the world to prevent war they lose courage and begin to talk about the minimum concessions that states will be willing to make, instead of mapping out a sound, reasonably war-proof federation and carrying on a vigorous propaganda for it. All admit that there is nothing inherently wrong or unsound in the concept of a true world-state, and that it is in fact the ideal form of world organisation, but they add quickly that the world is not ready for it and offer us instead some substitute which they can guarantee to be practical. All admit that the only obstacle in the way of the world-state is public opinion, but not one is willing to make a fight to change it. They all cling to their reputations as sound analysts of present conditions. Practically all agree that the Central Powers must be included in any League of Nations, and that there must be some measure of disarmament and world-wide free trade; and all propose Courts of Arbitration and of Conciliation, supported to a greater or less extent by some form of sanction, military or economic. As to details they differ widely. Hardly anyone suggests taking any steps to the desired end before the close of the war, though it is generally recognised that every detail of the settlement must be fixed with reference to its effect on the future of the League.

Is it not possible, as a matter of practical politics, to base that continuity which is the life-giving principle in all political development more on the war than on the era of intense nationalism which preceded it—"to entwine our thoughts of the future of the world not merely with the settlement at the peace conference but with our present methods of leading the war to its conclusion—and to appeal over the heads of the governments of the world to the new self-consciousness of the people, until they are ready to think of themselves as citizens of the world as well as of their own nation? Mr. Dickinson has given fine expression to one possible form of the appeal: "The men who are fighting this war are not fighting it for punishment or revenge, for territory or power. They are fighting it for a better world. . . . If England is to give these men what they have fought for, she must be content to take nothing for herself."

The intellect is still far from a solution; only fragments of it are yet visible; but has it not become possible to feel that peace with victory, if it should come too soon, might prove to be the premature peace leading to future wars that so many of us fear? Let us rather believe—even demand—that the long horror of trench warfare shall be the soil from which a nobler peace must spring.

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ABOUT FRANCE*

BY ALBERT SCHINZ

HERE are four publications exactly representative of four types of books on France which are now thrown on the market most generously and which say: France is a fine country; France is a wonderful country; France is a stimulating country; France is an interesting country. Only the war book is missing which would say: France is a heroic country.

Before dealing with these books individually let us venture the general remark that the superlative admiration for France which we find here so profusely again is not without danger. All these volumes, evidently written to illuminate people who are not in a position to obtain first-hand information, raise expectations so high that disillusion in some points is bound to follow. A very bad service is rendered to France by making people abroad believe that there is nothing but good in that country (after having come near to saying that everything was bad there), and intelligent friends of France are often seriously embarrassed by such unreasonable panegyrics.

This being said by way of warning, one must admit that the *Hilltowns of France* makes a pleasant book, with fine illustrations of some of the most picturesque spots of France, such illustrations as would almost provide an excuse for dispensing with reading the text, and a book which offers a welcome change after the many on the châteaus and on the cathedrals of France.

One must bow before the new collective and moving testimonial of admiration which the intelligent class of Americans are offering to the French nation because they recognise her leadership in the world when it comes especially to literature and art. There is everything in this volume, short stories (McCutcheon), souvenirs of France (Booth Tarkington), letters from professionals (Otis Skinner, the actor; General Goethals, the builder of the Panama Canal), poems (R. Underwood Johnson and Edwin Markham), frequent meditations on Joan of Arc, Lafayette, Verdun and the women of France (Gertrude Atherton), and besides some sober and sympathetic words from men like Cardinal Gibbons and Lyman Abbott, not a few contributions which betray a genuine and touching intoxication: a musician artist just writes this line evidently sublime: "God bless la belle France and her heroes!"; and the masculine determination of a well-known feminist just melts when thinking of France and she writes under the sentimental title *France Adorée!* . . . Nor do such details matter much, for the intention is all, and the intention is fine.

It is very difficult to give a fair appreciation of Laurence Jerrold's *France, Her People and Her Spirit.* The author has been overwhelmed with compliments —and in a way he deserves them. The book is written cleverly; Jerrold has most of the time a first-hand knowledge of his subject; all in all, he shows much good sense. There are, however, passages which prove once more that even a long stay in France does not always prove sufficient to enable a man to handle tactfully certain problems, e.g., the

*The Hilltowns of France. By Eugenie M. Fryer. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

For France. By Prominent Americans. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

France: Her People and Her Spirit. By Laurence Jerrold. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Frontiers of Language and Nationality in Europe. By Leon Dominian. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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author repeatedly alludes to what is called in America the "social evil"—for which discussion he gravely calls to witness Madame Yvette Guilbert!—but does he not confuse frankness with brutality?

It is unfortunate, but the first chapter makes a particularly poor impression and the writer came very near throwing the book away; the passages which show the fine behaviour of the French people at the opening of the war are couched in terms so bombastic, or with so much rhetoric, that they are actually an insult to those they wish to honour. Elsewhere the desire to exalt the French nation has led to statements which to say the least are open to discussion. Fortunately, Jerrold refutes himself very well in the next chapters, written with a more sober mind; but, then, one may well be surprised that a man who knows France as Jerrold does did not use the blue pencil more frequently in reading his proofs. Let us not dwell upon his lucubrations about Napoleon—either truisms or nonsense. But what about his demonstration, extending over several pages, that, "The French political mind has a passion for logic, regularity, symmetry and coherence in the arrangement of the social fabric. . . . He takes eagerly to the tale of the belly and the members", and so forth. Now, "logic, regularity, symmetry and coherence in the arrangement of the social fabric" is the very thing France has not; indeed, one would rather apply that definition to Germany. How is it that during all the time Jerrold was explaining "the great strength, persistence and vitality of the French political spirit" not once a good little genius whispered in his ear these two syllables, "Caillaux?"

As to the three last chapters, the least said the better. The author's lack of understanding of contemporary French literature is perfect. His Zola is simply a caricature, almost a bad action, using the space at his disposal to reveal some human weaknesses in a man who had very few, and having not one word for the heroic fighter of the Dreyfus case, for the admirable patriot of *La Débâcle,* and for the author of the *Lettre à la Jeunesse Française.* His statements about modern versification are droll. So are some of his epithets, like "truculent" applied to Baudelaire! What he says about philosophy in the next chapter is worse. And his last chapter, "Les Jeunes," is no better. The journalist attempted to deal by *chic* with topics he had no time, or he did not care, to study seriously. None of those three chapters was indispensable.

The writer deemed it wise to point out these defects so that the impression produced by the good parts of the book should not suffer from the impression produced by the poor ones—which they outnumber by far. All the chapters of sober information are really good, e.g., those on Church, on Earners, or even on Men and Women; the one on "France Beyond the Sea" is excellent.

Dominian's scholarly work on *Frontiers of Language and Nationality in Europe* is by far the most important of the four under consideration. It offers much material of great bearing on the questions which will have to be settled after the war. Dominian himself does not overestimate at all the language factor. He maintains only that language has a "strong formative influence over nationality," but admits that "the persistent action of the land, or geography, prevails from beginning to end." One might question the importance he still seems to attribute to race independently of geography and of language to determine nationality; and even more, the little he is making of the political factor, as far as it prevails, on the spreading or waning of languages —even though he mentions it repeatedly. But this is not the place for such discussions. To show the real interest of his information we will just pick out a few facts concerning the two burning questions regarding Belgium and France. About Belgium we read, "The figures of the last Belgian census (1910) show that the Flemish provinces are bilingual,

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whereas the Walloon region is altogether French. Knowledge of French as an educational and business requirement accounts for its occurrence in Flanders. The Romance language, therefore, tends to supersede the Germanic idiom as a national vernacular. The utter absence of Flemish in the Belgian Congo constitutes perhaps the strongest evidence in favour of French as Belgium's national language." We also see that in Brussels there were in 1846 seventy thousand French and one hundred and thirty thousand Flemish, and in 1910 four hundred and eighty thousand French and only two hundred and eighty thousand Flemish people. Thus in consequence of the war there is a clear conflict between a natural line of national demarcation and a political line. By their conquest the Germans have violated the natural march of civilisation as indicated by linguistic lines; and this is what has been expressed often by the words "*Kultur* versus Culture."

What about Alsace-Lorraine? We find that before 1870 the language factor was working in favour of France. Then came military defeat of France, and since—here we see how the problem is more complex than for Belgium—the language factor has indeed been working for Germany. Should, therefore, Germany claim this language test now? Hardly, for, as Dominian makes us understand, the *natural* language conditions were themselves rendered *artificial* by the means resorted to by political masters. "The measures of Germanisation were attended by a notable emigration to France. In 1871 there were one million five hundred and seventeen thousand four hundred and ninety four inhabitants in Alsace-Lorraine. The number has decreased to one million four hundred and ninety-nine thousand and twenty in 1875, in spite of fifty-two and twelve-hundredth excess of births over deaths." Again "In 1875 the proportion of native-born inhabitants amounted to 93 per cent. of the total population. In 1905, it did not exceed 81 per cent. The strictly German element had grown from 38,000 in 1875 to 176,000 in 1905. Fully 90 per cent. of these are native-born Prussians.

Let us add that the greater part of Dominian's work takes up the language question in connection with the nationality question in the Balkan states. Dominian believes, like Cheradane, that the key of the whole present political situation is in the Balkan Peninsula, and as he has lived for years in Constantinople his information is even more complete for those nations than for the West. As, however, this article deals with problems more specially connected with France, we must give up the pleasure of following Dominian in this other field.

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STEVENSON IN HAWAII

BY ELEANOR RIVENBURGH

II*

PERHAPS the closest friend of Robert Louis Stevenson in Hawaii was His Majesty, King David Kalakaua, who contributed largely to the pleasure of the novelist during his first visit to the islands. Together we find these two companions at their informal game of cards at the bungalow in the Palace grounds, at the King's boat-house, or on the lanai of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, where the King and Mr. Stevenson spent many an evening in the society of convivial friends. Among these was Mr. A. C. Brown, now a retired capitalist of Honolulu, who cherishes those hours he spent in the society of the novelist as the brightest of his recollections.

"I was in Bishop's Bank at the time that I first met Robert Louis Stevenson," said Mr. Brown. "I was introduced to the author by the Honourable Paul Neumann, Attorney-General of the Kingdom, and one of the cleverest *raconteurs* in the islands.

"There were no tram-cars to Waikiki in those days; so at the close of banking hours it was always a pleasure for me to mount my horse and ride out to the beach, where Mr. Stevenson often joined me, and together we would ride leisurely along the old trail leading to the lookout on the slopes of Diamond Head. It was the writer whose attention was first attracted by the suggestive outlines of the mountain summit as resembling a recumbent figure on a bier, under its fold of flowing draperies.

"Then there was the friendly game of cribbage after dinner; and although I have faced a considerable number of good players in my time, I have yet to play against a better adversary than Mr. Stevenson.

"We met often, too, at the King's boat-house in the harbour, where high jinks or cards contributed to the evening's entertainment. The King was a royal good sport, and despite stories to the contrary, he always honoured his debts. I have three of His Majesty's I. O. U.'s that I kept as souvenirs, and I have had several others which upon presentation to his chamberlain were cashed without delay.

"I have passed many an evening at Mr. Stevenson's cottage on the beach. There was never any ceremony between the writer and his friends, for he was too much of a man to regard seriously those conventional trivialities that mean so much to most of us. He had a charming personality.

"One evening, as I was riding out for our usual game, I saw a light in his window. Strolling over the lawn to the cottage, I saw him through the open door. He was lying on his cot, propped up with pillows, playing on his flageolet to a mouse on a shelf above him; it sat upon its haunches, listening to the music. It seems that, as he expressed it, the mouse, having been the proprietor of the establishment, and Mr. Stevenson having considered himself an intruder, he had made his peace with the little animal by bringing it a portion of his dinner every evening, feeling grateful for its confidence and unobtrusive companionship in return. How characteristic of Stevenson that was! And how suggestive to me those lines of Burns,

"I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live,
A daimen icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request;

*A resumé of Part I of Mrs. Rivenburgh's account will be found in the Contributors' pages in the front advertising section. —EDITOR'S NOTE.

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I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave
An' never miss 't!"

While following the trail of the writer the discovery was made of the direct influence of Robert Louis Stevenson on the music and poetry of Hawaii. This fact, which adds new lustre to the name of the distinguished novelist, has been revealed by Captain Henry Berger, at that time conductor of the Royal Hawaiian Band, who, moved by the urgent appeal of Mr. Stevenson, has recorded the original folk-lore of the Hawaiians.

Hard by the gates of the Capitol—once the Palace—and but a few yards removed from the King's bungalow, where His Majesty and Robert Louis Stevenson passed many informal evenings with a coterie of friends, Captain Berger, retired, is ending his days reflecting on the passing of the old régime and his forty-five years of active public service. Here in his home, a quaint frame house with latticed façade, screened from the confusion of a busy street by a tangled growth of tropic shrubbery, the story was told of his meeting with the author:

"Stevenson!" he exclaimed, knitting his brows—shaggy brows, half concealing humourous grey eyes, head set well into the shoulders, a slight Teutonic accent, quick and nervous movements of the hands,—"Stevenson! Let me see. Yes, yes, of course I remember him!

"He was living in the Frank Brown house at Waikiki when I first met him. A fine man, he was, a fine man! They were giving a garden party when I was commanded by the King to take out the band and play for them.

"It was a very pretty affair. A great many people called during the afternoon, and when it was over, Mr. Stevenson, leaving some friends who were still talking to his wife, came over to us, asked the boys if they had all had their refreshments, and spoke kindly to each and everyone. My boys were deeply impressed, you understand. They were not used to such civility. And to me he said, 'Berger, come and have tea with me to-morrow. I should like to have a talk with you.'

"So the next day of course I went, and our little tête-á-tête, as you will see, proved very interesting.

"That was a pretty spot, the Frank Brown place at Waikiki. You know it, don't you, out by Kapiolani Park? The house hasn't been changed much since that time. It is just a nice old-fashioned roomy cottage, but the grounds, as you know, are beautiful.

"I found Mr. Stevenson sitting alone on his lanai overlooking the beach. Let me see; he had on some kind of loose-fitting clothes—I don't exactly recall them—but I'll tell you what I do remember—those hands of his, and his eyes—those hands when he talked to me, and those eyes when I talked to him! Such delicate hands! Such brilliant, burning eyes!

"We had tea at a little rustic table, and during the afternoon we talked of many things. I remember it well.

"Everything has changed in Hawaii since that time. The old homes, with their doors swung wide to stranger and friend, are being torn down and carted away for fuel; their old grounds, like city parks, are being denuded of glorious shade-trees, to be crowded over with suffocating bungalows; the old flowering vines we loved so well are going out of fashion, while the light-hearted songs of the people,—yes, yes, those songs of the people, too, are dying away——"

Captain Berger rose, and with hands clasped behind him, took a quick turn about the room.

"But that was a wonderful day! The sun was glinting on the sand and on the sea, and on the opal-coloured wings of dragon flies darting about. It was very quiet and restful.

"Mr. Stevenson was deeply interested in everything Hawaiian. He wanted to hear how I came to Honolulu, so I told him that I was commanded by the Emperor to come from Berlin in 1872 to conduct a band for Kamehameha V, the first organised in Hawaii. I amused him greatly by telling about how I came to

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STEVENSON AND HIS CLOSEST FRIEND IN HAWAII, KING KALAKAUA. HIS MAJESTY'S ATTENTIONS CONTRIBUTED LARGELY TO THE PLEASURE OF THE NOVELIST DURING HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE ISLANDS

compose the Royal Anthem, *Hawaii Ponoi*.

"When King Kalakaua wished to go to Washington on account of legislation affecting the islands, an American warship was sent to convey him to the United States, and the captain, a jolly fellow, asked me to give him a copy of the national air so that his boys could play it when His Majesty came aboard.

"I told him I had never heard of one, and that we had always played *God Save the King*.

"But the skipper only laughed at me.

" 'Why, you haven't any right to play that,' he replied. 'That belongs to the

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AT THE KING'S BOAT-HOUSE. MR. LLOYD OSBOURNE, STEVENSON AND HIS MAJESTY KING KALAKAUA WERE OFTEN COMPANIONS AT A FRIENDLY AFTER-DINNER GAME.

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THE OLD BUNGALOW IN THE PALACE GROUNDS WHERE STEVENSON AND KING KALAKAUA PASSED MANY INFORMAL EVENINGS WITH A COTERIE OF FRIENDS

King of England. You might just as well play *Die Wacht am Rhine!*'

"There was nothing to do but dig up something new.

"When the King heard about it he was quite delighted and favoured the idea of a contest. Everybody entered into it, even His Majesty's sister, the Princess Liliuokalani, who was very musical. For a while it seemed rather a mix-up, with everybody wanting something to say, but in the end my composition was accepted, and it made a great hit all through the United States.

"Mr. Stevenson, who had been following me closely in what I have just related, then began to question me about the poetry and music of the islands," continued Captain Berger, "and in all his inquiries he impressed me with his eager, searching mind and keen penetration.

"I told him that from what I had been able to observe, there had been no original Hawaiian melodies, no music whatever, in fact, save the old legendary chants, and that the island music of to-day was born of the influence of the early missionary hymns and later popular songs, for which the Hawaiians readily forsook their recitatives and arranged according to their own idea but always with a preference for the cadence which adapts itself to the hula, or native dance.

"Mr. Stevenson then leaned forward from his chair and made a strong appeal to me.

" 'Berger,' he said earnestly, compelling my attention with those dark eyes of his, 'we—you and I and the others who are able—we have a sacred duty to perform. And that duty is to save from decadence, in so far as we are able, the traditions of a passing race.'

"I protested that, not being an English scholar, I would be incompetent to re-arrange the ancient ballads.

"But Mr. Stevenson, spreading out his hands, quickly interrupted me:

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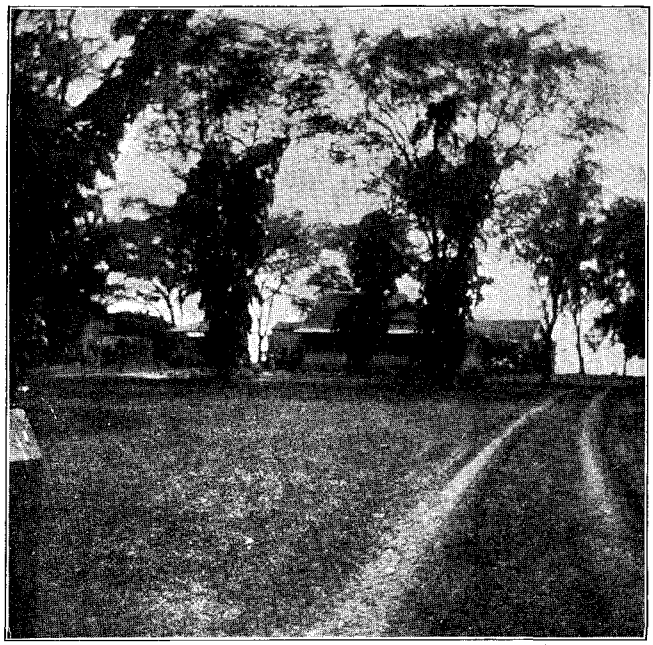

THE STEVENSON VILLA AT WAIKIKI, A NICE, OLD-FASHIONED, ROOMY COTTAGE WITH BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS, THE GENERAL APPEARANCE OF WHICH IS STILL UNCHANGED

" 'For Heaven's sake, man, leave them alone! Do not attempt to tamper with them. Merely translate them word for word and let them be!'

"Again, 'Don't scatter your manuscripts,' he urged. 'Preserve them carefully, for in future they will be invaluable. Let not this opportunity escape you. Give the best that is in you to the perpetuation of the music and poetry of Hawaii, that one day you may receive the gratitude of posterity!'

"The rest of the afternoon," said Captain Berger, "I do not at all remember. I know that all the way home that voice rang in my ears, and that day by day the realisation grew in me of the truth of those few spoken words, and the unquestionable duty that lay before me.

"From that time I set myself to the task which had been shown me, and for nearly thirty years I have worked faithfully to carry out my mission."

Despite flattering offers from publishers, especially in recent years, Captain Berger has followed the advice of Robert Louis Stevenson and has bequeathed to the archives thousands of manuscripts —a record of all the original music of the islands—which upon his death will be his gift to the people of Hawaii.

In contrast to the heated summer sunset viewed from the beach at Waikiki, Kapiolani Park, receding into its vistas of trees, offers an invitingly cool and restful retreat.

The pounding of the sea seems here but pulsations in a symphony of repose. The exultant shout of the surf-rider, poised forward on the wave, is mellowed to a musical note by distance. Darkening shadows lengthen. Tall ironwoods, like barriers to intrusion, quicken with the chirp and chatter of birds, and as the twilight deepens, sough to the night breeze, scented with the fragrance of hidden water-lilies; while always in the background rise and dip the peaks and valleys of the mountain range growing more indistinct with the increasing brilliance of the evening star.

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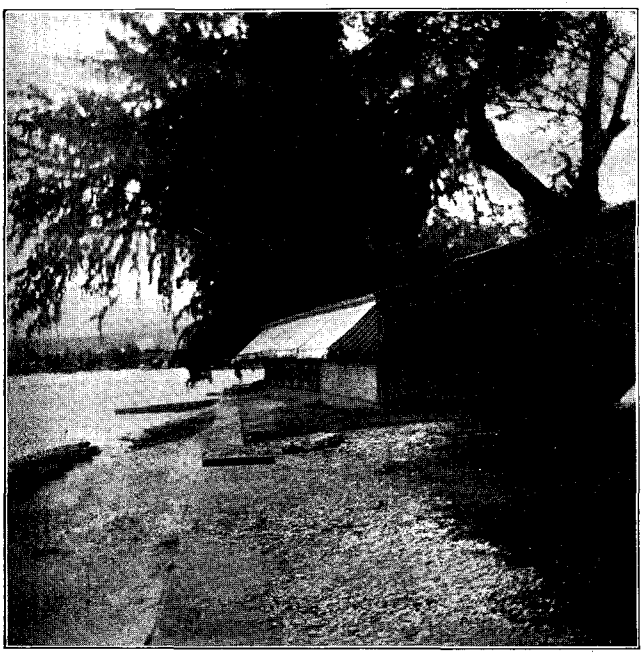

THE "LANAI" OF THE STEVENSON VILLA OVERLOOKING THE BEACH. IN ITS COMFORTABLE SHADE, FRIENDS DRIVING BY OFTEN RESTED FOR A SOCIABLE HOUR

To a few of those still living in the vicinity, such a twilight recalls the figure of Robert Louis Stevenson strolling across the park, accompanied by two or three of his most intimate friends—a slender, white-clad figure that, passing leisurely by conversing with his companions, or dropping apart from them to abandon himself for a moment to reflection, always disappeared into the shadowy distance.

"I dare say that I am the only one of those friends still living," said Judge Monsarrat, "who used to walk with Mr. Stevenson. He never went beyond the stone causeway which was afterward the terminus of the old horse-tram, but I am sure that had he been tempted to scale the heights of Tantalus, we should all have plodded on with him.

"It is difficult to define those rare qualities of character that not only attracted acquaintances but endeared Mr. Stevenson to his friends, and commanded for all time their ardent admiration and affection. One felt always the power of his personality. His presence was an inspiration.

"He was a regular fellow, too, make no mistake about that; charmingly unaffected, and free from all constraint. To drop in on him at any time was to be assured the welcoming grip of his hand, a whisky and soda, and a cigarette. For my part, meeting him frequently at the King's boat-house and at Ainahau, I became very friendly with the writer, and spent many a pleasant hour with him at his home at Waikiki.

"The persuasions of his friends—especially of King Kalakaua—coupled with his own desire to make his home in the Hawaiian Islands, led Mr. Stevenson to approach me with regard to the purchase of my Honomalino Ranch in Kona, and after discussing the subject with me, he decided to make a flying trip to the island of Hawaii. He left on April 21st, taking letters of introduction to several of my friends, including D. H. Nahinu, Dis-

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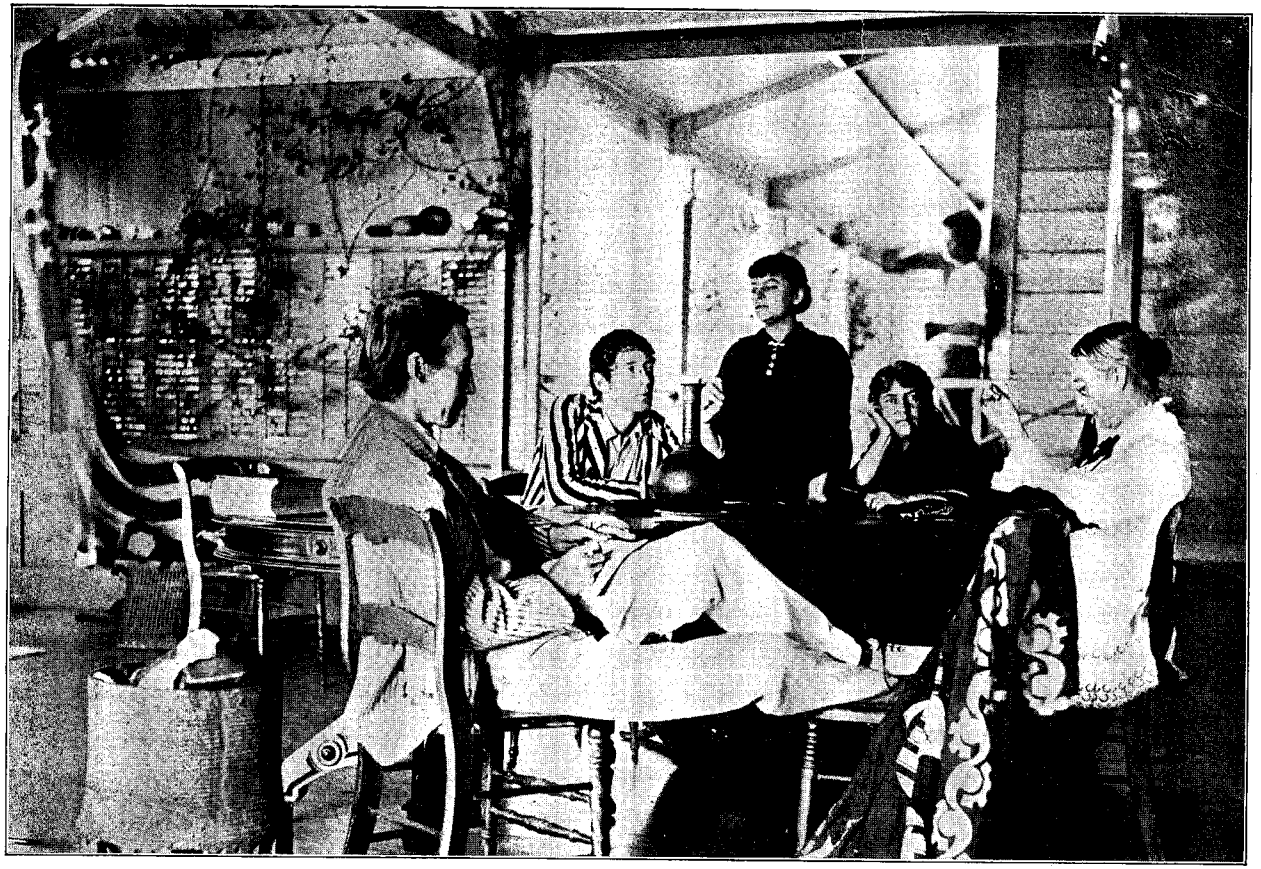

THE STEVENSONS ON THEIR "LANAI" AT WAIKIKI. STEVENSON, PENCIL IN HAND, IS LISTENING IN DETACHED SILENCE TO THE CHIT-CHAT OF HIS FAMILY; "MOTHER" STEVENSON IS WORKING ON A HAWAIIAN QUILT. LEFT TO RIGHT: STEVENSON, MR. LLOYD OSBOURNE, MRS. JOSEPH STRONG, MRS. R. L. STEVENSON, "MOTHER" STEVENSON

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trict Magistrate for South Kona, at whose residence at Hookena, Mr. Stevenson had been invited to stay.

"I suggested the invitation be accepted, the house, not far from the landing, being cool and comfortable, and the village of Hookena one of the largest and yet most primitive of the native settlements on Hawaii."

The Kona district, sheltered alike from untempered heat and winds, has perhaps the most wonderful climate in the world, and the ranch, situated on the mountain slope and descending to the shore, with its house on a plateau surrounded by every known variety of tropical fruit tree, and the highlands hidden in forests of koa and ohia, is one of the most inspiring spots imaginable. In gentle serenity the early mornings in Kona unfold into a blue and green panorama of land and sea. The sound of the fisherman's conch shell, on the beach far below, rises clear through the stillness, and in the coffee season, the slopes above seem like a crimson quilt spread over the landscape.

"The residence of the magistrate," said Judge Monsarratt, "was on one side of the landing, while the Honomalino Ranch is round the bend of the bay in the opposite direction, and to avoid the pali, or cliffs overhanging the open sea, a roundabout road made the distance not only doubly long, but difficult. For this reason, and because of the uncertain condition of his health, Mr. Stevenson decided against attempting the hardships of the journey, and ten days later he was back in Honolulu.

"He was not sorry to have made the trip to the island of Hawaii, where he had been imbued with fresh impressions, but he was sadly disappointed at the decadence of the natives, who, he said, had lost their identity and graceful, primitive charm. These islands, in short, had become too civilised for Robert Louis Stevenson.

"The transfer of the Honomalino Ranch was not effected, but I cannot

THE CLOSING CHAPTERS OF "THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE" WERE WRITTEN IN THIS COTTAGE. AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY IN ITS GROVE OF OLEANDERS

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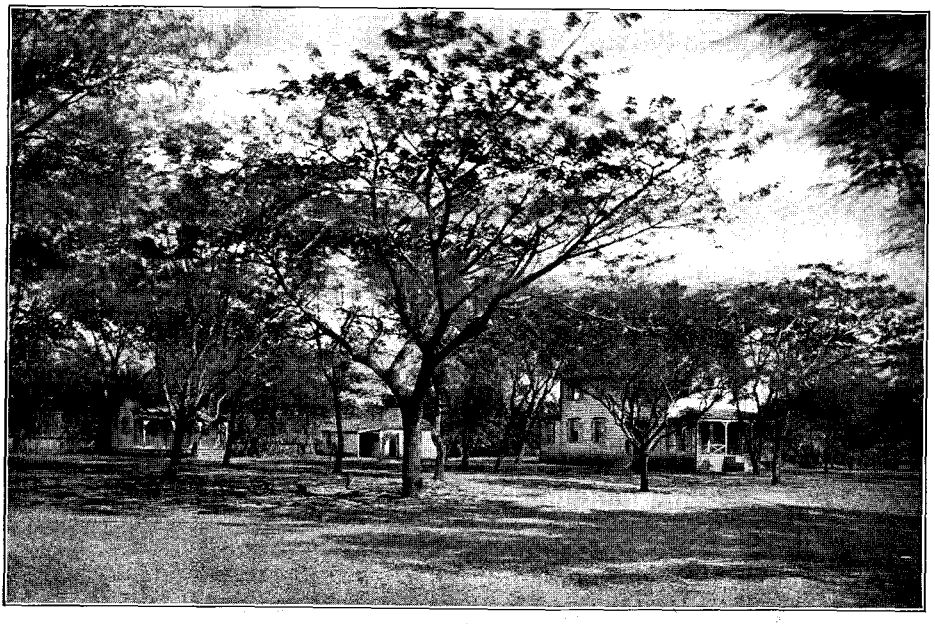
THE "LANAI" AT SANS SOUCI: A SPACIOUS AL FRESCO SORT OF LOUNGE OR CLUB-ROOM WHERE OF AN AFTERNOON OR EVENING THE MOST EMINENT MEN OF THE CITY ASSEMBLED. IT WAS HERE THAT A COMMITTEE OF FELLOW-SCOTS MET STEVENSON



THE HOME IN HONOLULU OF THE REVEREND DR. HYDE, THE PERSON WHOM STEVENSON SAVAGELY EXCORIATED FOR CERTAIN DEFAMATORY UTTERANCES OF HIS CONCERNING FATHER DAMIEN'S RELATIONS WITH THE LEPERS AT MOLOKAI

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deny that I feel a glow of pride in the realisation that because of the trip a new story of the writer had been created. For he had met Keawe, a native of the village, whom I have always suspected of diverting the author's intention, because from the moment of their first interview, Mr. Stevenson, turning from the realities to the call of his rich imagination, spent his days in applying himself to his work, with the result that instead of returning to Honolulu with a description of my property, he arrived in the island capital ten days later with *The Bottle Imp* tucked away in his travelling-case."

There is, perhaps, no kamaaina* living at present in Honolulu so suggestive of the past, nor so ready to recount reminiscences of the monarchy days as the Honourable F. H. Hayselden, who during the reign of His Majesty, King Kalakaua, was one of the Privy Councillors of the realm. To those who frequent the roof-garden of one of the principal hotels in the city, his figure is familiar, seated with a group of congenial companions round a table where jest and laughter attract the attention of the passer-by, and where one often hears the following story told:

"When the inter-island steamer *Mokolii,* on which I had engaged passage from Lanai to Honolulu, stopped for an hour or so to take on stock at Kaunakakai, a port of call on the island of Molokai, I went ashore in the ship's boat with the captain, purser and chief engineer to visit Mr. Meyer, the superintendent of the leper settlement.

"Upon our arrival, our host produced refreshments, and I was, as usual, called upon for a story. I was about to begin, when I noticed the approach of an unusual man, who seated himself quietly on the veranda. I motioned to the others, who glanced at him through the doorway, but he was unfamiliar to us all. With a signal of approval from my host, I rose, and, approaching the stranger, invited him to join us in the cottage. He was very striking in appearance, frail and white, and dressed in rough travelling clothes. But he responded cordially, and followed me into the room, where we lost no time in getting together.

"We found the stranger not only social but a brilliant conversationalist as well. He fascinated us with his delightful stories. I, myself, had been considered not unfavourably as a story-teller, but I was so impressed by his anecdotes and the manner of their delivery, the grace and simplicity of his diction, the strength and ardour of his action, the magnetism of his voice, that I was content to sit quietly and listen for as long a time as I was permitted to hear him.

"When, at the conclusion of the last story, our host proposed a drink, the visitor asked that he be permitted to try his hand at what he considered a fairly decent cocktail. As you may suppose, we approved the suggestion, our host inquiring about the ingredients.

"'The first thing I should like,' replied the stranger, 'is some nice young cocoanuts.'

"Well, there weren't any in the house, nor in the yard, so I, for one, being set upon trying this new concoction, hunted up a native boy, and sent him post-haste down the coast a bit to a fine grove, where the milk of the green nuts was always sweet and cold.

"In an incredibly short time the boy returned breathless, with a bunch of cocoanuts slung over his shoulder, and he joined the rest of us as we gathered round to watch the preparation of the cocktail. Say—that was the finest drink I do believe I ever had! I don't recall every ingredient that was used, but I know there were sugar and lemons, and bitters and whisky and several other things as well. So we toasted our visitor right heartily, which was a great compliment to his skill, and congratulated him on his success.

"After that stories were again proposed, and once more I was called upon. So, drawing up my chair, I began to re-

*An old resident of the islands.

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count the one that the appearance of the stranger had interrupted:

"I was mate of the *Nancy Jane,* and we was a hunder and forty-five days out from Nantucket, and not a critter in the hold, when the foretop sings out:

" 'Thar she blo-o-ows!'

"Sez I to Cap'n Simons, 'Cap'n Simons,' sez I,—he was a-standin' on the poop-deck—'Cap'n Simons, there she blows; shall I lower, sir?'

"Sez he, 'Mr. Simons, it's a-blowin' most too pert fer to lower, and I don't see fittin' fer to lower.'

"And the foretop sings out:

" 'Thar she blo-o-ows and breaches!'

"And I sez, sez I, 'Thar she blows and breaches. Shall I lower, sir?'

"Sez Cap'n Simons, 'It's a-blowin' most too pert fer to lower, and I don't see fittin' fer to lower.'

"And the foretop sings out again:

" 'Thar she blo-o-ows and breaches, and sperm at that!'

"Sez I to Cap'n Simons, 'Thar she blows and breaches, and sperm at that; shall I lower, sir?'

"Sez Cap'n Simons, sez he, 'It's a-blowin' most too pert to lower, but lower and be damned to you!'

"And I put away the port boat, and I told the boys to put her over four seas more, and they put her over four seas more, when I fattened of my iron. When I towed that critter alongside the *Nancy Jane* Cap'n Simons was a-standin' on the poop-deck with tears in his eyes as big as sassers.

"Sez he, 'Mr. Simons, fer a-sighten of a luna and a-fatten' of yer iron yer the best mate I ever seen! Thar's pipes and tobacco in the port locker, likewise good New England rum. Mr. Simons, make yerself ter hum!'

"Sez I, 'Cap'n Simons, I don't want yer pipes and tobacco, likewise yer good New England rum. All's I want is common civility, and that thar of the gol-durndest-commonest kind!'

"As I raised my glass to my lips," said Hayselden, "I noticed that the visitor was leaning forward on the table, his eyes, dancing with humour, fixed on me.

" 'Where did you get that story, sir?' he inquired.

"I said, 'Well, I don't exactly know. But I think it was told last trip by the purser of a steamer that plies between here and San Francisco.'

" 'That,' said the visitor thoughtfully, 'certainly is strange. You see, I myself conceived that story—a story that has not yet been published! But,' he continued, 'I must congratulate you. The yarn as you have told it is exactly as I myself have written it, save for a few embellishments that you have been clever enough to introduce!'

"At that I turned upon him demanding who he was, and after a moment, he answered:

" 'I'm Stevenson.'

" 'What Stevenson?'

"He answered very simply:

" 'Robert Louis.'

"At that I was so confounded that, springing from my chair, I impulsively thrust forth my hand.

" 'Shake, sir!' I said fervently. 'I'm Hayselden.'

"And we shook hands long and earnestly.

"That was my introduction to a man who, though unknown to me, I had learned to love and revere, whose imagination had transported me with pleasure; whose philosophy had been my solace and encouragement. Thus I came to know him face to face in a little shack on Molokai, the memory of which has remained with me through the years.

"He was returning to Honolulu after a visit to the leper settlement, where for three weeks he had lived with Father Damien, and we spoke of the man and of the nobility of his renunciation. Mr. Stevenson told me that, wishing to see for himself the condition of the lepers and to prove the truth of all he had heard of the work of Father Damien, he had come to Molokai.

"It was the memory of that which he had seen during his sojourn at Kalaupapa—an isolated spot, condemned and

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shut off from the world by inaccessible mountains and precipitous cliffs—the memory of barren wastes made fertile, of cultivated fields, of flowering gardens, of snug cottages for the comfort and privacy of families, built by the priest with hammer and saw beside his people whom he loved, of the sanitation and purity of lives redeemed by the priest from squalor, filth and degradation,—it was the memory of all this that surged up in Stevenson a few years later when, his manhood groaning aloud at the injustice and ingratitude indicated by the criticism of Father Damien by Dr. Hyde, the writer was moved to pen the most brilliant invective the world has ever read.

"For everyone loved Father Damien. I knew and loved him, too, and many a night have I shared with him the shelter of his humble cottage. He was always attended by his boys. Wherever he moved they followed him. But this I can readily understand, for one would lose all fear of leprosy in merely being near him.

"After our return to Honolulu it was my pleasure and privilege to meet Mr. Stevenson as the guest of His Majesty, the King. In those days when royalty wished to confer an honour on any distinguished visitor to his shores the members of his cabinet were notified by the Under Secretary, whose order, 'Be at the boat-house at three o'clock,' constituted a royal command, and shortly after my arrival an afternoon was given in honour of Robert Louis Stevenson.

"These stag parties were always very gay and interesting. The gentlemen usually played at cards; there was singing, and often there were exhibitions of the genuine ancient dances of the islands by those selected for their skill. One feature of these entertainments is particularly worthy of remark. It was understood by every 'kamaaina' that when during the afternoon his name was chanted in the accompaniment to the dance a response in the form of a small contribution was expected, an indulgence which I believe the King permitted the musicians and the old shakers of gourds.

"At the party given for Mr. Stevenson, the name of Colonel Parker was sung. I happened to be standing near him at the time, His Majesty, Mr. Stevenson and two other gentlemen being seated at an adjoining table.

"When Colonel Parker heard his name, he laid down his cards, a gleam of mischief lighting his face. Then, instead of waiting for the old retainer to pass with a calabash to receive his contribution, he rose suddenly, and, sweeping the chips from every table, including that of the King, he threw them at the feet of the entertainers, the banker later redeeming them amid a storm of applause."

For several weeks preceding his departure from Honolulu, the novelist applied himself with feverish energy to the completion of *The Master of Ballantrae,* the final installment of which his publishers awaited. The yacht *Casco* had returned to San Francisco, and on the arrival of the *Equator,* an American trading schooner en route to the Gilbert Islands, passage was engaged for the party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, Mrs. Joseph Strong, her son, Austin Strong, and her brother, Mr. Lloyd Osbourne, in whose honour farewell occasions were given by the friends of the writer and his family.

On June 24th the schooner set sail with the Royal Hawaiian Band in attendance, and a crowd assembled on the dock to witness her departure. Among those who contributed to the burden of leis* draped about the shoulders of the author and his family, was His Majesty, King Kalakaua, the parting gifts that were put into their cabins including the model of a schooner with silken sails bearing the inscription:

"May the Winds and Waves be Favourable."

*Strings of fragrant flowers which the Hawaiians offer departing friends.

(*To be concluded.*)

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ECHOES

I. CHARLES LAMB ON THE CROWN PRINCE

"THE dynasty of letters," said my whimsical friend as we exhausted some cigarettes together in a snug fireside corner of the club (it was the intimate heart-unburdening hour of midnight when one is nearest to the world of ghosts), "the dynasty of letters alone survives every shock of circumstance and the wild energy of political blizzards. Why, the old books are newer now than ever; they blaze with penetrating comment upon this present year of grace in Europe; they disinter as not even the Foreign Office can from all the vastness of its archives the true and indisputable origins of Prussia and her Will-to-War. There is a picture on yonder side of the room of dear old Elia who wrote with a pen dipped in April shower and shine, so divine an alchemist he, mixing tears and laughter in his bright phials.

"Give a glance at his rainbow-arched pages"—he turned in his chair and pulled out a volume of the Essays from a reference library at his elbow, found the page where beginneth the immortal dissertation upon roast pig,—"and what are the portraits enfolded there? The dim lineaments of forgotten worthies like Thomas Tame walking in common thoroughfares with aristocratic stoop of shoulder, as might a man who lives under the majestic dome of St. Paul's. He's with us still; I meet him in the club every day, but it's not of him, nor of his gentle kindred, that I'm thinking. Here, I tell you, in this evangel of 'crackling,' this rhapsody over the luscious joy of eating roast pork, is a life-like portrait of the present Crown Prince of Prussia. Elia might have been a prophet for the exactness of his psychological drawing of the explosive living of that gentleman, the Outcast of Verdun."

"Do you mean it?" I exclaimed, "you could never expect me to turn to Charles Lamb to find the visage that wanted to frame itself within the immortal walls of Verdun and failed. But fiction is stranger than truth at times."

"Let's read," he said, jerking out his monosyllables with a suspicion of impatience, as master to a backward scholar, "and see." I did not discover until he had rolled out sonorously a few paragraphs, with an excited voice that seemed to suggest the delight of a eureka at every other sentence, that he was editing and revising dear old Elia. I suppose his purpose was to show me that, as someone quaintly puts it, great literature is written in invisible ink and can only be deciphered by holding it to the fire. Gracious! this world-fire is big enough to bring out every subtle line of significance. He went on reading.

"Mankind, says a Prussian manuscript, which my friend General Bernhardi was obliging enough to expound to me, for the first few centuries of European history ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Wilhelmstrasse to this day if an Englishman draws nigh. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confusionmongers (by which they mean their daily press) in the second chapter of the Mundane Mutations, where war is designated as a kind of golden age by the term Chew-treaty, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting or being roasted was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd, Ho-hi, which is according to the best scholars an abbreviation of Hohenzollern, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his palace (for kingly swine-herds dwelt in regal state in sumptuous mansions) in the care of his eldest son Boo-by, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his

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descent commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their palace, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the mansion, what was of more importance in the shaping of the destinies of Europe, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished, Boo-by not being among them.

"Boo-by was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the residence, which his father and he could easily build up again by enslaving the peasants, as for the sake of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odour assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burned cottage—he had often burned one down before to impress a village by his princely chivalry; and much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, as sometimes in playing the statesman, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known Armageddon) he tasted—*War*. Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelled so, and the pig that tasted so deliciously; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next to it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly and bellicose fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young reveller's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Boo-by heeded not any more than if they had been treaties. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued:

" 'You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?'

" 'O father, the pig, the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burned pig eats.'

"The ears of Ho-hi tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burned pig.

"Boo-by, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-hi, still shouting out, 'Eat, eat, eat the burned pig, father, only taste—O Odin!'—with such-like Prussian ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke."

"Ho-hi trembled every joint in his shining armour while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural firebrand, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavour, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly set down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the mess, for you must know that

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Prussia has the biggest appetite in Europe to this day.

"Boo-by was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, in order that clandestine preparations might be made for the wholesale burning down of Europe to provide food for the royal table of the Hohenzollerns. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-hi burned down cottages from this time not simply in his own domains but in other lands, notably in Allsacked Lorainne, fair provinces. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, in despite of solemn covenant, and others in the night-time. Ho-hi himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, when he called out in the parliament-house of Prussia: 'More fires, still more fires, give us a Gehenna blaze!', seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial in Berlin, of royal blood though they were; evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burned pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Boo-by and his father had done before them, and nature prompting them to the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had given—to the surprise of the whole, court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

"The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision: and when the court was dismissed, went privily and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was seen to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction, all along the horizon of Belgium and adown the borders of France and in the remoter regions of Europe. It was one vast cauldron of flame that the world looked out upon and the Continent resembled a gridiron, while the Hohenzollerns caroused on the blood of their victims, their taste having, in a demoniacal zeal and energy, turned from pigs—so the manuscript makes record—to living flesh."

The residue had come to our fireside from every corner of the club, attracted, no doubt, by the jubilant irony in the voice of my friend as he rolled out his periods. Finishing his recital, he turned and saw the audience which so silently had foregathered. "Didn't I tell you! Isn't it there written to the life, or perhaps I should say, to the death? Bravo, Charles Lamb, thou knewest the origins of war, thou foresawest the character of that young man whose gluttonous torch has been brandished in the face of civilisation these two years and more, but like this fire it is dying out, quickly burning to the last ash, and Europe shall have the peace of desolation, the abomination of desolation, all for thy devil's surfeiting!" My friend is right, I verily believe; there is something omnipotently new in the old letters.

Sydney Walton.

II. THE PROFESSOR AND THE GARDEN

The Professor was under tremendous responsibility. The war could not be won without soldiers; soldiers could not fight without enough to eat; there would not be enough to eat without increased production; there could not be increased production unless the vacant spaces were all utilised; he had a vacant space. The logic of it was perfectly plain. He went out one evening in early May to see the vacant space—it was 50 x 150, in the suburbs, two and a half miles from home—and after a few moments' contemplation of its soddy expanse determined to do his bit. It made him feel better right away, to think that at last

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he was going to do something actually real, practical, vital, red-blooded, significant, modern, recognised, approved, unquestioned, useful, like other people. Perhaps you can tell from this what subject he taught.

In his enthusiasm the Professor engaged the first ploughman he could find. It happened to be a drayman, converted to temporary rusticity by the prospect of sudden wealth. Here began the Professor's experience with war profiteering. The drayman borrowed an ancient plough, wrecked half the ground, and gave up. He spent a week borrowing another plough, and wrecked still more awfully what was left. The Professor wheeled out to inspect, and was horrified. The place was volcanic, with cavernous unturned spots and titanic up-ended clods. The drayman said, What could you expect of sod? He would make it look better, however. He spent another week borrowing a drag, and with it succeeded in making the two parts of the wreck look homogeneous. He charged for time, labour, expertness, and mental anguish, for himself, team, tools, and the neighbours of whom he had borrowed; the bill was at the rate of $21.78 per acre.

The Professor knew very well that this was at the very least ten times too much: but he could not see his way to mortgage his crop to fight the case. He paid as cheerfully as he could, and set to and ploughed the lot all over again with his hoe, with what in hopeful moments he thought was a visible effect for the better. In the meantime, his neighbours had their crops in, and were covertly smiling at the Professor's embarrassments.

Then he had another bad match. The Professor of Economics, who had been holding for him a half bushel of Bathsheba Beauties and a half bushel of Early Urbans, had taken alarm at the Professor's long waiting, and at the prospect of being left with such a large investment in perishables on his hands, and sold them to somebody else. The Professor was disappointed, but blamed himself. What else ought he to have expected of a person whose whole life long had been spent in close intimacy with statistics? He went to the grocer.

"Got any Bathsheba Beauties?" he asked. Being a farmer now, of course he couldn't say, "Have you."

The grocer reflected. He said: "Le' 's see; they're a pear, ain't they?"

The Professor smiled, and said: "No; potatoes."

"Never heard of 'em," said the grocer.

"Nor any Early Urban?" asked the Professor.

The grocer shook his head again. "Where'd you get them names?" he said.

"Why, one of my friends recommended them," the Professor answered.

The grocer sniffed. "I'll bet it was one o' them perfessers," he said. "They're never satisfied without they're doin' somethin' fancy. It'll be a great lot o' gardens *they'll* make." He laughed. "One of 'em was in here the other day after a dollar's worth o' lettice and reddish seed. Said he was goin' to plant two hunderd and fifty feet o' both. I *told* him he was goin' in too heavy with that kind o' stuff, and what *he* wanted was more roots—potatoes and beggies and things. But you couldn't tell *him* nothin'. You can't none of 'em."

"Well," said the Professor, without revealing his identity, and secretly pleased that the marks of his profession were not more indelible, "what *have* you got that'll make good seed potatoes?"

"Aw!" said the grocer, "it don't make no difference what you plant, 's long 's they're decent lookin' potatoes to start with. Potatoes is potatoes; that's all they is to it. We got three or *four* different kinds down cellar. All of 'em 's good."

"What are they?" the Professor asked.

The grocer scratched his head. "Well," he answered, after a moment's hard thought, "they 's some *Rural New Yorkers*—and some *Peerless*—and some *Early Richmonds:* I guess that's what they call 'em. No, 't ain't neither; the

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Early Richmond 's a cherry. But what do *you* care? Any of 'em 'll be all right, 's long 's they look decent."

The Professor found it a distinct novelty to hear the Science of Agriculture treated in this way. Somehow it raised his spirits. "Got any *Wheeler and Wilson?*" he asked. This was the sewing-machine his mother used to make his shirts on.

The grocer promptly said: "No, just sold the last yesterday; expect some more in the last o' the week."

The Professor smiled. "Well," he said at last, "I'll take a bushel of the *Rural New Yorkers.*" He thought they ought to be good. The name made him think of potatoes that were long and smooth.

On the pavement in front of the store, as they went out, the Professor picked up a big potato. He counted twelve eyes in it, and gave it to his son to carry. He did not realise at first what he had done; he was so occupied in calculating for the open-eyed little boy how many big potatoes this one big potato would bring them. But when all of a sudden the thought struck him that the specimen itself was probably worth its weight in coal, and he further realised the potential dimensions of the theft in terms of the garden product just calculated, he took the potato from the hand of the little boy, to his wonder and disappointment, and put it back where he had found it. He wasn't going to initiate his gardening enterprise with crime—at least, not a crime of that magnitude. He went on with lightened conscience, utilising the incident for the moral instruction of his companion.

"Supposing," he said, "supposing everybody were to pick up everything he found lying loose; what would be the logical conclusion? Did you ever stop to think what would happen?"

The little boy did not stop to think. Neither did the Professor. The victims of the logical conclusion never do stop to think. They just adumbrate. The Professor and the little boy just adumbrated. Horrors!

When they got to the garden, his neighbour on the left was just putting in a few last rows. The Professor saw at once that he was in the presence of Scientific Method. His neighbour pounded up all the lumps, raked the sods away, leaving a fine, smooth, regular surface, and then stretched a string, got out a rule, and planted one hill exactly every eighteen inches, covering the seed with exactly four inches of soil in a very carefully made hole. Some of the potatoes he had put in weeks ago were already appearing. The rows were painfully straight. They reminded the Professor of a file of soldiers.

It suggested Prussianism. He turned his back in disgust; he understood now why his dislike had been instinctive. None of your strings and rules for him! He would muddle through in the good old fashion. He went and cut up a basketful of potatoes for the little boy, seized his hoe, sighted by a fence post at the other end of the lot, and chopped places for the hills down and back, instructing his helper to follow and drop two pieces of seed in each place. When he got the two rows done, he straightened up and looked at them. They reeled to and fro, and staggered like a drunken man, and there were clods all over the place. He looked at his neighbour's patch, and then again at his own. As between them, he knew which he would choose; but he could not help wishing his rows were just a trifle less crooked. He drew on the future: he hoped the luxurious growth of the vines would obscure the geometrical defect, and he was inclined to think that when he got to the small vegetables, for which he was reserving a strip, he would make some concession to law and order.

When the last row had been finished, they sat down. The little boy's back ached, he said. The Professor went over to his coat and drew out a little bag of cookies. He got his reward in shining smiles of surprise and a most genuine "Thank you, papa." They were both wholesomely tired, but full of satisfaction, and just right for the optimistic

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mood. The Professor began to calculate. "Now let's figure up," he said. "We've got 11 rows, and every row's got 48 hills. Eleven times 48 is 528; 528 hills with two pieces of seed averaging two stalks to a piece. Supposing there are three potatoes to a stalk; that means 12 potatoes in a hill. If it's a fair season at least eight of them ought to be good big ones. Allow 100 to a bushel, and we get a bushel for every 12 hills. 528 divided by 12 makes 44. Forty-four bushels; let's see, how many would that be an acre?"

The Professor found a smooth place, and figured in the dirt. "That would be 479.16 bushels an acre," he said. He smiled. "I guess we'll have to dress that down a little," he said. He reflected. "Let's be safe, and make it 25 bushels." And if they were worth as much in the fall as now, why, there was $87.50; that is, 15% on his real estate investment: counting in the small vegetables, call it 20%. Of course he based this calculation on what he had paid for the lot, not on what he valued it at in public. He felt very well satisfied until he happened to think that he had no transportation. He began to worry about getting the crop home. He might have to employ the drayman again, and in that case he saw the drayman finally in possession of the potatoes, and himself left with nothing but his trouble and patriotic conscience; especially if potatoes went down, as every pessimist said they surely would, with such a crop. The thought that, after all, somebody might steal them—the morning paper had spoken of a thousand dollars' worth of garden stuff stolen, even last year—came almost as a relief.

In due time the potatoes, and the little sleepers in the beds beside them, turned back their coverlets of soft earth and looked up awake to the world. The potato rows were crooked, to be sure, but the Professor *camouflaged,* and called them "charmingly irregular." The evenings lengthened, the weather grew warmer, the rain was right, the garden flourished and cried aloud. After the first hoeing, the soil was mellow and easy to work. He began to reap his reward. He came out for a couple of hours at the close of each day, dressed in rags and with the little boy at his side. The evening breezes and sounds, the wholesome feeling of warmth and perspiration, the odour of sweat-stained clothes, the feeling and the smell of moist earth, and, above all, the gladness of growing things, combined to give him keener pleasure than he had supposed would ever be his again. Especially the dirt. The dirt was *so* mellow and *so* wholesome as he stirred it, that it seemed calling, calling, calling him to lie down in it. He thought of the rolling of horses let out to pasture.

And then there was the little boy beside him. The little boy never knew, and never will know, until he has a garden and a little boy of his own, what was in his father's mind and heart as they loosened the sweet earth and fondled the hills of potatoes. The Professor lost himself in memories. He looked back down the long road to where the vista became obscure. He saw, enveloped in the soft mists of sentiment, a white house with green blinds, and a red barn and an orchard, and a potato patch. He saw his grey-haired old father with the hoe, and the Little Boy at his side. He saw the Little Boy working the dirt fine and pulling it up around the plants, with an eye on his father's hills to see how *he* did it. He saw the Little Boy straighten up, with one hand on the hoe and the other on his back. He knew the posture and the feeling. He saw the father look at the Little Boy's hills, and heard him say: "You're doin' it first class. I declare, I couldn't do it better myself. Be sure to make 'em all nice and round and full, just like that." He saw the Little Boy go to work with renewed vigour under the stimulus of the kindly praise. He saw him get ahead of his father, and heard the father say: "My! how you do put me through. It's all I can do to keep up with you." He saw the Little Boy hoe harder than ever, until he got

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to the end of the row, and then run down to the old spring under the maple in the lane for a cool drink.

The Professor forgot everything in imaginations of this kind, until he heard the little boy at *his* side say: "My back aches," and saw him straighten up in the old familiar way.

"That's just the way my back used to ache," the Professor said. He looked at the little boy's hills. "You're doing it first class," he said. "I declare! I couldn't do it better myself. Be sure to make 'em all nice and round and full, just like that."

The little boy's hoe went livelier. He got ahead of the Professor. "My!" said the Professor, "how you do put me through. It's all I can do to keep up with you." And then the little boy worked harder than ever, until he got to the end of the row. "I'm thirsty," he said.

Alas! there was no cool spring down the lane for him to go to. "Well, keep it up another row or so, and by that time we'll be going home," was all the Professor could say.

Sometimes he was elevated to the lyric mood. He even thought of a possible poem. One evening especially, when he was alone, and when the charm of a just rising full moon was added to that of soil in an ideal state, it seemed to the Professor as if his hoe were trying to say something. It was almost vocal. He listened and listened, and at last caught the words, at least imperfectly. It was a rusty, melancholy old hoe, with a forgotten history, but that evening it was really vivacious. This is what it seemed to say:

Oh, it's hoe, hoe, hoe!
Hear the scrunching and the crunching of the hoe,
While the beans and onions grow,
And the dew is falling, falling,
And the melon vines are sprawling,
And the cutworms are a-crawling,
And the cabbages and turnips and the beets and the potatoes
Are a-racing with the carrots and the bagas and tomatoes;
Oh, it's hoe, hoe, hoe!
In the garden by the mellow evening glow,
Golden glow!
Of the big full moon
In the lovely month of June.
Oh, to hoe, hoe, hoe!
It's the biggest fun I know.
The scrunching and the munching and the crunching of the hoe!

It was not entirely satisfactory, of course. Not that the Professor did not like the poetry itself: that was all right; only he was afraid people might think it showed the influence of Kipling or Poe or Markham or Whitman or some of them. He tried to catch the hoe singing in a different metre. Sure enough, after a while it began:

Sing a song of gardens,
Of green things a-growing;
Of radishes and lettuce
And a happy man a-hoeing!
The garden she's a liner,
And the hoe is all she needs—

Still worse! Everybody would think of Mother Goose, and it seemed impossible to keep Kipling out. Queer, anyway, thought the Professor, that anybody should like poetry so well, and come so near to it, and yet not be able to make it.

Just then he heard his neighbour to the south say something. It sounded very much like:

Damn it!
How the mosquitoes do bite
To-night!

The Professor was surprised. This was the first he had known of his neighbour's being a *vers libriste*. He had a sudden idea. If poetry of the ordinary sort would not express his feelings, perhaps free verse could be made to. He finished the carrots and went over to look at the onions. The onions, hardly visible in that light, were so small and delicate they had not yet got their tips free from the ground; they were little, crinkled, bowed-over prisoners to the light earthen crust. Some, he could tell from the spaces, had not yet been able to get

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through at all. The Professor bent over them, all sympathy. They started his emotions.

Before he knew it, the thing was done. A lyric conception, as the Autocrat has it, hit him like a bullet in the forehead. He had the blood drop from his cheeks when it struck, and felt that he turned as white as death. Then came "a creeping as of centipedes running down the spine,—then a gasp and a great jump of the heart,—then a sudden flush and a beating in the vessels of the head, then a long sigh,—and the poem was written. He had only to copy it later:

Pew!
O you
Little onion!
Bowed down and oppressed
By your earthy covering,
Striving in vain
To lift your little tip into the air and
Realise yourself!

Little onion!
You
Are like a new idea
Striving to reach the light,
But unable to pierce the tough crust of
Tyrannical tradition!

Never mind,
Little onion!
Some day the dirty old crust will crack,
Or we will everlastingly smash it!
You will be set free!
You will hold your head high!
You will grow!
In due time
You will raise as big a
Smell
In the world
As other ideas long oppressed
Have raised before.

Pew!
Little onion!

The Professor was modest. He hardly dared hope that his effort would elevate him to a place beside the immortals among *vers libristes*. Still, who could tell? It seemed to him to have everything about it that free verse had, except, possibly, colour; and you could not expect much by way of colour from an onion bed by moonlight. And then if it did not have colour, it had smell, which was just as good, and not nearly so hackneyed. If smell was not to be on equal footing with the other senses, what was the meaning of democracy? If the *vers libristes* were not going to free smell from the trammels of tradition, where was their boasted championship of freedom? No colour, if the truth were known, had ever drawn tears to equal the effluvium of an onion. And as for form, the Professor had seen plenty of free verse that was not as free as his.

He walked home that night. The moon went under a bank of clouds, the warmth grew richer and richer, he smelled clover in blossom.

The rains were just right that summer. It was well for the Professor that they were. He watched the weather as never before. He saw and felt everything according to the relation it bore the garden. One or two threats of drought were acute in their effect on him; he felt his tongue begin to parch. Keeping a garden was like being married and having children. "A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse," said the Singer of the Song of Songs. They were not far apart. The Singer's figure contemplated chiefly the spouse, the Professor's the garden. A garden multiplied joys, and it multiplied anxieties. Heat and cold, thirst and fever and chills, drownings, exposure, contagion, perversion, kidnapping, bugs, worms, lice, birth, illness, nursing, death, deformity, disappointment—all the ills of the householder were repeated for the husbandman.

The Professor did everything that care could do, and did it with his own hands. He would not hear of horse and cultivator, or even of the hand machines the hardware stores were getting rich from. He wished now that he had spaded the lot instead of having it ploughed. He was almost unwilling to let the little boy help him. He picked the bugs by hand.

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Kindly neighbours suggested that Paris green was easier. He did not want the potatoes to have Paris green; he wanted them to have himself. He hoed them time after time when it was not really necessary.

They showed it. The Professor met the grey-haired old Dean of Agriculture. "Now, you see," said the Dean, "you are getting the same sort of results that personal care always brings in the case of horses and cattle. Plants respond the same as animals." That made the potato patch even more personal than before. The Professor almost thought he saw the vines lifting their heads at his coming. He could not leave them. On returning from a necessary absence, he was sure they were drooping. He caressed them, and talked to them. People wondered at him—and they wondered at the garden, too. Such tall potato tops there never were, the cucumbers capered for joy, the carrots actually split themselves, they grew so boisterously. The garden was happy, and the Professor was happy.

"Their soul shall be as a watered garden," said Isaiah. That is the way *his* soul was. His only grief was that the household could not keep pace with the garden's growth. They had three kinds of vegetables on the table every day, of a quality never approached. It came near to going hard with the Professor's health. His sense of justice compelled him to partake of all, and of all equally; it seemed as if the carrots reddened with displeasure when he helped himself to the string beans and passed them by. He felt obliged to eat even cucumbers, and found, to his surprise, that they agreed with him.

Yes, of course, he kept an account with the garden. Would you like to see it? Very well; here it is:

THE PROFESSOR
in account with
THE GARDEN

Dr.		
To implements		$ .50
ploughing		3.00
seed		4.00
interest		48.00
labour		donated
Total		$ 55.50
Cr.		
By potatoes		$ 50.00
truck		13.45
education		10.00
health		45.00
satisfaction		500.00
Total		$618.45
		55.50
		$562.95

You see that the Professor donated his labour and allowed himself a good, round price for his potatoes. Surely a professor, who belongs to no union except the American Association of University Discussers, may charge as little for his time as he pleases: and, as for the price of potatoes, when you raise them for yourself they are like any other property not for sale: they are worth what you think they are worth. The Professor would no more have sold his potatoes to a grocer than he would have sold a pet pig to the butcher. And besides, if he made the figure on his potatoes high, it was more than balanced by the ridiculously low estimate for health, the education of the little boy, and personal satisfaction.

As for patriotic satisfaction, the Professor did not attempt to estimate. No one ever sets a price on that.

Grant Showerman.

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"WHEELS AND PINIONS"

BY BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS

NOT infrequently when critics are gathered together the question arises, "On what does the secret of success in story writing depend?"

Among their answers perhaps these are outstanding:

"Suggestion." . . .

"Selection of detail." . . .

"A feeling for climax." . . .

"A vital spark which fuses the elements into semblance of life." . . .

"An unselfish interest in humanity." . . .

And there is, quite possibly, a relative of Mr. Mantalini who smiles in superior fashion, effectually shunting interest to some other topic, as he declares in favour of the "dem'd total."

Not infrequently when readers gathered together drop into discussion of a particular story, some one springs the question, "Why did you like it?"

Jonathan, let us say, may answer, "Oh, I don't know; I just liked it." But he may go further and praise the quick movement, "It clipped along at such a lively rate." Comment of this nature one hears often since the motion picture has achieved wide popularity, and he who sees cannot but note the "speeding up" or acceleration here, with a corresponding "slowing down" or retardation elsewhere.

Katherine may add, "It's well balanced, too"; Polly may declare in favour of suspense, and Gregory may comment on the remarkable use of coincidence.

"I wouldn't have believed it in real life," he may add, "but somehow it seemed all right in Richard Harding Davis's story."

If the members of the group have, as a whole, received the story unfavourably, they will appraise it in similar fashion:

"Too slow for me."

"That business about the girl from home happening along just after her lover had been sent to the hospital seemed to me a little fishy, you know."

"There's no suspense."

"I didn't care a thing about the hero. Fact is, I liked the villain better."

"Tedious."

"Falls flat." . . .

Simple and indeterminate as such comments are, each has its value for the writer. If a story is too slow, the tempo may need accelerating or the suspense may need tightening; if it is tedious the author has not sufficiently allowed for the reader's part in creating, or in reading between the lines—in brief, he has failed in suggestion; if interest in the supposedly leading man is lacking, that man is a wooden puppet, not a hero of good red blood. If coincidence is unconvincing, the author has not buttressed his story architecturally; if balance is in the lurch he has not rightly proportioned his parts. If the end falls flat, then the climax insufficiently satisfies the feeling of expectancy produced by antecedent preparation. Again, it may be that the narrative is unleavened by humour.

Although it is undoubtedly true that the more artistic the author the more readily will he adhere unconsciously to the laws of proportion, keep the right gait, hold the reader suspended, and arrange for a convincing coincidence, it is likewise true that by study of weakness in any one of these respects an author may correct, in some measure, his deficiency. A first divergence between the artistic mind and the mathematical is, in the words of Gilbert Chesterton, "that the former sees things as they are in a picture, some nearer and larger, some smaller and farther away; while to the mathematical mind everything in a million, every fact in a cosmos must be of equal value. That is why mathematicians go mad, and poets scarcely

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ever do. A man may have as wide a view of life as he likes, the wider the better; a distant view, a bird's-eye view, but still a view and not a map. The one thing he cannot attempt in his version of the universe is to draw things to scale."

From the very nature of the story or drama, certain passages must be elaborated; others must be repressed. Upon the author's skill in subdual and elevation of detail will depend largely the gripping power of the finished play or narrative. In the drama the playwright must study to put before the spectators the scenes they will demand to see; he represents by a statement on the programme a lapse of time which is comparatively unimportant, and summarises by the dialogue of his characters whatever information is necessary to bridge the gaps. It is not otherwise with the story writer. He must select for presentation the right material out of all at his command, and he must work to achieve the correct adjustment of parts. The longer the period of time, the greater the need for proper distribution of what will appear on stage and off stage, and of careful proportion. Katherine Fullerton Gerould, who not seldom in her work evinces interest in technique, says, "This story ['On the Staircase'] has almost the gait of history. I have to sum up decades in a phrase. It is really the span of one man's whole life that I am covering, you see. But have patience with me while I skim the intervening voids, and hover meticulously over the vivid patches of detail." This statement connotes the recognition of stage values and of proper relation of parts. To give the reader what concerns him not nor interests him is wasteful; not to give him all he needs is mystifying and confusing. Analysis of any recognised classic which is undoubtedly excellent in proportion may be to the mathematically inclined writer a helpful revelation. For example, if he chooses "The Necklace" he will find in the approximate three thousand words covering, let us say, not quite twelve pages, that two pages are required for the purposes of introduction, with emphasis on the character of Madame Loisel; seven pages for the events of some days; a single page for the summary of ten years; one and a half pages for the scene of a few minutes one afternoon. This summary at once elevates the chief incident, with the attendant preparation and aftermath. If the time of the entire action is brief, as that of Arthur Morrison's "On the Stairs," the scale is smaller, and the problem becomes one rather of selection among minute details. But whether his range be microscopic or telescopic, the individual author's manner of covering it testifies to his sense of proportion. Henry James, to indicate the real failure of that splendid duffer, Morgan Mallowe in "The Tree of Knowledge," says of the various specimens of the Master's genius, "They were of dimensions not customary in the products of the chisel and had the singularity that, if the objects and features intended to be small looked too large, the objects and features intended to be large looked too small . . . 'scale' had so strayed and lost itself that the public square and the chimney piece seemed to have changed places, the monumental being all diminutive and the diminutive all monumental." Such reciprocal discrepancy mars many a short story.

Selection both of material to be presented and manner by which it is presented intimately associate themselves with the writer's power of suggestion. Suggestion primarily means a saving to the reader of energy required to grasp or visualise an object or act, and a consequent pleasure in the visualisation. When Kipling says that Harvey, of *Captains Courageous,* saw a long line of portholes flash past, he calls up the comparative height and length of the ocean liner, as well as its rapidity, in a way to dazzle the reader and to compel the critic's admiration for his lean economy. Too much reliance on suggestion may result in a charge of haziness or unclearness. Occasionally, in

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requiring an interpreter, Kipling fails for a general audience. When, for example, "Mary Postgate," the last story in the volume *A Diversity of Creatures,* first appeared in *The Century,* I recall seeing in the Sunday magazine of a New York daily a letter from a reader who could not understand why the wounded and dying aviator spoke French! Some one answered, saying, if I recall aright, that it was sun clear to a Kipling fan that the aviator fumbled his French because he was German, and that the author by the fumbling rather than by a statement conveyed that the German hoped to deceive Mary. Obviously, the bewildered reader had missed an essential point of the story.

Suggestion by its reliance upon antecedent experience, as well as upon intellect, may operate so as to please one reader and leave another cold. From the point of view of Frau Ebermann, in "Swept and Garnished," Kipling says, "If it pleased our dear God to take her to himself, and she was not so young as she had been—there was that plate of the four lower ones in the blue toothglass, for instance . . . " etc. To my mind came the picture of an old lady long since dead, who kept her false teeth carefully in a cut-glass basin of water what time she wore them not; and with the flash enough tags of childhood memories to fill a page. But a number of young women students, though understanding the sentence, took no great pleasure in it. . . . They had not seen a "lower plate" in a glass of water.

At its best, however, suggestion operates to secure effective emotional reaction. In "Mary Postgate," for example, occurs an episode of bomb-dropping. After the explosion, Mary and Nurse Eden heard "a child's shriek, dying into a wail. . . . Nurse Eden snatched up a sheet drying before the fire, ran out, lifted something from the ground, and flung the sheet round it. The sheet turned scarlet, and half her uniform, too, as she bore the load into the kitchen. It was little Edna Gerritt, aged nine, whom Mary had known since her perambulator days.

" 'Am I hurted bad?' Edna asked, and died between Nurse Eden's dripping hands. The sheet fell aside, and for an instant, before she could shut her eyes, Mary saw the ripped and shredded body." Here, in a hundred words the author has presented a picture, or rather through employment of restraint and suggestion has forced upon the reader the creation of a picture, which acts directly upon the emotions. It is the same distinguishing mark which revealed itself in his earlier stories; as, for example, in "Beyond the Pale." Bisesa held out her arms into the moonlight. Both hands had been cut off at the wrists, and the stumps were nearly healed." Even Poe could not have resisted the temptation to describe those mutilated arms. Kipling worked more artistically in handing over the task to every reader for himself.

Not many writers have the power of the man from Bombay to suggest a complete picture to the reader. But every writer can acquire economy. Gouverneur Morris wrote in the *Metropolitan,* August, 1916, of Richard Harding Davis, . . . "It was owing to his incomparable energy and Job-like patience that he ever gave us any fiction at all. Every phrase in his fiction was, of all the myriad phrases he could think of, the fittest in his relentless judgment to survive. Phrases, paragraphs, pages, whole stories even, were written over and over again. He worked upon a principle of elimination. If he wished to describe an automobile turning in at a gate, he made first a long and elaborate description from which there was omitted no detail which the most observant pair of eyes in Christendom had ever noted with reference to just such a turning. Thereupon he would begin a process of omitting one by one those details which he had been at such pains to recall; and after each omission he would ask himself, 'Does the picture remain?' If it did not, he restored the detail which he had just omitted, and experimented with

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the sacrifice of some other, and so on, and so on, until after Herculean labour there remained for the reader one of those swiftly flashed ice-clear pictures (complete in every detail) with which his tales and romances are so delightfully and continuously adorned." So one can imagine his achieving by the process of elimination such passages as: "Slowly forcing its way through the mass of people came a huge touring car, its two blazing eyes sending before it great shafts of light." . . . "Full in his face, through the break he had made, swept a hot wave of burning cinders. Through the broken panel he saw the hall choked with smoke, the steps of the staircase and the stair-rails wrapped in flame." And these two passages I came upon in half a minute after opening *The Man Who Could Not Lose* at the story of "The Lost House."

Tempo, or rate of movement, is independent of proportion in its distinctive phases, such as the larger groups of matter, since obviously the tempo may be accelerated or retarded and the proportion remain unchanged. But the selection in minor details has a direct bearing upon narrative gait. Miss Fannie Hurst writes the most rapid tempo, in general, to be found in present-day fiction. It is, incidentally, eminently suited to the rush and haste of modern life; one is borne along on the speeding stream of words, much as one speeds through the subway tube, without self-exertion. Prominent among her devices for speeding up are rapid dialogue, wherein speech follows speech without the attendant stage business or indication of the speaker, wherein speeches are broken off and left to the reader's completion.

"No, no, Loo. You go. You can have that blue silk waist I promised you and wear them red satin roses he—he brought me that time from Hot Springs. Wear 'em, but be careful of 'em."

"Aw, Miss Mae, with you here like a wet rag, and if he comes who'll fix——"

"He—he ain't coming, Loo, and if he does I'm the one he likes to fix his things, anyway. I wanna be alone, Loo. I—just wanna be alone."

"That's just it, Miss Mae, you're too much alone; you——"

"For Pete's sake, Loo, cut it or I'll holler. Cut the conversation, dearie!"

"I'll fix the candied sweet potatoes this morning, anyway, Miss Mae, so if he does come——"

and so on in the "Sob Sister" of *Every Soul Hath Its Song.*

In straight-away narrative, the terse sentence, rather than the loose involved sentence containing long hinge words and cumbrous phrasings is logically conducive to rapid action effect. Amateur stories condemned as uninteresting, dragging, or tedious lose much of their objectionable quality and gain a corresponding interest or snap by an acceleration of tempo in these and other ways. If carried to extreme, however, the strain for rapid tempo becomes a pernicious habit. The effort to "speed up" a seven-reel picture by omission of important phases and acceleration of others may produce chaos. So critics who speak of the senile decline of the short-story chortle contemptuously over the puppet and dummy characters, who tear through space at an inconceivable rate, dragging the reader with them, to a highly artificial dénouement. "I dressed and got downstairs in about twenty seconds," says Pender in the "Psychical Invasion" of *John Silence,* "and the couple of hours I stayed and worked in the study passed literally like a period of ten minutes." John Silence explains that such a changed scale of space and time is often the result of an overdose of *cannabis indica.* "It is quite incomprehensible to those who have never experienced it, and it is a curious proof that time and space are merely forms of thought." But the short-story writer must bear in mind that the scale of space and time for every reader is that accepted in every-day life, and he does well to beware of too much *cannabis-indica* influence.

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With the problem of suspense both tempo and proportion are bound up. A slow movement of plot action, for instance, will hold the reader longer from the point toward which he is travelling as an objective, an objective the value of which depends in a large measure upon proportion. If the tempo is rapid, the reader moving along at a lively gait will tolerate a greater number of events, even though they hold him from his goal. In its relation to tempo, suspense is similar to a watch wheel or pinion, aiding at the same time it restrains the movement. To achieve just the right degree of suspense, neither too much nor too little, requires high art. Stories having too weak tension proclaim the amateur; stories straining the leash of the reader's desire to move on, proceed not seldom from the master-hand. The late Norman Duncan wrote fiction not only of excellent character value, of unique local colour and masterful plot technique, but also of high literary quality. Yet I can recall a number of his narratives wherein I was compelled to tarry longer than I desired. "The Last Shot in the Locker" and "A Little Morsel o' Dog Meat," both of 1916 publication, may be cited as instances. Peter B. Kyne's "Three Godfathers," which was so favourably received as to justify its publication in volume form, suffers from over-suspense. The last day for The Youngest Bad Man in his struggle to reach New Jerusalem frazzles the reader's endurance.

If the author's effort to catch attention in the beginning is likened to a hook, then his employment of suspense may be compared to a clamp or vise which holds the reader firmly. It works primarily through curiosity or apprehension or anxiety, and the manner of its operation on the emotions of the reader has its analogue in the blindfolded man walking on the edge of a precipice, whom an observer watches from below. Phyllis Bottome's "Ironstone," in *The Derelict,* makes use of just such a situation:

> "I'll see you down along," said Mary briefly. She led the way by a grassy path to the heathery verge. The slope looked easy, and was possible for the sure-footed. Half way down it changed abruptly into a sheer drop of ironstone rock; one could not see the edge until one was upon it.

From this passage through the next two or three hundred words the reader rushes toward the climax, yet is held back just long enough to receive its full force:

> . . . from there she saw the body tossed like a bounding stone into the gulf, and Lizzie's waving hands, full of grass and heather, flung toward the sky. Mary saw no more than that, but she heard a muffled sound of blows when the body struck rock-iron rock; and then all the earth was like a pause.

Generalising, we may say that a character in danger arouses interest as to his fate. "In danger" may be interpreted freely—as physical or moral danger, a false position, or a compromising position. What finally happened, or what had happened; who did it, to whom happiness was brought, what consequences ensued upon the disaster—these and similar questions the author must provoke in the reader's mind in order to clamp the reader, who otherwise may fall away from the story at any moment. In his handling of suspense Poe, who was a master of the art, employed three stages: First, he placed his character in an exciting or dangerous situation or one to provoke horror; second, he offered scientific explanation of the danger or lingered otherwise upon it; and finally set forth the means taken by the character to escape. "The Descent into the Maelstrom" and "The Pit and the Pendulum," for example, follow this order. A favourite popular method of maintaining tension is by the introduction of comparatively foreign matter, such as episodes and philosophical reflections. When the commencement orator rises to announce the successful competitor for the medal in oratory, he meets an audience already in suspense; he maintains it by telling a story which has nothing to do with the decision of the judges

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and indulges in reminiscence to the point of driving insane the more enthusiastic and partisan, eager for the decision. The story writer uses at his hazard this easy but not necessarily successful trick, for he may too easily disintegrate his effect. The episode of Madame Zuleika in "The Brushwood Boy," and of the Minister's visit to Mrs. Penn in "The Revolt of 'Mother'," however, are instances proving that the device may be used to good effect in withholding the reader from the dénouement. Novelists have the advantage over short-story artists in shifting easily from character to character, however great the distances dividing them. It is, therefore, easy to leave character number one in a thrilling situation and compel the reader to continue with the fortunes of character number two, who was left—perhaps in a similar lurch—*in a previous chapter*. The short-story writer may shift his "spotlight," but must do so only when he gains something worth the shift and something which could not have been secured in more desirable manner. By telling the story of A and B with the light on A, and involving A in some action which arouses curiosity, the author may suspend the reader at any given point while he focuses the light on B. Or, conversely, he may do so by adhering to the angle of narration. By telling only what A knows and sees, the author holds the reader suspended over B's case; and not until A finally learns the outcome with regard to B will the reader hear it.

These and other suspense tricks the modern writer employs in whatever division of the story he may require their use. Suspense may work from the beginning, or near the beginning, throughout the narrative. The reader of Mrs. Wharton's "A Journey" wonders from the first quarter of the story whether the woman of the sleeping car will be able to carry out her purpose in the face of the odds against her; not until the last words does the strain relax. It may operate in the climax scene, as in Stevenson's "Markheim," where the reader awaits the outcome of the struggle between the lower and the higher natures. In Mrs. Gerould's "Weaker Vessel," a *tour de force* in that the action is practically all confined to the climax scene, the reader wonders what will happen from the time he hears the clacking of the wife's slippers down the hall to the time he hears the clacking die away. And finally suspense may be used to excellent advantage after the dramatic climax or turning point in the struggle. After Della in O. Henry's "The Gift of the Magi" cuts off her hair, the reader is curious over the outcome. But whether employed at the beginning, in the climax scene or just before the dénouement or throughout, suspense constitutes the essential mechanism for holding the reader. "Make 'em laugh," said Trollope; "make 'em weep," and as a climax, "make 'em wait."

A definitive mark of the technician lies in the expert manner of his linking up details. As the late Hopkinson Smith said in a lecture at Columbia University, the first and second bases of the story triangle need linking together by the base line; as a student once put it whimsically, the short story is like a wrist watch, it must come full circle. As an instructor cautioned his class, "If a man is to be hanged on a tree at the end of the narrative, then the tree must be mentioned in the beginning." Not only in the completion of the circle, but also in the creation of verisimilitude the handling of "clues" and dramatic forecast is of utmost significance. In "The Revolt of 'Mother'" Nanny says, "We might have the wedding in the new barn. . . . Why, what makes you look so, Mother?" Mrs. Penn has conceived instantly the idea of moving into the barn, and although the reader scarcely guesses it at the time, he expects something out of the ordinary, and he is satisfied. In Richard Harding Davis's "A Charmed Life" an officer says, "The road to Mayaguez is not healthy for Americans. I don't think I ought to let you go. The enemy does not know peace is on yet, and there are a lot of guer-

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rillas." A reader anticipates that the young man will have trouble on the road, though the author purposely weakens the strong clue by the statement, "Chesterton shook his head in pitying wonder."

"You must give your reader information without letting him know that you are doing it," says Barry Pain. "Suppose at the end of your story the villain is to throw the heroine down a well in the garden. You may describe the well at the very beginning of the story, dwelling upon its depth, its position, its picturesqueness. He will say, 'This well is not here for its health. Somebody will be going down it directly!'

"Now, information about the well can be given skilfully in many ways. For instance, it is not necessary to mention it at all. If you speak of the rust from the chains in the drinking water, and describe the old men coming through the garden with pails of water hanging from yokes, the reader will know about the well, but not know how he knows about it. Or the well may be in as a side issue. You may speak of the beauty of the syringa bushes in full bloom beside the old well. Then the reader will think it's the syringa bushes you are worrying about."

The chief caution in regard to the use of clues is against over-use, or over-effect. If the author betrays his climax, which he means to hold in reserve, he has in all probability erected too many sign posts. Yet an over-strong clue may be neatly weakened. One of the best examples is to be found in Thomas Hardy's "The Three Strangers."

> "But what is this man's calling . . . that he should come in and join us like this?"
>
> "I don't know. I'll ask him again."
>
> . . . When he had tossed over his portion, the shepherd renewed his inquiry about the [second] stranger's occupation.
>
> The latter did not immediately reply, and the man in the chimney corner said, with sudden demonstrativeness, "Anybody may know my trade—I'm a wheelwright."

Presently the shepherd observes that you may generally tell what a man is by his claws, whereupon the "hands of the man in the chimney corner instinctively sought the shade." In this passage the reader is convinced that the stranger in the chimney corner is guilty, or for good reason desires to remain unknown. Later he is thunderstruck to see the third stranger appear upon the door sill and after a glance at the company flee as if he were the guilty man. Hence, the clue is not too strong, after all, for the effect is exactly what it should be; the clue appeared to indicate the chimney-corner gentleman, but in reality pointed beyond him.

The connection between dramatic forecast in general or of clues in particular and the subject of coincidence is one calling for careful study by the story writer. A thorough treatise on coincidence would of necessity encroach upon the provinces of philosophy. What to the incomplete vision of mankind seems chance may be part of a prearranged purpose on the part of omniscience or all-wisdom. The Christian calls it Providence; the Greeks knew it as Fate. To the fatalist there is no such thing as accident; the happening is part of the plan. To the student of natural causes the accident is logical, however strange or unusual its character. To the reader of the short-story there must be no chance occurrence; it must be part of the plan, or it will not seem natural. "The number of people who die by accident every day is considerable," says de Maupassant in his essay on The Novel. "But we cannot make a tile fall on the head of a principal character or throw him under the wheels of a carriage in the middle of a story, under pretext that it is necessary to introduce an accident."

Coincidence in its simplest denotation means occurrence at the same time; but in fiction it usually connotes a concurrence of events startling in nature or effect. How can an extraordinary concurrence be made to appear logical?

In the first place, coincidence may be used always as the foundation of a story;

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that is, the story would not have been but for the coincidence to which the reader's attention is first invited. So Stevenson's "The Sire de Maletroit's Door" rests on the coincidence that Denis happened to be pursued by soldiers and took refuge in the doorway, falling into a trap prepared for some one else. Richard Harding Davis's "The Boy Scout" grows out of the coincidence, exceedingly easy of acceptance, that the scout was given a lift by The Young Man of Wall Street. The remarkable train of events bearing the fortune of hundreds moves easily without bar from the reader, since it was set in motion by the event just indicated.

In all other cases the author must work to establish logical grounds for coincidence. "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" contains the coincidence which forms the dramatic climax: the outcasts are on the trail at the time of a snowstorm. The locale and the season, in this story by Bret Harte, furnish the logic; the snowfall was natural to the place. Richard Harding Davis's "The God of Coincidence" first induces credibility by the title. But the narrative under the title is of so incredible a nature as to require further sustaining props. Therefore the author drives off with a statement to the effect that the god possesses innumerable press agents, after which he gives three instances any reader will accept because nothing depends on his acceptance. He takes them by way of so many examples. None the less, he is put into a mood for the reception of coincidence values, and when he strikes the actual beginning, "This story really should be called 'The Man in the Green Hat,'" he knows he will find the god at work.

The best instance, in my opinion, of a story which succeeds mainly because of a singular concurrence of events in the dénouement is Irvin Cobb's "Belled Buzzard." Just at the moment the squire's nerves had reached breaking point, as he awaited the jangling from the bell of the buzzard, a little negro walked through the hall ringing an old cowbell. Before he came within the squire's range of vision, that worthy had fallen to the floor and ravingly begun his confession. This coincidence is made to seem natural from the clues. Mr. Cobb has first told the reader that the buzzard had a *cow*-bell attached to its neck; he has, secondly, included the detail that the men as they drove up to the scene of the inquest saw the child grubbing busily under a feed rack in the cow yard. The reader scarcely takes note of the latter fact as he hurries over the descriptive passages, but the appearance of the youngster in the doorway recalls it: "O yes! the piccaninny found the bell under the rack." Or if the reader is not analytically minded, he will be satisfied without knowing why he is satisfied.

It should be added that the nature of the story has much to do with the acceptance of coincidence. In Hawthorne's "Ambitious Guest" the fatalistic connotation in conjunction with the serious tone is adequate to convince. In "The Charmed Life," mentioned above, and in "The Monkey's Paw" of W. W. Jacobs, coincidence is shrewdly explained by the use of charm and spell. Even the decadent or degenerate use of coincidence will meet with approval if the tone of the story be sufficiently farcical, as it is in Mr. Davis's "The Man Who Could Not Lose." Whatever the style, serious or humourous, coincidence may be employed at any point in the story, always provided its use be rationalised. To this end clues are most important aids. Once sure of the need and the purpose of coincidence and once sure of the method of handling it, the author may use it with a free long arm.

And when the craftsmen of writing are assembled?

They may or they may not fall to discussing problems of technique. What Poe said still in a measure holds true. "Most writers . . . would positively shudder at letting the public take a peep behind the scenes . . . at the wheels

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and pinions—the tackle for scene shifting—the stepladders and demon traps—the cock's feathers, the red paint and the black patches which, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, constitute the properties of the literary histrio." But whether from inability or disinclination to betray the secrets of their success, the masters need no defence of their mutescence, no apology for their ineptness to expound.

Silent they may remain, conscious that they are best represented by their creations.

A GROUP OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHIES*

BY FLORENCE FINCH KELLY

EXCEPTIONALLY interesting and suggestive have I found this group of American biographies. They present so great a variety of notable achievement, much of it undertaken and carried through to success under hampering conditions and against great odds, that they set one to thinking how wonderfully rich is the soil out of which American character has grown and how precious for humanity's store are the fruits it has ripened. This group, for instance, striking, varied and important as it is, has all come from the publishers within the past few weeks. It represents the product of American biography of only a small part of one publishing season. Never a year goes by but sees it duplicated, perhaps increased, in number and rarely, if ever, falling to a lower level of interest and consequence.

Americans have not yet begun to realise the importance of the contribution this country is making to literature in that section of the art which is devoted to biography. We talk much and argue endlessly about our fiction and our poetry. And all the time, without tossing to ourselves a single compliment about it, we are writing some of the best biographical literature to be found anywhere in contemporary authorship. So unconscious are we of the good work we are doing in this respect that the captious critics who can find nothing worth while at home have not yet begun to revile it. It must be admitted that its excellence and interest depend more frequently upon the richness and variety and deep human quality of its subject-matter than upon the literary art with which it is treated. Too often it is undertaken by those without skill in writing, insight into character or vision as to its large significances. Sometimes the biographer revels in mere laudation and produces a book comparable in substance and in artistic quality to nothing so much as a confectioner's wedding cake. But also do we write biographies, and many of them, as satisfactory in manner as in matter, at once penetrating, constructive and largely embracing in their view of their subject-matter and artistic in its handling. Perhaps there would be more

*The Life of Abraham Lincoln. By Ida M. Tarbell. New edition with new matter. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A Son of the Middle Border. By Hamlin Garland. Illustrated by Alice Barber Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Life of John Fiske. By John Spencer Clark. Illustrated. Two volumes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Joseph H. Choate: New Englander, New Yorker, Lawyer, Ambassador. By Theron G. Strong. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

The Life of Augustin Daly. By Joseph Francis Daly. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Life, Art and Letters of George Inness. By George Inness, Jr. Introduction by Elliott Dangerfield. Illustrated. New York: The Century Company.

Audubon the Naturalist. By Francis Hobart Herrick. Illustrated. Two volumes. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

An American in the Making. By M. E. Ravage. New York: Harper and Brothers.

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of these if American readers were to take a more critical attitude and evince some degree of consciousness as to the possibilities of American biography, its rich resources, its splendid opportunities, and the real value to humanity of the offerings it might make. One is tempted to think that the energies of some of those classes in short-story writing in colleges and high schools would be better employed in the study of biography and its methods. For the short-story writer must be born before he can be made, while the biographer, although not needing to possess so rare a talent, yet ought to have some measure of training. To the art of biographical writing we have, indeed, made some interesting contributions. Gamaliel Bradford has developed and practises a branch of it about which he has very interestingly written, recently, in "A Naturalist of Souls." He has named it psychography. Hamlin Garland, in his book reviewed below, has tried with splendid success a method original and interesting.

The particularly striking characteristic of the group of biographies considered below is the wide variety of the notes they sound and the distinctive Americanism of each. From the story of our Greatest American down to that of the young Rumanian who wins Americanism for himself only by the toils and experiments of years, they present a wonderful diversity and contrast in the purposes, the motives, and the characters of their efforts, the phases of national life they represent, the value of their achievements.

A certain solemnity of interest attends them in the present crisis. For, just because they visualise so clearly the workings of those spiritual forces that have been dominant throughout our national existence, that have made our country what it is, that are the essence of what we love and venerate in it, they symbolise, in a way, the spirit of our institutions, the soul of our national life, in whose defence we are now preparing to make the consummate sacrifice. And reading them with full understanding of all their implications, of their meaning for the story of humanity, can anyone say that the sacrifice is not worth while?

In the present crisis of the nation I do not know any better biography, any better book, indeed, any more encouraging, more illuminating, than the story of the life of the Greatest of all Americans. And no one has told that story in a better, more informing way than has Miss Tarbell in her *Life of Abraham Lincoln,* first published some seventeen years ago and now brought forward again in a new edition with a new chapter, or preface, dealing with the material made available since its first appearance. Not many are still living who remember the years of the Civil War with knowledge of the tangled problems, the intrigues, the hostilities of many kinds, the dark menaces other than rebellion that President Lincoln had to face. This generation must get its knowledge of those fateful years from books. And there is not one man or woman in the whole country but will be made a better citizen, clearer sighted and more ardent in patriotism and in devotion to America's ideals, more willing to sink personal feeling, personal grievance, personal convictions in national needs, by a study of the conditions which laid so many unnecessary burdens on the heavily loaded shoulders of President Lincoln.

When Miss Tarbell says of Lincoln that "he is to-day our national touchstone" she speaks exactly the word which classifies Lincoln, describes him, proclaims his special relation to the country for which he lived and died. As long as America holds him sincerely as its touchstone American democracy will be vital, true, dominant.

In her new twenty-page preface Miss Tarbell reviews the recent materials which have thrown light on Lincoln's character and achievements and by that illumination interprets some of the features of his course as president. These recent contributions, she says, "unquestionably enlarge Lincoln, clear up our view of him." Her keenly penetrative

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and calmly judicial survey and estimate of this new material brought forward by a number of writers add immensely to the value and interest of a work that was already of high consequence. This added chapter rounds out the picture presented in the former work and shows the outline of our Greatest American clear and fair in his relation to the essential principles of our national scheme.

The title which Mr. Garland has given to his autobiography, *A Son of the Middle Border,* is peculiarly apt and revealing. For the book, while it centres around the author's personality and narrates the story of his life, so comprehensively and graphically gathers up and expresses the life of that whole wide and long section which was the "Middle Border" forty years ago, namely, the western half of the Mississippi Valley, that his book is as much the story of that border as of this particular one of its sons. With his own family as the chief actors in the drama of frontier experiences and himself prominent among them, he has painted a picture that is typically true not only of the communities in Wisconsin, Iowa and Dakota in which they successively lived, but of all the whole broad belt of country. Singularly interesting and characteristically American as the story of one life, Mr. Garland's book is of vastly more consequence as the epic tale of a section and a period. For he has caught and presented in true colours not only the material facts of the story, but the spirit of the place, the time and the people, and has set it forth personified in his men and women, permeating the whole life, and glowing vividly through all the narrative. So understanding and skilful a portrayal of characteristic spiritual values gives the book added importance, makes it a contribution to our social history that is well worth while.

As autobiography, it is an original and distinctive piece of work and illustrates the possibilities of varied and unique treatment to be found in the writing of American biography. Mr. Garland has blazed a new path and in his rich, well-rounded book has shown how many things it is possible for a biography to be. It seems to me distinctly unjust to his original and highly successful achievement that his publishers should classify and advertise it as fiction. In the first place, it is not fiction but biography, or, perhaps, combination of biography and social history would more closely classify it; and, in the next place, to call it fiction is to rob Mr. Garland of the honours he deserves for the invention of a new method in biographical writing.

The Life of John Fiske will be welcomed by the many, many thousands of readers for whom his books have illuminated the history of their country or to whom they have brought clarifying and formative influences of inestimable value in religious and philosophic thinking. For he had a richness of intellectual background, a mellowness of mental temper and a surpassing lucidity of exposition which fitted him in rare degree for the literary path he chose to follow. As interpreter to the multitude of the investigations, the arguments, the conclusions of scholars, philosophers, scientists, among whom he was himself a notable figure, it would be difficult to find his equal. For however easy and delightful to read were the books he wrote, they never lacked scholarship, thoughtfulness, accuracy, truth.

Mr. Clark's two-volume life shows just why such rich quality of thought and variety of knowledge filled to overflowing all that John Fiske wrote and why he was able to present his great stores to his readers with never failing clarity, simplicity and impressiveness. For it is a chronicle of intellectual labours beginning with his infancy, continuing through his life and constantly carried on with the keenest zest. Never was there a better example of the pleasure that may be found in the exercise of mental powers. For him to feel his mind at work was the very breath of life and every inspiration filled him with satisfaction and happiness. He loved and enjoyed it as the athlete loves and enjoys the play of his muscles, as the mountain

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climber delights in widening view and singing pulses as he mounts to height after height.

It is a charming and a lovable personality that is revealed, intimately and with very great detail, as the biographer carries us through his long and busy life. Mr. Clark shows him constantly against the background of both the immediate and the general life of the time, and the value of a book of exceptional interest and worth is greatly increased by these graphic pictures of the localities which scened and conditioned John Fiske's development and his life and work of the stirring times through which he lived, the controversies in which he took part and the great ones in philosophy and literature of mid-Victorian times who were his friends.

The author of *Joseph H. Choate,* just as does Mr. Clark in his story of the life of Fiske, takes a long look backward along the vista of the forebears of his subject and lets his readers know something of the sturdy, upright, capable stock from which he sprang. It is always interesting to line up and pass in review the ancestors of a man who has made himself, in any way, more interesting than the ordinary, and as they pass by to catch from one or another of the ghostly procession an intimation of whence came his faculty for this, his dexterity in that, his success in something else. Mr. Strong does this fascinating service cleverly and in the half dozen or so pages he rescues enough out of that dim vast of ancestordom to account for the rather astonishing fact that, although Mr. Choate was by long descent a New Englander of New Englanders, he was also a born cosmopolite. The author's division of Mr. Choate's long and brilliant career into four phases, each of which he treats separately, helps the reader to appreciate the many-sided variety of his character and achievement.

As New Englander, Mr. Strong describes his ancestry, his education, the environment of the years which preceded his establishment as a lawyer in New York City and the manifestations in all his after life of his constant interest in and loyalty to New England. As New Yorker, the author passes in review the public side of his life, dwelling upon and quoting from his public addresses and after-dinner speeches, analysing and discussing his character, describing his services to city and nation. The story is brought down to his activities last spring during the welcome to the French and British Commissions, so soon followed by his death. Mr. Strong devotes especial attention to Mr. Choate's brilliant and successful career as a lawyer, while the section which considers his services as Ambassador to England is very rich and interesting, as it bears the fruits of the permission given to the author to examine and cull from the full scrap-books kept by Mr. Choate during his diplomatic experience.

Almost an epitome of the story of the American stage through its first half century, the *Life of Augustin Daly* brings to this group of American biographies the story of an important phase of achievement and of a vital and wholesome influence strongly differentiated from that of any of the others. An Irishman by birth, Mr. Daly came in his youth to New York City, where, a relative had written to his widowed mother, was "the only place for a widow with boys who have to make their way in the world," and through all the rest of his long life he was a good American. The gifts of character that he brought, of ability and of purpose, would have enriched any nation, and they were all doubly valuable to the artistic life of this young country. His native faculty for theatrical management revealed itself even in his boyhood and soon became his dominating purpose. The story of his life and of all that he did for the American stage is told in this biography by his brother very simply and sincerely. His was the first influence put forth to lift the theatre in America to its rightful position and for a generation he was its most important protagonist. The pages of his biography are filled with anecdotes, letters, reminiscences of the

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actors and actresses of the last decades of the nineteenth century, and the many illustrations bring back the remembered faces of those days. Augustin Daly did a great service for the American stage, a service made all the more important by the influence of his own sterling character and single-eyed purpose, and this account of it deserves to have a place among the interesting records of American achievements.

In this review of achievement by Americans George Inness is peculiarly representative of art, for by heritage and training and character and in the nature of his endowment of genius he was wholly American. That this was true of him is brought out clearly, sometimes intentionally, sometimes by implication and sometimes unconsciously, over and over again, by his son in the *Life, Art and Letters of George Inness.* Moreover, in his specialty in art, as a painter of landscapes, he stands at the top of our achievement with the surety that as the years go by his genius, his individuality, his spirit and his charm will be more and more recognised. The story of his life, as it is unfolded by his son, has absorbing interest, not only in the details of his outer life, which are full of the flashing, lovable, erratic individuality of the man, but in all that it makes known of his theory of art, his ideals of painting, his methods of work, his attitude toward the great problems of life, the way in which he infused into his canvases the spiritual forces which governed his being. Illustrative stories and incidents, excerpts from letters, personal memories, give to the reader an intimate view of Mr. Inness that is always engaging and always helps in the visualising of him as man and as artist. The book comes most opportunely at the present stage of our artistic development, and it ought to serve, in some measure, as a corrective for some of the fantastic, distorted, barren ideas concerning art that have sprung up and spread offensively during recent years. For the art of George Inness eloquently proclaimed, with every stroke of his brush, that the function of art is to ennoble life by interpreting and expressing beauty.

Although an adopted son of America, John James Audubon was so passionately and wholeheartedly an American, he so enthusiastically identified himself with the country and so much wished his achievements to be for its benefit that from the time of his eager coming hither, a youth of eighteen, in 1803, it might almost be said of him that he seized upon the country and made it his own rather than was adopted by it. In all the annals of science there could hardly be found another scientific career so extraordinary as his and few are the biographies of any sort that afford a story of so much and so varied adventure, such many-sided effort, such great achievement. Mr. Herrick, in *Audubon the Naturalist,* has told the whole story, with full detail, in very readable narrative. His two-volume work is especially worth while and noteworthy because he presents the results of some important discoveries of documents he made in France just before the breaking out of the Great War which throw light upon Audubon's birth, parents and early years. Incorporating the facts they contain in his narrative, he also presents them in literal, and sometimes photographic, copies in extensive appendices. So important are these matters that with justice it can be said that Mr. Herrick's is the first complete biography of Audubon.

Merchant and trader of the then frontier of the new country, explorer of the western wilds, enthusiastic student of animal life, adventurer into forest and mountain wildernesses, peerless artist of bird and beast, friend of the famous in America, England and France, Audubon's career is one long, breathless romance of adventure, eager effort, obstacles overcome and great achievement. One closes Mr. Herrick's notable book with a feeling of keen satisfaction over the pleasure it has afforded and of gratitude to the author for having written it. Not the least of its interesting features is the rather full sketch of the stormy, adventurous life of Audubon's

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father, who also had a somewhat intimate connection with this country. The scores of beautiful and most interesting illustrations also deserve mention.

Some are born Americans, some achieve Americanism, some seize upon it and some have it thrust upon them. If, perhaps, Audubon was of that third category the author of *An American in the Making* is surely of the second. He has achieved Americanism by dint of labours, trials, bewilderments, disillusions, misunderstandings and wrong beginnings, that at last brought him out with feet firmly planted on solid ground of understanding and approval, with eyesight cleared and vision widened. His account of it all makes a narrative as interesting, informing and illuminative as any of that sort that I have ever read. Indeed, it is much more so than some of them are, for Mr. Ravage, among his many mental gifts, has a little stiletto of cynicism and, although he rejoices that he has become an American, he likes to stand aside now and then and mock at us and make good-natured thrusts with his weapon. And that is much more wholesome for us than undiluted praise.

Mr. Ravage first paints for his readers a vivid picture of the environment and the heritage out of which, in Rumania, he came to America and then tells of his years of struggle and bewilderment and frequent distaste here, until at last he realised that he was no longer what he was when he came. But Americanisation did not come to him, he had to find it for himself in the Middle West at a state university. Not until he went back, after a summer vacation in New York, for his second year did he realise that the bars had broken down, that he understood this country and what it means and that he was and wished to be a part of it.

Mr. Ravage's story of how he became an American and why the process took so long is of especial interest and value because he brings out the non-material reasons for the difficulties in the Americanising of our newly come peoples. He makes clear the mental and spiritual non-adjustments, the constant strong pull of the Old World soul. And that is something which we, with our so different heritage, find it difficult to realise. He shows how those who achieve Americanism earn their right to the country by conquest of both spiritual and material difficulties as surely as did the adventuring band of the *Mayflower*. And when, with eloquence and pathos, he begs those to whom America is a heritage to try to learn from the immigrant just what America means to those who swarm hither he speaks a word that is well worth listening to and thinking about.

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THE IRISH HOME-RULE CONVENTION*

BY HERBERT S. GORMAN

WHEN the Irish home-rule convention started a month or so ago it was depreciated by many figures powerful in Irish politics, and since its sessions have taken place behind closed doors in order that the press might be barred from fragmentary or misleading reports its importance has apparently dwindled in the public eye. The multitudinous ramifications of the Irish question which must be thoroughly gone over and placed upon logical bases make the convention a peculiarly difficult one. Success seems hardly possible at a casual examination of the problems which the delegates must face, and when it is considered that such powerful parties as the O'Brienites and the Sinn Fein have withheld altogether from taking part the difficulties of any adjustment that may meet with widespread Irish approval appear impossible. Of course, whatever decision the convention arrives at, and it is my opinion now that one will be obtained, carries no legislative power. The convention can merely offer its solution and by a referendum or some other means have it either approved or disapproved by Ireland. That a logical, reasonable and fair solution will receive approval is possible and, more than that, probable. There will be compromises, of course, but the Irish are not so mad as to refuse the idea of compromise when it means such a culminating step toward Irish liberty. Even the Sinn Fein, withholding as it does from all part in the convention, is likely to accept a proposition that would include Ulster in the Irish government and, at the same time, offer means of absolute home rule.

*The Irish Home-Rule Convention, by George Russell, Horace Plunkett, John Quinn. New York: The Macmillan Company.

In the little volume, *The Irish Home-Rule Convention,* there are a number of pertinent thoughts brought to the reader's observation upon the possibilities of the convention, and it is encouraging to note that the tenor of the book is at all times optimistic. Besides "An American Opinion," by John Quinn, there is included George Russell's statesmanlike "Thoughts for a Convention" and Sir Horace Plunkett's speech at Dundalk in defence of the convention.

John Quinn's attitude is one of optimism throughout and his presentation of the facts involved is both clarifying and weighty in significance. The pro-German stigma that some few bought fanatics have brought to bear on workers for Irish freedom is combatted by Mr. Quinn. He gives his war credo in an opening chapter, emphasising the uselessness of considering Irish freedom under the Prussian hoof. The point that all domestic problems must be given a secondary place until democracy has crushed the black blood out of the Frankenstein's monster that is amuck in Europe is brought out, and the lamentable fact that the Sinn Fein has set domestic problems above this necessary adjustment in world politics is also presented. Mr. Quinn considers the settlement of the Irish problem a step in the successful waging of the war. Germany's one bloodless victory is in Ireland, he states, where fifty thousand British soldiers are tied up and where fifty thousand potential soldiers for freedom are lowering and disaffected. The execution of sixteen men in Dublin a year ago has cost Great Britain one hundred thousand soldiers. This is the result of putting statesmen's problems in the hands of the military authorities.

The difficulty of an Irish settlement

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is not belittled by any one of the writers in the book and it is apparent that the burden of argument is on domestic matters and not on the relations between Great Britain and Ireland. This ignoring of the ancient grudge by two of the most intellectual men in Ireland is significant in pointing to the real reason why the question is unsettled. George Russell wisely observes, "Irish parties must rise above themselves." Unity in Ireland is the one thing that can make the convention a success, and there is no disagreement between Irish parties that cannot be adjusted if the men will but reason and make certain compromises not in the least incompatible with their integrity or honour.

The problems to be considered by the convention simmer down to (1) self-government, (2) the problem of the Ulster Unionists, and (3) Great Britain and her relations to Ireland. The value of this little book in considering these topics rests wholly in "Thoughts for a Convention," by George Russell, or A. E., as lovers of poetry know him best. These three problems are considered here wisely and impartially, although in their broad outlines and not in meticulous analysis. As a discussion of underlying principles and suggestive tendering of ways out the article is one of the best pieces of constructive reasoning on the Irish situation that has appeared. Russell points out that fundamentals must be considered in any successful adjustment. It is just the lack of this on the part of public men that has so befogged and misdirected thought in Ireland. The rivalry of antagonistic political parties that should have been working singly for Ireland has wrought more harm than good.

The three prominent parties in Ireland are the Unionists, the Sinn Fein and the Constitutional Nationalists. Of these George Russell declares that the Nationalists are by far the largest. This may be true, although the tremendous growth of the Sinn Fein, whose strength has never been really plumbed, since the execution of the Easter rebellion leaders should not be lost sight of. The fact that Edmond de Valera and Thomas Cosgrave, Sinn Fein leaders but lately out of prison, were both elected in county campaigns is a significant one. De Valera was elected to the seat from Clare that William Redmond left by his death at the front. Thomas Ashe, a Sinn Fein leader who had been re-arrested for spreading seditious literature, died recently from the effects of a hunger strike and has undoubtedly been made a martyr by the Irish population. These signs point to a very great strength on the part of Sinn Fein and its attitude toward Irish questions must not be belittled.

George Russell points out that the intellect of Ireland is fixed on fundamentals, but he also points out that the Nationalists have made no provision for the ideals of either the Unionists or the Sinn Fein. Ideals are a fundamental in Ireland more than in any other country, and the masses will follow an appeal to the heart quicker than one to the head any time The Nationalists are realists, and it is only to the admirable results in legislations that are due to them that make them so large and powerful a party. Both of the other parties have ideals, fiery and fervent ones, animating them, and the essentially dramatic qualities of the Irish spirit make it easy to understand why they should be popular.

Briefly considering the objects of each party, it must be conceded that George Russell, idealist though he is known to be, leans toward the Nationalist views. He finds in their middle course a means that may be developed toward a splendid end. Absolute freedom from Great Britain is an impossibility, unless an unexpected revolution in the Empire occur, and the Sinn Fein ideal carried to its furthest conclusion is impossible. On the other hand the idea of separation of Ulster from the rest of Ireland is equally impossible. The mere suggestion of an Ulster victory in the convention would mean the end of all serious consideration of that meeting. Yet Mr. Russell

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brings out the point (and a great many of us lose sight of it) that Ulster men are Unionists not for the sake of Great Britain, but because they believe it is for the good of Ireland, at least their part of Ireland. Believing this, he thinks them capable of being reasoned with, and if they can be converted to the belief that it is for the good of Ireland that they come into some sort of government resembling the South African union (Mr. Russell even suggests the Swiss cantonal system, which would give Ulster powers of local legislation) they would do it.

The fundamentals suggested by Mr. Russell cover all phases of Irish misunderstanding, and if they could be carried out would work wonders in that much-perplexed country. First of all, there is the idea that Nationalists should try to understand Unionists and that Unionists should reciprocate. The fact that the Nationalists are much the larger party should make them do all in their power to convert the minority, if not to a merging at least to amicable relations. Ireland as a whole is willing to give Ulster all the guarantees she may require to allay her suspicions as to the outcome of Ulster's inclusion in the Irish Parliament. The old religious bugaboo is guarded against, and the mere fact of Ulster being an industrial centre while the rest of Ireland is mainly agricultural offers a means of cordial understanding. One cannot exist without the other, and brotherly concord is the most reasonable thing to suppose.

No nation has but one culture and Ulster must understand this. There is room for several cultures in Ireland; Ulster may have hers and the rest of Ireland will not gainsay it.

The Sinn Fein idea of waiting for the peace conference after the Great War is discussed by Sir Horace Plunkett in his speech. He points out that it is extremely doubtful whether the conference would admit Ireland even if that country could agree and elect representatives. Rather would the conference advise the Irish to have a convention of their own and settle among themselves what they wanted before they came to a world gathering. This very thing is all that Great Britain apparently wants.

The possibilities of a Union similar to that in South Africa are the most appealing of any suggestions brought forward for Ireland. Mere home rule never would have satisfied the country. Under a union Ireland could have her own parliament. She would have self-administrative and legislative powers, could raise her own territorial troops, and in reality be a nation within a confederation of nations. The mere fact that the territorial troops could not be moved out of Ireland without the consent of the Irish Parliament proves that this form of government would be pleasing to the majority of Irish people.

The convention with its wise and efficient chairman, Sir Horace Plunkett, with the services of such impartial and honest men as George Russell, Sir Francis Hopwood and Erskine Childers, should arrive at a conclusion of importance, and this will probably be the aforementioned South African union style of government. Of course, it is regrettable that men like William O'Brien, Standish O'Grady, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Professor John MacNeill and even Edmond de Valera could not take part in the proceedings, but these men are all reasonable, and if the Irish Home-Rule Convention brings in a logical agreement will undoubtedly work for its accomplishment. This little book is rich in its suggestive prophecy of a peaceable and contented Ireland, a state that might do more than can easily be imagined toward a successful conclusion of the Great War.

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TRAVEL IN WAR TIME

BY ARTHUR M. CHASE

WHERE in this world of war zones, submarines, trenches, stringent passport rules and other restrictions can people travel to-day? Especially in view of the fact that the part of the earth, Europe, which three-fourths,—or is it nine-tenths?—of the travelling public enjoyed as a happy hunting ground is practically closed except to those tourists who travel with rifle, bayonet and hand grenade. It would seem as if travel and the tales of travellers must be at a low ebb; and yet, among the books of the season are an unusual number of interesting and worth-while volumes of this class.

Among corners of the globe that are still remote from the war is the whole continent of South America with its vast distances and fifty-seven million inhabitants. A long trail through South America is described in Harry A. Franck's *Vagabonding Down the Andes*.[1] As readers of *A Vagabond Journey Around the World* and other books by Mr. Franck are aware, this author sticks to the oldest means of locomotion known to man—pedestrianism. A little walk down along the Andes would seem to be something of a feat; and so it proves to be in the pages of this interesting book. Beginning at Bogota in the United States of Columbia, the author tramped to Ecuador, across it, through Peru and by the back regions of one of the most remote countries in the world, Bolivia, to the borders of the Argentine. A stalwart traveller this, making his twenty-five, thirty and at times even forty miles a day along mule trails and roads which were primitive in the days of the Incas and have steadily deteriorated since. At times he carried his baggage on his back, and he mentions loads, thirty pounds and more, and once, for a distance, one hundred pounds. Part of the time he faced the cold and the rarefied air of heights two and even three miles above sea-level. Part of the time he made his way through the tropical heat of lowlands directly under the equator. Travelling as he did far from the beaten track of tourists he had to live as the natives live, and faced conditions which one who enjoys comfortable beds and clean food shudders to contemplate.

Although the author refers to his journey as vagabonding and to himself as a vagabond, his book reveals him as a keen-eyed, observant traveller with a fund of dry Yankee humour and common sense. The volume therefore is not only a rare record of endurance and adventure in out-of-the-way places, but in addition is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the Andes and the Andeans.

Along somewhat similar lines is Alfred C. B. Fletcher's *From Job to Job Around the World*.[2] The author, a young Californian, combined resources with another intrepid youngster, the resources reaching a total of ten dollars, and zigzagged from port to port and from job to job around the globe. A very entertaining story he spins, not only about the world, or such considerable portions as he visited, but also about the calm assurance and the readiness of American boys to make themselves at home in strange places and under remarkable conditions.

A region from which the war does not bar travellers is the North Pole, and a notable book on Arctic journeys is *Secrets of Arctic Travel*[3] by the man who

[1]Vagabonding Down the Andes. By Harry A. Franck. New York: The Century Company.

[2]From Job to Job Around the World. By Alfred C. B. Fletcher. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

[3]Secrets of Arctic Travel. By Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary. New York: The Century Company.

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is more competent than any other in the world to discuss the subject—Rear Admiral Robert E. Peary. In this volume Admiral Peary does not describe Arctic discoveries, but details the means by which his discoveries were made possible —the infinite pains in building a ship; in stocking it down to the last pound of food and the last pair of snow-shoes; and he reveals some of the knowledge, born of years of experience, of ice navigation and travel in the grim and rigorous Polar regions. As one reads this book the idea dawns that for foresight, for thoroughness, for attention to a thousand details there is a race on this side of the Atlantic that rivals even the widely advertised capabilities of the Germans in these respects.

A few years ago, due somewhat to conditions brought about by the war, and to the newly awakened idea of "seeing America first," Julian Street wrote a delightful book called *Abroad at Home*. In it he showed us these United States, or the western part of them, with a freshness of vision and humour that made his book one to be remembered with pleasure. In somewhat the same vein Mr. Street reveals his impressions of the Sunny South in *American Adventures*.[4] Of adventures the author recounts few, barring the hardships in hotels not quite up to the standard of the Biltmore; but he has filled a sizable volume with impressions of the land from the Chesapeake to the Mississippi. He was an industrious traveller, and visited a great number of historic spots and Colonial mansions which most people, even those familiar with the South, have never heard of. Also he was assiduous in collecting information; in fact the book suffers a little from an excess of reportorial matter. As in his first book, Mr. Street reveals a lively humour and a faculty for looking at old things from new angles. In one respect, however, *American Adventures* is not up to the standard of *Abroad at Home*. In the earlier book the author wrote as if he were thoroughly AT HOME in the Middle West, and enjoyed his visit there. The later volume gives one an impression that Mr. Street was not so much at home in the South, that it was very new to him, and that he did not altogether understand it.

Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, New Orleans, these and half a dozen more are the picturesque old seaport towns of the South. Picturesque, both as to place and people they are, as only one can realise who visits them with a readiness to enjoy and understand. It is in this spirit that Mildred Cram's *Old Seaport Towns of the South*[5] is written. She is an appreciative pilgrim, ready to be entertained by a bad road, a rattletrap automobile, a train ten hours late, or any of the numerous mishaps of the road. She catches the spirit of the cities, Baltimore, Charleston, Norfolk, and others, with remarkable accuracy. And she has a rare gift of writing with such genuine enjoyment of the people she meets on her travels—conductors, cabmen, leading citizens and negroes, that it is a pleasure to read what she did, whom she saw, what they said and how they acted. *Old Seaport Towns of the South* is a thoroughly delightful book. The publishers have issued it in most attractive form, making a feature of the unusual and striking illustrations by the author's brother, Allan G. Cram.

Two books of differing aims and about corners of the globe far distant from each other are A. Hyatt Verrill's *The Book of the West Indies*[6] and Archie Bell's *A Trip to Lotus Land*.[7] The former is a guide book to the West Indies, comprehensive, well arranged, and written by a man who has spent much time in the last twenty-five years living in and exploring the West Indies. In the latter, the author describes a six weeks' tour through Japan, which he

[4]American Adventures. By Julian Street. New York: The Century Company.

[5]Old Seaport Towns of the South. By Mildred Cram. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

[6]The Book of the West Indies. By A. Hyatt Verrill. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

[7]A Trip to Lotus Land. By Archie Bell. New York: John Lane Company.

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thoroughly enjoyed and which he writes about in a happy and entertaining manner.

There are alluring names in the corner of the world where I dwell, such as the Upper Meadow, Sky Farm, and High Pasture. Is there not something breeze-blown and spacious about the very words High Pasture? You do not need a picture to bring the image to your eye. Perhaps your image will not in the least resemble our High Pasture, to be sure, but what does that matter? You will see a greensward flung like a mantle over the tall shoulder of a hill, the blue dome of the sky dropping down behind it, and to the ear of memory will come the faint, lazy tinkle of a cow-bell.

Thus begins Walter Prichard Eaton's *Green Trails and Upland Pastures.*[8] And for those who love hills and fields and wood paths and all the delights of nature's green trails, the book is a treasury of exquisite landscapes painted with words in place of the brush. Take this bit of description from the peak of one of the Berkshires.

Far below lie the blue eyes of Twin Lakes, and beyond them rises the beautiful dome of the Taconics, ethereal blue in colour, yet solid and eternal. Lift your face ever so little, and the green world begins to fall from sight, the great cloud-ships, sailing in the summer sky, begin to be the one thing prominent. How soft they billow as they ride! How exquisite they are with curve and shadow and puffs of silver light! Even as you watch, one sweeps across the sun, and trails a shadow anchor over the pasture, over your feet. You almost hold your breath as it passes, for it seems in some subtle way as if the cloud had touched you, had spoken you on its passage.

[8]Green Trails and Upland Pastures. By Walter Prichard Eaton. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Whether it be of high pastures and hill tops in the Berkshires, or remote clearings in the White Mountains, or the grander scenery of Glacier Park and the Cascades, or a bit of New England stone wall, the book is a succession of delightful pictures, to be read slowly and carefully, rolling them over the tongue as it were, and going back to read again.

David Grayson's *Great Possessions*[9] is not, and again it is a book of travel. For it is a David Grayson book, and

To be a Graysonian is to be fond of the open air; to love the stretching road and the sun on the shoulder blades; to study the wonderful ways of nature; and to slip away once in a while from everything and go a-way-faring with Joy for a companion.

Great Possessions, says the author, deals with the well-flavoured earth and with well-flavoured people. And he goes on to explain that this book, and others in what may be called the "Adventures in Contentment" series have sprung from notes in little books, set down on the roadside or in the woods, with no thought at first of publication. In it he relates the experiences of that elusive, invisible life which in every man is so far more real, so far more important than his visible activities. And while all the other travel books discussed here are of journeys far and wide over God's green earth, *Great Possessions,* if it be considered a travel book, may be called an account of the travels of a man's soul. And in leisurely fashion the chapters wander on, discussing nature, people, the essence of happiness, odours, the taste of twigs, riches, contentment and a host of things.

[9]Great Possessions. By David Grayson. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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A STROLL THROUGH THE FAIR OF FICTION

BY H. W. BOYNTON

As HE enters the busy fair of the present season's fiction, and takes a look about, the casual patron's first impression may well be the familiar one of confusion. The exhibits appear to be arranged at haphazard, and the arrangement shifts from moment to moment. There is embarrassing doubt as to the nature of many of the entries: this creature which the exhibitor asserts to be a Percheron one of the judges has shifted summarily to the Jersey class; and yonder alleged pumpkin is tossed by a spectator into the stall of citrous fruits. Is it fish or fowl, yonder queer object with the feathery wings and the scaly belly? . . . Perhaps, in his desperation, the honest spectator ends by ignoring all the labels, and looking about to see if he can find anything of conceivable use to such a creature as man in such a world as the present. There may be something that will help him at his daily job, or there may be something that will help him forget it; very likely he could be happy with either, and needs one as much as the other.

For these are the two chief benefits that a flexible and comprehensive and rather vaguely defined art like the art of fiction has to offer: a way of approach to the present and a way of escape from it; help in comprehending and settling the troublesome problems of living, or a magic glass through which, like the lucky Alice, we may flee to enchanting adventures. The world's business was never more oppressive than it is to-day, a tired businessman fills most of our easy chairs, and there are signs that he is demanding his own of the story-tellers. It is certain that a large majority of the novels of this season are pretty frankly addressed to him, or to the female of him.

But there are notable, if relatively few, examples of the fiction of approach, and these we may glance at to begin with. First of all, of course, as the dominant problem or condition of the hour, comes the war; and faithful attempts are being made to set it before us as a spectacle, or to interpret it as a human portent. To the first order, primarily, belongs *The Fighting Men,* by Alden Brooks (Scribner), a collection of the striking stories, or sketches, which have been appearing in *Collier's* from time to time. They are not short stories, or "shortstories," of the popular American model, with the snap and the punch of commerce. They are the work of a writer who has felt (not pursued) the Continental influence, and whose master is de Maupassant rather than "O. Henry." But they are the work of an American, and they have the direct and personal effect of honest work done at first hand. They show the war from the point of view of certain fighters of six nations: "The Parisian" and "The Belgian" are portraits of especial force. To the same documentary order belongs the new book by Boyd Cable, *Grapes of Wrath* (Dutton), with its narrative of the experiences at the battle-front of four infantrymen, one of them an American; and the *Under Fire* of Henri Barbusse, to which the Académie Goncourt gave its prize for the best book of the year. This narrative, now available in English, was fully reviewed in THE BOOKMAN for September. Serious stories of current life accept the war as at least the inevitable background of the action. It is more than background in the *Missing* of Mrs. Humphry Ward (Dodd, Mead), which is, nevertheless, essentially a love story under current conditions, rather than an attempted interpretation of England at war. The Nelly of the tale, a sweet and feminine crea-

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ture such as Mrs. Ward has so often created, may perhaps be taken as a type of the woman whose strength lies in her appealing sex rather than her adaptability to the Amazonian plane of her more modern sisters. The sadness of her experience, in which the war plays its part, if it brings no heroic revelation, is not wasted upon her: "She knew only that she was uplifted, strengthened, to endure and serve." In a similar way Basil King, in *The High Heart* (Harper), undertakes a romance of the hour in terms of the hour. Whatever we may think of the reality of his story, with its Canadian heroine and its fantastic tyrant of a financier of the States, we cannot ignore its undercurrent of feeling as to the duty of America in the great war, or the strong note of faith in the outcome which rings through its pages: "I should be sorry, I should be hopeless, were I not to believe that above bloodshed, and cruelty, and hatred, and lust, and suffering, and all that is abominable, the Holy Ghost is breathing on every nation of mankind. . . . That is what I believe—that through this travail of the New Birth for all mankind redemption is on its way."

This, of course, is the feeling behind Mr. Wells's in many respects absurd *The Soul of a Bishop* (Macmillan). However ineffectual his bishop may be, however vague and egotistical the Wellsian programme for a reborn world, we cannot doubt the sincere impulse of faith behind it,—that somehow, before long, there is to come into the world a new manifestation of divinity, a righteousness that shall be able to stand the test of the future. This idea is represented more concretely in *The Coming,* by J. C. Snaith (Appleton), who dares the now familiar feat of putting the sinful hour, which is our own, to the test of a Christlike presence. For his foil and chief adversary we have a rural vicar of infinitely narrower spirit than Mr. Wells's bishop. The opening scene, with its atmosphere of wonder, is more impressive than the later action, which is too neatly contrived, and, in its madhouse episodes, borders perilously upon the ridiculous.

To the phenomena and problems of the war, current fiction gives the phenomena and problems of industrialism second place. Sherwood Anderson's *Marching Men* (Lane), like *The Coming,* is a sort of parable or prophecy; but is not a war story. Its prophet is a prophet of the masses, of mankind, the Toiler finding his place in the sun. His emergence from the shadows of industrial and political oppression is to come, however, not through the workings of an organised labour or a methodical socialism, so much as through the attainment of a somewhat mystical consciousness of solidarity. Out of the many he is to become the one, and, so being, is to sweep all before him. The rhythmic union of McGregor's marching men is, he dreams, a symbol of the universal rhythm for which the world waits. Against this generous if misty vision of the future one may set a record of the selfish and sordid present like *The Rise of David Lavinsky,* by Abraham Cahan (Harper), an unsparing interpretation of the predatory immigrant. Lavinsky makes his millions by going his way without scruple, a liar, a thief, and a traitor to his own kind. His hand is against every man; as for organised labour, it is simply a stupid combination of enemies which he knows how to defeat. For the disciplining of such may universal military service do its utmost in the near future! Needless to say, there is nothing vague or mystical about *King Coal* (Macmillan). Mr. Sinclair's visions always take perfectly concrete form in his consciousness and his expression. He not only sees a goal ahead, but he is sure of the first step that ought to be taken toward that goal. Social equality and industrial justice are absolutely practicable matters to him: all that is necessary is the exercise of common sense and decency on the part of those who are now on top,—or, better, the removal of those who are now on top, since, being men of capital or of politics, they are essentially incapable of

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common sense or decency. *King Coal* is an absorbing story, as a story, and an exceedingly effective tract, as a tract. We do not doubt that its physical action is closely based on fact, but we do doubt whether, in making all his rich men fools or rascals, and all his poor men heroes or victims, he does not risk the defeat of his appeal to those of his audience who are unable to subscribe to the Code of the Screen.

In a sense *The Dwelling Place of Light* (Macmillan) is a study by Mr. Churchill of the modern industrial situation somewhat as *The Inside of the Cup* was a study of the modern religious situation. There were two things that irritated some of us about the earlier story. One of them was that in attempting to settle the fairly complex probelm of the modern church offhand, this earnest story-teller had bitten off decidedly more than he could chew; and the other was that he had hopelessly done so for his human characters in the process. What a wooden young parson that was! Somewhat oddly, perhaps, our author is a good deal more chary of laying down the law about industrialism than he was about religion. It almost seems indeed that, three-quarters through his narrative, he gradually withdraws from the problem he has so thoroughly stated, and takes refuge in the personal human story of the girl Janet. Up to the moment when the strike at the Chippering Mill breaks out, the action, both greater and smaller, sweeps along with irresistible power. The old New England town, with its relics of Puritanism, physical and human, floundering half-heartedly between the devil of commercial efficiency and the deep sea of immigrant invasion, is painted to the life. In this scene a test is to be made of the right of the employer to "succeed" and the right of the employed to live decently. The looming struggle dawns upon us through the eyes, not of the usual young socialist reformer of fiction, but of a girl of the mills, whose personal tragedy is to be strangely interwoven with the public event. But what happens is quite indeterminate—is, indeed nothing better or worse than what happened in the historic strike which Mr. Churchill appears to have had in mind. The contest is won by the doubtful agency of the I. W. W. organisation, but nothing permanent has been gained; both sides are right and both are wrong, and presently they will be at each other's throats again. The only way out is escape for an individual here and there to some such "dwelling-place of light" as Janet finds in her last days.

Marriage remains a leading problem with the novelists. In *Beyond* (Scribner), John Galsworthy once again expresses his sharp (if not profound) distrust of it as an institution. He has, to be sure, little faith in any institution of society; but marriage appears to give him uncommon dissatisfaction. Nowhere in his stories does he describe or seem to be aware of that fairly cheerful and successful accommodation which marriage for the most part is. Always in his mind it is an artificial and comfortless arrangement between two persons of opposite sexes; always he is insisting, beneath the cool and polished surface of his art, that love is passion, and that passion cannot and ought not to be controlled by any sort of code. Half concealed by his cold and reserved manner lurks, to put it frankly, the sex obsession of the sceptical bachelor. *Beyond* exalts two irregular passions above the ties of marriage which they are destined to break. Hapless victims of sex though these be, they are at least superior to the degrading bonds of fidelity! *The Chaste Man* (Knopf), by Louis Wilkinson, is of rather similar atmosphere, the brilliantly written story of a husband who tries to put the curb on his desires and to do the honourable thing by several women, and is voted a paltry fellow for his pains. *You Can't Have Everything,* by Rupert Hughes (Harper), though exuberant and haphazard in form, is a far more wholesome book than either of these. Mr. Hughes believes in marriage, though he believes in fairly easy divorce as a safeguard of true marriage, and hits out

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sharply at the jumbled divorce laws of America, and at the antiquated prohibitions of the Church. In *Martie, the Unconquered,* by Kathleen Norris (Doubleday), the verdict of the Church is as unquestioningly accepted. Mrs. Norris is a sort of prophetess of domesticity and the happy marriage, and it says much for her faith that she finds the heart to part her two lovers because one of them has been divorced for no fault of his own. She consoles herself and her heroine by setting that young lady up as a successful authoress in New York City, than which what more might be desired by any nice, simple little creature such as Martie seems to be?

Books of feminine sentiment and humour are very many; and here, of course, we arrive frankly at the novel of escape. *Calvary Alley,* by Alice Hegan Rice (Century), is in the familiar vein of the author of Mrs. Wiggs, with a somewhat more elaborate and dramatic action than she has commonly undertaken. *Amarilly in Love,* by Belle K. Maniates (Little, Brown), recounts the later adventures of that expert in joy, Amarilly of Clothesline Alley. The popular cult of "glad" fiction has by no means run its course. The philosophy of cheering up and making the best of things we all need, no doubt, to have rubbed in, but the spectacle of the professionally glad story-teller is a bit funny, when one comes to think of it. The long line of poor or oppressed or crippled optimists, reaching from Mrs. Wiggs (to go back only a little way) to the Pollyannas and Amarillys of the hour, shows no sign of coming to an end. *The Big Little Person,* by Rebecca Cooper Eastman (Harper), is a fresh recruit, her disability being not poverty but deafness, and her gospel of cheer finding a responsive voice in a certain mysterious "Kantwearout Man," who comforts his own sorrows by writing overshoe advertising of fairly belligerent good humour. In *Red Pepper's Patients* (Doubleday, Page), Grace S. Richmond achieves a second coming of her glad young physician Red Pepper Burns, who acts the part of a good angel to a further series of down-hearted fellow-beings. The paragon and joy-maker of *The Heart's Kingdom,* by Maria Thompson Daviess (Reilly and Britton), is a young minister whose supernal goodness and wisdom are only equalled (they cannot be surpassed) by his godlike physique.

Herself, Himself, and Myself, by Ruth Sawyer (Harper), is a book of sentiment undisguisedly, but of sentiment upon a higher plane, guarded and mellowed by true humour in contrast with that feminine "brightness" which characterises the novel of the "glad" sort. The story is told by an old Irish nurse, and her fancy is to tell it in the idiom and manner of an Irish fairy tale, though it is the story of her own girlish charge, "Herself," and of how, by roundabout ways, she adventured toward happiness. It is the great war that, in unexpected fashion, opens the final door and brings her into her kingdom. In *Christine; A Fife Fisher Girl* (Appleton), that aged but still spontaneous and vigorous story-teller, Amelia E. Barr, places in such a setting as, for all her years in America, remains the home of her fancy, a love story of characteristic sweetness and charm. *Neighbors* (Dodd, Mead), by Florence Morse Kingsley, invites the reader to revisit the rural-comic-sentimental New England of Miss Philura and her kind. Oddly, in this sentimental company, I find myself placing *The Innocents* (Harper), by Sinclair Lewis, a pious realist who here turns aside, much to his own amusement, to wander in the pleasant flower-grown fields of domestic sweetness and light. As if to make sure that it shall not be misunderstood as anything but a digression, the little story is prefaced by a "Dedicatory Introduction," in which it is laid smilingly at the feet of the younger British realists, as "a tale for people who still read Dickens and clip out spring poetry and love old people and children." His loving old pair are more delightful, on the whole, at first meeting than they become later, when the author seems to be putting

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them through certain rather fantastic paces—with his tongue in his cheek. One suspects that, having created them, he hardly knew what to do with them, and in the end did too much. It is in spite of his ingenuity, not because of it, that the reader keeps on believing in Father and Mother, the devoted and the irrepressible.

And so, by way of sentimental comedy, fiction of the consciously smile-and-tear order, we come to romance of a more serious kind. Many stories lie along the borderline, and need not be laboriously spotted as one thing or the other. After a lapse of some years, John Fox, Jr. comes forward with another book of the Kentucky mountains, *In Happy Valley* (Scribner), which the reader will take soberly or not as he is able to connect its local colours and characters with universal meaning. These are good stories and affecting stories, with the advantage of a quaint setting and atmosphere; they are, I suppose, less true to "life" than to that wistful dream of life which is called sentiment. This may certainly be said of *The Broken Gate,* by Emerson Hough (Appleton). It is modern and American enough in scene and detail, but begins with a fantastically improbable situation, and carries the reader's credulity and sensibility from strain to strain, up to the moment when the rich and powerful and therefore villainous Judge Henderson is humbled in the dust and vainly pleads for the love of the woman he has wronged so many years ago. *Green Fancy,* by George Barr McCutcheon (Dodd, Mead), is a characteristic bit of romantic ingenuity, involving certain foreign royalties and nobilities, who are fated to carry on their perilous and momentous intrigues in the midst of rural New England. The reader who is susceptible to this kind of thing may be sure of his thrills, since the author of *Graustark* has lost none of his post-Zenda cunning. Before we slip into the field of romantic adventure, two or three books of comedy should at least be named. Here is *Temperamental Henry,* by Samuel Merwin (Bobbs-Merrill), a story of calf-youth not unlike, though not at all imitative of, Mr. Tarkington's *Seventeen.* Its action is more continuous, for one thing, and amply, if innocently, fulfils the presage of the subtitle, "The Loves of Henry the Ninth."

Here also is *Turn About Eleanor,* by Ethel M. Kelley (Bobbs-Merrill), the first novel of a young writer, who has hit upon an original situation for her story. Eleanor is a little Yankee who comes from Cape Cod (as Miss Kelley did) to be the adopted daughter of six bachelor New Yorkers of both sexes. They have foresworn marriage and agreed to adopt a child whose time and affections shall be divided among them. The complications arising from this absurd arrangement are recorded with much spirit, and there is plenty of romance in the upshot, for all concerned. *Fishpingle,* by Horace A. Vachell (Doran), is a bit of very British comedy based upon a rather flimsy and perfunctory mystery. For all its accuracy of detail as to manor-house setting and country types, it remains nothing better than a pleasant contrivance with a distinctly melodramatic finish. It might make a good movie-play, and that is the best we can say for it. In *Conquest,* by Olive Wadsley (Dodd, Mead), there is more of romance and less of comedy. It is the story of a youth of extraordinary antecedents, a gamin of the Paris streets, who rises to be not only a great prize-fighter in England, but a friend of persons of high degree in the artistic and the social world, one of whom he presently marries. Edna Ferber has made the American business woman her particular province. In the American-Jewish heroine of *Fanny Herself* (Stokes) she has produced a very different person from the famous Emma McChesney. Fanny succeeds "on her own" in the open competition of business life, but her whole story is told, her whole romance as well as the rest; and it touches on many aspects of American life in the twentieth century.

A business story of a more rigid and masculine type is *To the Last Penny,* by

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that expert in the romance of "the Street," Edwin Lefevre. Here, unluckily, he has done a mechanical piece of work. The racing stories in *Old Man Curry,* by Charles E. Van Loan (Doran), are equally addressed to the taste of the predatory male, and are far more engagingly told. Chiefly to the masculine taste also is addressed that ultimate form of fiction as a mental game, the detective story. It seems that there is a strong current reaction in its favour, during these troublous days—a medium of escape the more appealing from its very indifference to matters like natural action or characterisation. Certainly there is an uncommonly large "output" of this commodity at the moment. The marvellous Arsène Lupin is again to the fore in an English version of *The Golden Triangle,* by Maurice Leblanc (Macaulay), equipped with a series of blood-curdling and blood-shedding adventures, out of which a central mystery is unwound in the proper fashion. In *The Treasure Train* (Harper), an adroit American practitioner, Arthur B. Reeve, spins a web which the reader will have a delectable amount of trouble in unravelling. *Kate Plus 10,* by Edgar Wallace (Small, Maynard), offers an unusual combination of light humour and thrilling mystery. *The Green Tree Mystery* by Roman Doubleday (Appleton), is a more conventional detective story, following its tangled clues with indifference to anything but the pursuit in hand, and making a very pretty chase of it. *The Nameless Man,* by Natalie S. Lincoln (Appleton), with not less cleverly managed materials, throws in for good measure something of style and characterisation which the reader may or may not care much for in work of this kind. This may also be said of *The Abandoned Room,* by Wadsworth Camp (Doubleday, Page), whose machinery of mystification involves supposedly supernatural elements of hair-raising nature. *A King in Babylon,* by Burton E. Stevenson (Small, Maynard), also turns upon the quasi-supernatural; a mystery of possible reincarnation piquantly connected with the enterprise of a moving-picture producer in the Egyptian desert. The mystery is left open, with a possible solution provided—quite in the manner of Sir Rider Haggard, who does the trick once more in *Finished,* a story wherein the imperishable Allan Quartermain comports himself with undiminished vigour and address. A modern romance of varied mystery and adventure is *The Luck of the Irish,* by Harold McGraw (Harper).

And so we arrive at that more stately and, by virtue of its remoteness, that safer avenue of escape from the obsessing present, the road of historical romance. *The Heart of Her Highness* (Putnam), by Clara E. Laughlin, is a story of Flanders at the sufficiently comfortable remove of four centuries. The Highness of the tale is that daughter of Charles the Bold whose precarious early reign and personal romance are here chronicled. The scene of *Wolf-Lure,* by Agnes and Egerton Castle (Appleton), is laid in the France of the early nineteenth century, and has to do with the adventurous romance of a daughter of the old aristocratic France who finds herself fated to deal with a new age and a new humanity. Needless to say of a work from these experienced hands, it is a vigorous and finished story of its kind. *Long Live the King,* by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Houghton Mifflin), is, one may say, a Zenda story in that its scene is an unnamed kingdom somewhere in Middle Europe, but its substance, which shall not be hinted at here, is otherwise fresh as well as ingenious and amusing. *The Wanderers,* by Mary Johnston (Houghton Mifflin), is an impressive departure from the author's usual field. It is a linked series of tales which make up a story of all the ages, tracing the rôle which the love between man and woman has played in the determination of great events in the history of the race.

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SOME TRUTHS AND MORE SURMISES ABOUT WOMEN

BY EDNA KENTON

THE trail of the war serpent lies over most of the books written to-day about women. The twentieth century was early acclaimed as the age of women, an age in which, thanks to the new self-assertion of the sex, most of the problems that have worn mankind were to be solved simply and directly by women, tired of man's inactivity and their own. Some time ago George K. Chesterton offered a tentative explanation of the woman movement; a result of women's hidden resentment against men who no longer faced danger on the battle-field, while they themselves continued to face death in the creating of life. Pertinently, at the most crucial hour of women's struggle for power, the Great War came, to break the dream and upset all theory and practice. What is to come out of the war for women no one knows. Old truths are re-dressed—those that have survived—and more surmises are offered. But the new feminist books are cautiously antennaed. The truth about women is as obscured by war as it has been by civilisation.

In *The Living Present*[1] Gertrude Atherton deals for the most part with specific women in France who have specific problems of war—most of them ladies of high degree who interest Mrs. Atherton for oddly interesting reasons. It is a book shot through with personalities and personality. Madame Waddington's Ouvoir Holophane, for instance, is described where she gave work for one-franc-fifty and café-au-lait to "perfectly well-dressed, well-educated, gently-bred women." But Madame Waddington's altogether worthy war work is more than dimmed by Mrs. Atherton's careful limning of her personality. She does not wear a red-brown wig, but her own abundant hair, as soft and white as cotton. She is too much absorbed in the war to waste much time at dressmakers, or to care whether her placket-hole is open or not. She never dropped out of society except during the inevitable period of mourning. When the Germans drew near she endured a five-day flight, "during which she never took off her high-heeled slippers with their diamond buckles . . . one of the side dramas of the war." Madame la Comtesse d'Haussonville, president of the noblesse division of the Red Cross, interested Mrs. Atherton intensely "because she is one of the very few women of her age at least who not only is a great lady, but looks the rôle." She wears no make-up whatever. Though she dresses plainly, her clothes are "cut by a master and an excessively modern master at that," with "a waistline in its proper place." Forcibly indented in this description of Madame la Comtesse d'Haussonville is one of an unnamed Mayoress of a provincial town which for sheer feminine virility should not be missed. Madame Camille Lyon "dressed in the smartest possible mourning, and with that white ruff across her brow—Oh là là!" It was Madame Lyon who commented on the appalling swiftness with which Mrs. Atherton gathered material, and of this gift Mrs. Atherton frankly says: "The truth of the matter was that I had long cultivated the habit of registering definite impressions in a flash, and after a tour of the cots, which took about seven minutes, could have told her the nature of every wound!"

After an interesting deal of ladies' work in war time, Mrs. Atherton takes

[1]The Living Present. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: F. A. Stokes Company.

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up France's problems of the future with its woman power. In the problems presented by lower-class women in war industry she sees nothing more serious than an economic problem which is likely to solve itself. But in the girls of the leisure classes so suddenly and intoxicatingly freed by war, she senses a terrific problem. Feminism, which elsewhere she defines as "the more or less concerted sweep of women from the backwaters into the broad central streams of life," has in France also done "its insidious work," and the war has completed what the American woman with her careless independence and the English militants began. Women and girls of the upper bourgeoisie have broken through their shell of centuries, and war has made them a part of life whose literal a b c was unknown to them before. Mrs. Atherton discusses engagingly the superfluous French female, marriage, illegitimacy, "the threat of the matriarchate," which she does not take seriously, and "the triumph of middle age," which she does. The final chapter deals with "four highly specialised women" by name, personality, occupation; a social secretary, a play-broker, a librarian, and an editor. An odd final chapter to an amusing and interesting book which is crowded with intimate gossip about people, and Mrs. Atherton's personal reactions to the living present as it touches and affects her. One gets a feeling of impressions caught at lightning speed and given out all the more personally for not having been mulled over and reasoned out. It takes more than seven minutes to read Mrs. Atherton's book, but when I put it down it was with the feeling that I have seldom come to know anyone so well.

A Woman and the War,[2] by the Countess of Warwick, has a franker title than Mrs. Atherton's *The Living Present,* though it is far less a record of personal reactions to dramatic details, and much more an impersonal facing of the problems of the living present. It is a book of protest, criticism and warning against England's steady loss during the Great War, of her heritage of freedom; her disregard of human life in war and peace; her blind belief that the world was made and populated to be held in thrall to soulless machinery. The Countess of Warwick is more interested than Mrs. Atherton in the problems of the world's majority; that is to say, the problems of the workers of the world. She suggests that England's war time is not necessarily over when peace comes; that her working classes who have fought her war will come back drilled, powerful, fearless, bringing France's greatest battle cry—Camerades—across the channel into England's civil life; and that England, if she does not take speedy steps to mend her industrial ways, may easily and immediately face civil war. "Those who have a finger upon the pulse of the workers the world over know that the life forces, depressed for a time, are giving a growing vigour to the beat. Already they see the rulers of the world deploring the catastrophe they have brought about, becoming conscious that their hands drip blood. Already they see that normal evils are not merely remaining unabated, but are actually growing; that world returned to sanity will find more vileness to combat and fewer means to its aid."

She comments on women's gain and loss in war, common sympathy through common sacrifice. If the war halted temporarily women's demands for governmental recognition it brought almost immediately to governments at war realisation of their imperative need of the enrolment of women in national service, and gave to women an opportunity to vindicate every claim they have made of their worthiness to play their part in national life. Though they have suffered and must continue to suffer on a scale unparalleled, war has done for them what years of peace could not have done. In the work of reconstruction every nation must continue to call upon

[2]A Woman and the War. By the Countess of Warwick. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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all its human power, men and women working together for their common good; "working through the sisterhood of women toward the brotherhood of man," the only war worth waging, for the salvage of humanity instead of the greater power of kings.

Helen Bennett's book, *Women and Work*,[3] belongs in the "special" class of women's books, and deals exclusively with the economic value of college training for women. Efficiency, "one of those words that suddenly overrides a generation," has suddenly subjected the college-trained woman to ruthless and disappointing analysis. If education is really "a preparation for complete living," if she must be further trained for efficient work after she leaves college halls, are colleges to be ranked as final schools or merely preparatory schools in the liberal arts? Like the college man, the college girl is not worth much at first. Later her economic value rises above that of the lesser educated woman. This, says Miss Bennett, means two things: a high potential efficiency, and an immediate efficiency that is lower than need be. The latter evil is largely due to the college woman's mental attitude to life and work, and the responsibility for this wrong attitude Miss Bennett places on colleges which put little stress on the concrete, and practically none on the co-ordination of education and life. She suggests for colleges what is coming to be in public schools, vocational advisers. She urges the adaptation of work to temperament, and points out that the fierceness of economic competition has at once opened and closed doors to women, whose ability and not sex will decide the game they play with life. Miss Bennett has been for some years at the head of Chicago's Collegiate Bureau of Occupations, and this book is the result of personal contact with innumerable college women. It is a suggestive book for women in and out of college, and for college faculties as well.

[3]Women and Work. By Helen Bennett. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Motherhood,[4] by C. Gascoigne Hartley, is another book devoted to the revaluations of life in the light and darkness of the Great War. Mrs. Hartley freely admits the modification of her views since she wrote the first sentence of a former book, *The Position of Women in Primitive Society:* "The twentieth century is the age of women. Some day it may be looked back on as the golden age—the dawn, some say, of feminine civilisation." This sort of dream, says Mrs. Hartley, is over, of a golden age brought about by the self-assertion of women. War has blotted out the past and present, and has made for women all action uncertain, by bringing back into life the primitive conception of the sexes—man the fighter, woman the child-bearer. Not denying the basic good at the bottom of women's recent spectacular sex rebellion, she holds to-day that their further progress toward happiness can be realised only by their full and glad acceptance of those physical facts that make them unlike men. She sees nothing but racial deterioration in war's mobilising of women for work, and holds this to be the greatest problem of life to-day: whether women after the war will go back to the home, economic dependence and child-bearing. If their new freedom has really set their desires away from the home, she sees the individual family necessarily replaced by some form of communal living, "for what women want to do is what they are likely to do in the end."

The whole book is an impassioned plea for enlightened motherhood, a reverence for and conservation of human life by women such as men and governments have never given it. It is a terrific indictment, not of the individual mother, but of the evils of civilisation, of poverty, of life-destroying labour, of the pernicious prudery that withholds from women sexual knowledge and makes their instinct to conserve life a thing almost impossible to achieve. She in-

[4]Motherhood. By C. Gascoigne Hartley. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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sists that the real answer to life after the war rests with women; that a great and unforeseen opportunity has come to them, and that within their own natural limits they can change the face of life on earth. She is firmly convinced that only in the voluntary or enforced withdrawal of women from industry, in the re-establishment of the patriarchal individual family, in the readjustment of public and private attitudes to sexual problems, and in women's full and glad acceptance of Nature's limitations, can this change in life be wrought. Women's audacious competition with men must cease.

Life moves slowly; it is moving slowly even through the Great War, which seems to have turned life upside down. It is natural to look upon the Great War as a sudden catastrophe, isolated from life. We to-day can hardly see it as history a hundred years from now will probably judge it, not as an isolated and unrelated horror of life, but as the least and latter incident of a brutal era whose boasted civilisation worked inevitably toward its death in war. "Militarism," says Mrs. Hartley, "put an end to women's militancy." Any funeral puts a temporary halt to gaiety. That women are moving in blind resistlessness with the rest of life through this war no one doubts. What they are thinking no one knows, and how they will act when life is stabilised again no one can more than wildly forecast. This is the dominant note in books about women written to-day.

THE LITTLE THEATRE AN OPEN DOOR?

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

"It never rains but it pours!" the neglected shade of Thomas Godfrey might well exclaim upon beholding two instances at once of a belated mundane publicity. On the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the first and only professional production of his play, *The Prince of Parthia*,[1] now sees the light as a memorial volume; and for it Dr. Archibald Henderson has written a good biographical and general introduction and gathered interesting plates for its adornment. For one night the play flourished on the boards of our first permanent theatre, the Southwark at Philadelphia. Since then what changes in plays and theatres and audiences! Yet Thomas Godfrey bids fair to welcome to the Elysian Fields many more unrecognised deserving native playwrights before lovers of the drama shall find a solution to the ever-recurring question, "Why, in face of all the stuff that gets on, is such good material thrown away?" One hopes that by this time Thomas will have learned the right way to comfort them.

The youthful and pioneer playwright naturally hashed up again the two leading tragic influences of his day. He sicklied over the ceaseless turmoil of Shakespeare with the icy moralising of Addison. His play, a really meritorious effort, is no more naïvely tempestuous than hundreds of better fate during that prolonged sterile era; and yet by comparison with the modern plays upon the reviewer's table it seems paltry enough. Ruin and murder and madness strut through borrowed scenes as bare of psychology as a Verdi libretto, accompanied by superlative disorders of nature, indispensable confidantes, and a final carnival of gore. What a frightful thing was the eloquence of the old days! "Ha! I'd strike. What holds my hand? 'Tisn't pity!" exclaims the queen, who

[1] The Prince of Parthia. By Thomas Godfrey. Edited by Archibald Henderson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

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coming to slay her son remains to be enamoured of him; whereupon she sees her husband's garrulous ghost, raves, and dies. The many volumes here noticed all hint at the shortcomings of the modern American audience; but surely if people were three centuries in discovering the emotional absurdities Shakespeare's genius had concealed and consecrated, we have no need to feel unduly depressed.

Godfrey's play is also the first of ten which comprise Volume I of *Representative Plays by American Dramatists*.[2] Mr. Montrose J. Moses edits these and furnishes a scholarly and well-informed introduction to each, together with a careful bibliography for the student, whose recent interest in the history of American drama the publisher apparently relies upon. The three volumes will span from 1765 to 1911. Such a collection, Mr. Moses says, will furnish much besides now inaccessible originals and a register of the advance in theatrical art. It will show the development of the drama as an expression of national characteristics, the tastes of the time and the changes in social customs and ideas. The publication of such a series, appealing as it does to a special group within a special group—for what is so dead as a dead American play?—is certainly a sign of the growth of the play-reading public which Mr. Moses elsewhere mentions as the most promising fruit of what we try hard to think of as our "dramatic renascence."

One of these plays had to cross the water to be printed (the London title page proclaims that it is written by a "citizen of the United States"), and many of them were glad to be produced by amateur clubs. It may be possible that American history will repeat itself, and that dramas which fail to get a professional production—not on account of the scarcity of theatres as then, but of the competition of their over-profusion—may yet be transmitted to posterity by this medium. Apparently the demand for amateur performance of the better class of play was never more widely distributed than at present, nor more intelligently directed. Such a handbook as Mr. Barrett H. Clark's *How to Produce Amateur Plays*[3] has often been called for. Its teaching is practical and its doctrine admirable. One of the chief ends of amateur performances, says Mr. Clark, is to escape from the curse of the professional stage—the star-system; the stage must always be ruled by a despot, but he should be the director and not the leading actor.

In our present sheaf of books four writers voice in one way or another the cry of Duse, "To save the theatre one must destroy the theatre." Miss Burleigh feels that the only solution is the revival of the aim of mediæval pageantry, which sought to make the whole city share in a common emotion. This seems to many a counsel of perfection when our world is so well filled with a number of things. Even isolated and homogeneous Oberammergau had, in days when superstition held sway, to be energised to this end by a plague and registers only once in ten years. *The Community Theatre*[4] treats the drama earnestly and endearingly, though somewhat scrappily, from the point of view of its social qualities and the emotional needs of the community.

The methods of organising such theatres and the fortunes of those already organised, Professor Thomas H. Dickinson gives us in a far more thorough and statistical way in *The Insurgent Theatre*.[5] He thinks that the theatrical events of the last half-dozen years, of great variety and little apparent consistency, all imply that the old theatre is dead and that a new one must be built up. In the commercial theatre the

[2]Representative Plays by American Dramatists. Volume I. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

[3]How to Produce Amateur Plays. By Barrett H. Clark. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

[4]The Community Theatre. By Louise Burleigh. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

[5]The Insurgent Theatre. By Thomas H. Dickinson. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

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playwright faces an audience disorganised, suspicious, and partly insincere; and a very high scale of expense. As a means of escape from this condition, the subsidy system was doomed before it began. Chiefly it lacked a coherent audience, which the early experiments in a reformed theatre found to be the governing factor in success. In 1910 began the movement for the Little Theatre. The little theatre he defines as a small building where plays may be given in an intimate way under a principle of economical management by a co-operative guild of artists to a federated audience. The movement has as yet brought forward no important American playwright, but it has built up a healthy interest in the small sections habitually neglected or abused by arrogant New York; and another good result has been the adoption of some of its methods by the commercial stage.

But the Little Theatre Movement has not ushered in the dawn it trumpeted. Mr. Percy Mackaye in his introduction to Miss Burleigh's book says it was because the little theatres were not seen large enough by their founders; Mr. Nathan probably approximates the same idea when he says that whenever they have challenged the professional theatre, the result has been unfortunate. Mr. Moses thinks that though the little theatre has at last brought the literary man back to the drama for serious work, it shows a queer mixture of the unthinking amateur spirit, a sincere revolt against commercialised art, and a conceited defiance of the law of supply and demand which was its own reason for coming into existence. It is still groping for something not distinct in its imagination.

His chapter on the "Vogue of the Little Theatre" is one of three new ones in a revised and enlarged edition of his valuable *American Dramatist*.[6] The other two are "American Drama Since 1910" and "Progress of the Motion Picture." Though he finds many significant plays and hopeful signs, there is no single overtopping achievement in our drama. The dramatists can do interesting and dexterous work, but none has been moved by spiritual or intellectual conviction to the adoption of a continuous point of view. He is even less encouraged about the Motion Picture. The technique of its acting has been reduced to a mass of expert action, and pantomime has ceased to be mimetic and become merely kinetic. As a business, the motion picture is in the same state that the theatre was under the theatrical trust—wild-cat competition, vast waste of time and energy and money, and cheap rush after novelty. Filling for all its drawbacks a decided place in a democracy, it has not yet found itself as an art or defined its particular realm except as an educational possibility.

This condition of the material put forth by the two branches of our theatrical business, one fancies Mr. Moses might equally deplore a thousand years from now—or to speak more precisely until a popular audience begins to demand the best. The theatrical manager, although he is a rotten business man, as our next book says, seems anxious enough to satisfy any desire demonstrated by a sufficient number of people. In *Mr. George Jean Nathan Presents*,[7] a volume as gay and impudent as its title, the author polishes off, among a thousand other brisk rub-downs, the fault of the audience which all the other books have touched upon. Under the present commercial conditions, he says, we can find nowhere in America a real dramatist writing adult plays for well-educated, well-travelled, well-bred Americans. Must we then make the best we can of the fact that there are not enough of the class to be worth catering to? When, indeed, in English theatrical history has not such a complaint been made? It is a terrifying fact, says Miss Burleigh, that the success or failure of the theatre must

[6]The American Dramatist. By Montrose J. Moses. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

[7]Mr. George Jean Nathan Presents. By George Jean Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

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rest with untaught and untrained people. Mr. Nathan, more pyrotechnic, is equally pessimistic and can find no social anodyne for his cure. He is too sensible to hug to himself the dream of a modern community with its many channels of information and expression returning to mediævalism. The American audience has neither viewpoint nor intelligence, he says, and since one cannot stay at home and read acting, and the only reason for acting is to be effective upon a theatrical audience, our most successful work is generally our most inartistic, and the popular playwright composes not a play but a mixture with which an audience ready with the customary responses is familiar. For Mr. Nathan, whose book bristles and rattles with vigorous independent comment, the theatre has not even the charm it had ten years ago—it is smeared with the cabaret.

At least, however, we can stay at home and read plays. And there, at least, is seen nothing but progress. Three of the five books at hand are essentially for the little theatre or for amateurs if they are destined to be seen. Miss Jeannette Marks shows in *Three Welsh Plays*[8] much simple charm and pervasive atmosphere. Such delicate work did not once get itself published except from an already well-known hand. She will do surer work than this, but her dialogue has emotional shading and her effects are subtle. Mr. Percival Wilde in *The Unseen Host and Other War Plays*[9] has a sense of structure which Miss Marks lacks. Mother of Men and Pawns are both powerful, thoroughly realised achievements. He displays no weakness anywhere, is rich in dramatic device, nervous yet natural in dialogue, frugal in means, strong in concentration. *Sacrifice and Other Plays,*[10] by Sir Rabindranath Tagore, is in his customary method, one particularly fitted for the reformed stage where vague borderlands are possible. These three books of little plays are all to be acted before that society of thinking people which managers believe is not yet large enough to fill a larger house. They all show how the long path of playmaking has suddenly swerved into a real world whether of life or of the imagination. Yet perhaps the lapse of time between *The Prince of Parthia* and the modern era is less illustrated by one-act plays for the little theatre and a confessedly uncommercial audience than by the longer plays, *Anne Pedersdotter,*[11] by Wiers-Jenssen, and the two in the last volume of the edition of Hauptmann.[12] Here the events are all on the large style of the old formula; *Anne,* in particular, might become the libretto of an opera as grandiose as *La Gioconda.* But in place of wooden automata gifted with one unreally voiced emotion apiece, we have living complex people who create action rather than undergo a brief motion by means of it.

[8]Three Welsh Plays. By Jeannette Marks. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

[9]The Unseen Host and Other War Plays. By Percival Wilde. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

[10]Sacrifice and Other Plays. By Sir Rabindranath Tagore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

[11]Anne Pedersdotter. By H. Wiers-Jenssen. English version by John Masefield. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

[12]Dramatic Works. Volume VII. By Gerhardt Hauptmann. Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

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"THE SORRY TALE" AND OTHER BOOKS IN PERSPECTIVE

I. "THE SORRY TALE" AS A TALE*

UNTIL the appearance in black and white of the "Patience Worth" material, alleged communications from the other world have been invariably negligible from the literary point of view. The greatest names have been identified with the most trivial or commonplace utterances. One can imagine a limbo in which, immediately after death, the human spirit may find itself groping and, half-articulate, thrown back, for the season, to a childlike ingenuousness or even a childish folly; but it is disheartening to picture Shakespeare, after three centuries, still denied further expression than the species of ghostly piffle with which the mediums and the researchers have credited him, not to speak of poor old Homer, who appears to have forgotten everything except his nod. Time, to be sure, is relative, and a thousand years may be as a day in the postliminal age. Here, however, would seem to be a bit of evidence to the contrary. Who or what may be represented by the name Patience Worth is a problem which the literary assayer may leave unsolved. He may as well accept it at its face value as the label of a human conciousness or personality some two centuries "dead," and now expressing itself, through a seemingly commonplace channel, in terms of literature. The important thing for him is that the work published under this name is worth assaying.

Its enthusiastic sponsor, Mr. Caspar S. Yost, has made extravagant claims for it. He appeared to think that the medium in which the substance of the miscellany first published was written represented some sort of respectable English, of however archaic flavour. In fact, it was such a tongue as no seventeenth-century Englishwoman, no man or woman of any century, could have written, —a strange farrago of strained and clipped and grammarless utterance which just escaped being gibberish. The irritating thing about it was a kind of self-consciousness, a deliberate smartness, as of a spook posing. Yet there was gold; now and then one had the sense of a creative intelligence breaking through its self-imposed barrier, and expressing itself in terms of undeniable simplicity and beauty. This occurred oftenest in the verse, but in the prose, too, phrases of rare quality would emerge from a context bristling with wanton obstacle. Later the writer seems to have hit upon a form of jargon to which she has largely clung in her familiar "conversations" over the ouija board, and in much of her composition. The distinguishing feature of *The Sorry Tale* is that this mere jargon and oddity has been so largely cast off. Not altogether: some of her habitual mannerisms (and they are nothing better) persist, and some of those pure illiteracies over which Mr. Yost seeks to cast a rosy glow by calling them "verbal and syntactical peculiarities," and "freedom from grammar." Patience is helpless in the presence of the verb lie, and the archaic endings—eth and est—she almost habitually misuses, as well as the singular and plural second persons. A single illustration will serve: "And she looked upon the alabaster gods and her lips curled and she said: 'So, thou art gods, to stand ye gazing upon this!' And she covered her eyes and cried aloud: 'What tarriest thee? Oh, Jehovah, strike them down!'" Dissonant also are the occasional modernisms—"her lips curled," for example, or Jesus "bringing the scourge down upon the backs" of the

*The Sorry Tale. By Patience Worth (Mrs. John H. Curran). New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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moneychangers. But—and this is the main thing—the style as a whole has much of nobility and force,—a biblical style with abounding colour added. There are tiny pictures full of beauty:

> The morn spread forth the golded tresses of the sun, and lo, a star still rested upon a cloud bar. And Jerusalem slept. The temples stood whited, and the market's place shewed emptied. Upon the temple's pool the morn-sky shewed, and doves bathed within the waters at its edge.

Or of astonishing realism, as in this sketch of evening in Jerusalem:

> And night came upon the land, and tarried long within the day's hour. And when the light had come out from 'neath the dark mists, the city's ways showed empty, and waters stood pooled within the stone's opes. The market's men came then, their mantles wet, and their legs stained of dust's wet. And camels dripped, and packs, skin-covered, shed drops o'er their sides. And babes came unto the door's ope and peered without and held their hands that they wet within the mist that fell. And smoke came from out the opes and hung close unto the street's way, and men coughed. And asses backed their ears that the wet go not within, and shook their sides.

The Oriental detail of the narrative is amazingly lavish and vivid throughout, and its general accuracy I, who am ignorant, am not disposed to question.

In its larger aspects, the story is of broad scope, and of solid structure, exception being taken to the inordinate length of many of the dialogues which have a merely cumulative value, and often fairly overweight and smother the action. This is true particularly of the earlier portions of the narrative; toward the close the method is far more rapid, and for the mortal reader, more effective. The substance of the tale need not be rehearsed here. It is built upon a striking conception which makes one of the thieves on the cross a son of the Emperor Tiberius by a Greek slave girl. Cast aside by Rome, she bears her accursed son near Bethlehem at the time of Jesus' birth,—a spirit of hate, representing the sins of ancient humanity which Christ, the spirit of love, is to expiate and, in the end, to drive from the world. By means of this conception Rome, the incarnation of wrong, is made a living actor in the Christ-story. The chapter describing the crucifixion—a chapter of five thousand words which Mr. Yost says was dictated in a single evening—is a composition of appalling force and vividness, and an interpretation upon a high and sincere plane. I, for one, own myself converted by this story from a mood of languid curiosity about an odd "psychic" phenomenon, to a state of lively interest in the future published work of the powerful writer who, whether in or out of the flesh, goes by the name and speaks with the voice of "Patience Worth."

H. W. Boynton.

II. "THE SORRY TALE" TO A PSYCHO ANALYST

To a psychoanalyst the books of "Patience Worth" would appeal merely as the automatic activities of the Unconscious of the person who has found a ouija board to be the easiest method of bringing them into consciousness. The well-known manifestations of the Unconscious are quite analogous in every way to the mental activities of the transcriber of this remarkable book. The split-off personalities, which, apart from the main conscious one, are found frequently to exist parallel with it, may well express themselves in literary or any other artistic form. A reader of the Bible and of early Christian history could easily have objectified in this manner the results of an imaginative dwelling on the sights, sounds, smells (very noticeable are the smells in Patience Worth, though rare in general), and on the emotions aroused by the recurrence of thoughts concerning the happenings of those times.

Two main characteristics, common enough to all normal humans, but appearing in this book in a slightly abnormal degree, are those traits studied

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by psychoanalysis which are called the "mother imago" and "masochism." The first, representing an undue influence of the mother as an element in the family group, especially in children who have no knowledge of who their fathers are, and who consequently are obliged to devote to their mothers most of their thoughts concerning parentage, is seen in the character of Hate. This child, due to his fatherlessness, accepts *in toto* the implication of his name, bestowed by his vengeful mother. Another famous fatherless child is Leonardo da Vinci, the results of whose illegitimacy on his life and his art have been so penetratingly revealed by Sigmund Freud. By constant communing with the mother who has been wronged such a child absorbs her feelings of resentment and has his whole world coloured for him by this kind of phantasying. And as in Leonardo's case it works both in the Unconscious and in the consciousness of the boy. The same would be true, *mutatis mutandis,* of a girl if she did not know who her mother was and was brought up by her father alone, who constantly reverted to the faithlessness of her mother.

The masochistic trend, manifested in the descriptions of the long drouth and of the crucifixion of Christ which terminates the story, is a trait of character which sees and emphasises the savage cruelty of mankind, prolonging the miseries, for instance, of those who suffered crucifixion. A Swiss clergyman and psychoanalyst, O. Pfister, has shown the mental forces at work in the quasi-religious writings of Count Zinzendorf concerning the wounds of Christ.

There is much of literary interest in *The Sorry Tale,* but much more which is reiterated monotonousness, even apart from the impossible grammar and curious interchange of parts of speech and inconsistencies in usage (e.g., "shall have" and "shall to have" in the same sentence). One wonders, too, if "Thou winds . . . bear thou to me of her voice" could ever have been used at the time of Patience Worth's alleged mundane existence.

If the book is the creation of Mrs. Curran's Unconscious, as the most modern psychology would naturally infer it to be, one regrets that there is not more in it of the highly poetical language such as occurs here and there. I instance: "And the Day drank from out the Night's chalice, and drained the star wine, and the cheek of morn burned with its gold" (which is worthy of comparison at least with the Elizabethan dramatist's: "Night like a masque has entered Heaven's great hall, with thousand torches ushering the way"); and the poetic indirection of: "And when the white skins passed, lo, would the flesh o'er their knuckles whiten and their lips firm."

Our wishes to behold the miraculous, which would be gratified if this book could be proved to be the communication of a disembodied spirit, are very natural wishes, springing from a desire to be ourselves omnipotent and to annihilate, still more than we have, the limitations of time and space. But I think that modern mental science, whose conservativeness has combated even the deductions of psychoanalysis concerning the working of the unconscious mind, can find ample explanation both for the appearance of this book and for the desire for the bit of omnipotence which its issuance demonstrates. We do not need to suppose that it is the utterance of the spirit of a lady who lived a couple of hundred years ago, if we can show that it is merely the utterance of the Unconscious of a lady living at the present time. Only a thorough psychoanalysis of the medium will be able to show this, and, without such analytic study of the person who held the ouija board, all scientific measures will not be taken, and therefore the spiritistic claims of the book will not be proved.

If, for instance, it could be shown by means of a psychoanalytic study of Mrs. Curran herself, that all the language, the images, the motives and the trends shown in *The Sorry Tale* were a part of her unconscious mental life, and it is quite possible that such is the

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case, it would be wholly adequate as an explanation of the motives and means shown in the production of the manuscript. Until this most modern of scientific instruments of precision, psychoanalysis, is tried on the communicator of the story, and has failed, it will be impossible to say with the fullest amount of truth of which we are capable, that the book is not the outward manifestation of the working of the contemporary lady's unconscious mental activities.

There are many compositions of greater or less literary merit which have been produced by persons in a dream state and have not been considered to have value as evidence for spiritism, and I do not see any reason to posit a spiritistic origin for the present production just because it is longer than some others. The psychical research societies have not categorically done so for the elaborate automatic writings of a contemporary Englishwoman, Mrs. Verrall, some of which are in Latin and others in Greek. Psychoanalysis would in all probability be able to reduce to known natural causes what in "Patience Worth" seems supernatural. Whether it was able to do so or not, spiritism is no more final an explanation for the present phenomena than it was the final result of chemistry to say that air is an irreducible element.

Wilfrid Lay.

III. MR. POLLY BEING A BISHOP*

Our last glimpse of Mr. Britling, it will be recalled, showed him musing earnestly upon his surprising discovery of God, and suddenly perceiving that his supreme duty was to pass that discovery along: "Of course I must write about Him. I must tell all my world of Him," he cries. "And before the coming of the true King, the inevitable King, the King who is present whenever just men foregather, this blood-stained rubbish of the ancient world, these puny kings and tawdry emperors, these wily politicians and artful lawyers, these men who claim and grab and trick and compel, these war makers and oppressors, will presently shrivel and pass—like paper thrust into a flame." We do not doubt the honest ardour of the transformed and exultant Britling, who is, of course, Mr. Wells's idea of Mr. Wells to date. It is no small thing to have invented a working God; and the inventor's generosity in giving his formula to the world is discounted by no fears of the patent office. He is as sure that he has found the one new thing as that he has found the one true thing. The world must not lack it a moment longer. Therefore, with *Mr. Britling* still best-selling at a great rate, came the vigorous "follow-up" of *God the Invisible King*. Vigorous rather than illuminating, since Mr. Wells's new God too plainly sorts himself as merely the latest of the Wellsian nostrums. Only the other day our prophet owned allegiance, with Benham in *The Research Magnificent,* to another "King Invisible, Lord of Truth and Sane Loyalty," head of the sublime band of natural aristocrats whom he then foresaw as rulers of the world. That monarch, with his established régime, possessed elements at least of authority and consistency such as his supplanter strangely lacks. Mr. Wells attributes militancy to his God, but leaves him nothing to fight with. In effect He appears the kindly well-wisher, the indulgent confidant, of a race which is to go ahead very much as it pleases, every man for himself and the devil, or the Teuton, take the hindmost.

How feeble and fruitless this conception is Mr. Wells has now taken pains to enforce by example. To the above-quoted list of doomed tyrants and charlatans *The Soul of a Bishop* adds the clergy—any clergy which professes any sort of creed or joint belief. They, too, must shrivel and pass, with all that system of organised religion which they represent. And for the simon-pure clergyman, the straight goods, the whole thing in a nutshell—whom but a bishop might fairly be chosen by any open-minded investigator? Here, at all events, is our Bishop of Princhester: let

*The Soul of a Bishop. By H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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us look upon him with a cool but friendly eye and see what he amounts to. No nonsense, of course—we shall begin by establishing him as an ordinary fellow-being under extraordinary disadvantages of training and environment: a decent little chap, for all his doeskin and his gaiters. From infancy he has been doomed to a bishopric by his surroundings, by his pious conforming mind, by his ability, even in manhood, "to take life exactly as in his infancy he took his carefully warmed and prepared bottle—unquestioningly and beneficially." But then, says Mr. Wells, "it is a busy continuous process that turns boys into bishops, and it will stand few jars or discords." Our good Scrope attains middle age and episcopal honours without having painfully contended with the devil or his fellow-man. He has an excellent wife and five daughters, a happy family life. He fills his office with dignity and discretion, has nothing to trouble him temporarily or spiritually—until, in the last days of King Edward, he is transferred to the diocese of Princhester. It is a region of raw new wealth, of industrial disturbances, of religious nonconformity. Even among his own clergy there are disturbing voices, uttering those new doubts about the literal authority of the Church and the Word which the Bishop has heard hitherto merely as faint echoes from the outer darkness. His favourite child hearkens to them, he finds himself hemmed in by them on every side. The upshot is that the Bishop begins to think—and is lost. He is lost to the Church, at least, to his priestly function of vested authority. He will not play the part of the rebel Chasters, who has "subscribed to the Thirty-Nine Articles and passed all the tests and taken all the pledges that stand on the way to ordination, chiefly for the pleasure of attacking them more successfully in the rear;" nor will he practise the ingenious spiritual hypocrisies of his old master, Bishop Likeman. If the Church is not all he has believed, if it cannot be swallowed whole, it is naught and worse than naught. So he throws it all over for the Invisible Church of Mr. Britling's God, of Mr. Wells's (present) Invisible King. Creeds, he perceives, are futile, forms are vain, organisation is a pitfall. "'God is God,'" he whispered to himself, and the phrase seemed to him the discovery of a sufficient creed. "God is His own definition; there is no other definition of God." And having thus settled matters, he goes on, with Wells-like promptitude, to unsettle them, by means of his own spiritual bootstraps. Again and again, peering into his consciousness, he seeks to define the indefinable. His "best bet," on the whole, seems to be that "God was coming into the life of mankind in the likeness of a captain and a king; all the governments of men, all the leagues of men, their debts and claims and possessions, must give way to the world republic under God the king." How God the king is to rule over a republic without laws or organisation is a problem of which the solution is not even suggested. We leave our Scrope, unfrocked and detached and without audience save his devoted family, ruminating rather helplessly upon this triumphal prospect. After all—"One is limited," he said. "All one's ideas must fall within one's limitations. Faith is a sort of *tour de force*. A feat of the imagination. For such things as we are. Naturally—naturally. . . . One perceives it only in rare moments. . . . That alters nothing. . . ." So his figure appears to pass from us, rambling along its dotted trail, and vanishing presently round that corner which bears upon its signpost the inconclusive words, THE END.

In this book, as always, Mr. Wells is ardent and self-sufficient and plausible; keen and, as it were, physically accurate in his diagnosis of the ills of the world, past and present, and sure for the moment that at last he has hit upon the one right remedy. His new consciousness of a spiritual force working in and for humanity is touchingly sincere; his belief that it is a new force is touchingly ingenuous. What he does not suspect,

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probably, is that his latest story is only a modification of all his other stories of protest; that his organised religion is only another convention to be done for; that his Bishop Scrope is merely another amiable little Mr. Polly, born anew, this time, in the throes of a spiritual instead of a bodily indigestion; and that his new deity is simply an apotheosis of that eager, searching, dogmatic, well-disposed and unpractical personality, Mr. H. G. Wells.

H. W. Boynton.

IV. CLAYTON HAMILTON'S "PROBLEMS OF THE PLAYWRIGHT"*

There is a special fitness in the dedication of Mr. Clayton Hamilton's collection of essays, dealing with the craft of the playwright, to Mr. William Archer, the author of *Playmaking: a Manual of Craftsmanship;* and there are many points of similarity between the British critic and the American. In the first place they both of them possess the fourfold qualification of the truly accomplished critic; they have insight and equipment, disinterestedness and sympathy. In the second place they both of them deal with the drama as something to be enjoyed in the theatre rather than in the library—that is to say, it is the acted drama, or the drama as it is acted, which demands the most of their attention. And on the other hand, they never forget that while the theatre is always closely related to the show-business, the drama is always a department of literature, to be weighed in the literary scales after it has been measured by the theatrical yard-sticks.

There is even a fourth aspect in which Mr. Archer and Mr. Hamilton resemble one another. While they are known to the broad public primarily as critics of the acted drama, they are neither of them merely theatrical reviewers. They are both keenly interested in poetry, lyric and epic, in prose fiction and in other forms of literature unrelated to the play house. To say this is to suggest that Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Archer—like Lessing and like Sarcey—have a broad background of culture, which gives them a far wider horizon than that possessed by a majority of theatrical reviewers whose vision is rarely allowed to stray outside the actual playhouse. As a result of this superior richness of equipment, Mr. Archer and Mr. Hamilton have a keener understanding of the dramatic art than is possible to those who are unfortunately cribbed, cabined and confined within the walls of the theatre. Nor has their varied scholarship and their wide acquaintance with art and letters ever tempted either the British critic or the American to stray into the dusty paths of pedantry.

Perhaps, if one were to insist upon it, there might be found yet another likeness between the author of *Playmaking* and the author of *Problems of the Playwright.* They are both of them familiar with the whole development of the drama from Æschylus to George M. Cohan; they know their Shakespeare and their Molière as intimately as they know their Ibsen; they have studied Heywood and Kotzebue, Scribe and Sardou, as they have studied Maeterlinck and Synge and Lord Dunsany; they are accustomed to think of the drama as an art with an ancient and honourable history, an art which has evolved through the ages and which is flourishing to-day; and therefore, as a result of this backward and forward contemplation, they have become convinced that the essential principles of the art are unchanging even if the practice may be in incessant process of modification. They recognise the validity of Sir Arthur Pinero's distinction between the strategy of playmaking and the tactics thereof. So it is that Mr. Archer and Mr. Hamilton are ever going below the surface in search of fundamental and abiding principles, instead of being content to limit their discussion to contemporary methods, more or less

*Problems of the Playwright. By Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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conditioned by accidental circumstances of the theatre at the moment.

In fact, as we turn the pages of *Problems of the Playwright,* closely akin in content and in method to its predecessors, the *Theory of the Theatre* and *Studies in Stagecraft,* we cannot help noticing that Mr. Hamilton's dominant characteristic as a dramatic critic is his desire always to go behind the specific example, often possessing only a fleeting interest, to the law which controlled it. In this new volume he has for his text the more significant of the plays which have been produced in the play-houses of New York during the past three or four seasons; he takes in turn for his topics Euripides and Shakespeare, Sir James Barrie and Mr. Belasco, Lord Dunsany and Mr. Augustus Thomas, Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Elmer L. Reizenstein; and in every case he strives to deduce from the particular drama he is dealing with that general principle of the art which it illustrates. Moreover, he reveals himself as unfailingly hospitable in his enjoyment and ungrudgingly catholic in his taste. He can enjoy a good play of any country or of any period or of any author. He is most keenly interested in the plays which seem to point out the best path for the playwrights of the future; but he has an almost equally keen recognition of the ingenuity of the more artificial playmakers of the immediate past.

He proves himself to be open-minded; and his only prejudices are against the craftsmen who are careless and the workmen who are insincere, falsifying the aspects of life and telling lies about human nature. And of these two divisions of delinquents he is far severer toward the latter than toward the former. Slovenliness of construction is "most intolerable and not to be endured;" yet, after all, it is an external defect, whereas ethical mendacity is internal and ineradicable. When he finds in a playwright both solidity of workmanship and integrity of vision he is generous in praise, revealing that faculty for enthusiasm which is a most precious possession of the true critic. Over Sir James Barrie's imaginatively humourous fantasies Mr. Hamilton is almost rhapsodic; and over the exquisite song-recitations of Madame Yvette Guilbert he is almost dithyrambic. Yet his enthusiasm is cautiously controlled; and it is set free only when his head is convinced and his heart is touched. He does not allow his judgment to be unduly influenced by the vagaries of public opinion; and the ardent admirers of Mr. Galsworthy's plays and the uncritical worshippers at the shrine of Mr. Shaw will probably be rudely shocked by the chilly analysis of the merits and demerits of these two favourites of the moment.

It is recorded in the annals of New England transcendentalism that Emerson once lent a volume of Greek philosophy to a farmer-neighbour and that the borrower remarked on returning the book,—"I'm glad to find that Plato had a good many of my ideas!" As I turned Mr. Hamilton's pages I also was glad to find that I had a good many of his ideas. I was glad moreover to acquire from these pages ideas of his which will be hereafter ideas of mine. I share his relish for the plays of Sir James Barrie and of Sir Arthur Pinero; and I approve of his exposure of the ethical emptiness of the appallingly clever plays in which superficial aspects of contemporary American life and character have been suggested. But I cannot help wondering doubtfully whether he does not overestimate the value of Mr. Chesterton; and I feel solidly certain that *Sumurûn* is not so good in its kind as Mr. Hamilton asserts or implies.

There is a Kentucky proverb to the effect that "a difference of opinion makes horse-racing"; and it is a difference of opinion that makes criticism entertaining. Mr. Hamilton's criticism is consistently interesting because it has the support of knowledge and the savour of individuality.

Brander Matthews.

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V. BRANDER MATTHEWS'S "THESE MANY YEARS"*

Jules Lemaître once declared, "Criticism of our contemporaries is not criticism, it is conversation." This dictum of a famous critic is quoted in *These Many Years,* by Brander Matthews; and it affords me an excuse for confessing a complete incompetence to criticise the present volume or to estimate the rank that it will ultimately occupy in relation to other recent works in that fascinating field of literature that is more personal than any other. This incompetence results, in the first place, from the fact that, for nearly twenty years, the author of this autobiography has been to me the best of friends, and from the corollary fact that I have been an actual participant in many of the incidents recorded in the later chapters. But there is a more important reason which compels me to adopt the first person and to write these paragraphs of comment quite frankly in the mood of conversation. I feel an almost fatherly fondness for this book, because it chanced to be no other than myself, among his many friends, who first urged Brander Matthews to undertake the writing of his memoirs and who "kept at him"—as the phrase is—until the work was under way.

The activities of "Mr. Brander Matthews" as a man of letters,—his facile and versatile accomplishments as a writer of book-reviews, criticisms, essays, general articles, short-stories, novels, plays, and even poems,—were sufficiently familiar to the public; and the later activities of "Professor Brander Matthews,"—as a teacher, a lecturer, and a writer of scholarly works in the fields of biography and literary history,—were equally well known. What I specially desired to see set down in print was a personality that could not fittingly be called either "Mr." or "Professor,"—but just "Brander," the name by which the author of *These Many Years* is affectionately known by everybody who has ever come in contact with him, from the oldest and most celebrated of his friends to the youngest of his students at Columbia.

The great thing about "Brander"—as distinguished from "Mr. Matthews" and "Professor Matthews"—is the readiness, fecundity, variety, and richness of his conversation. I think that I may confidently state that he is one of the ablest talkers of our time. I have met many men who were famous for their conversation, including more than one of those giants who were celebrated under pseudonyms in Stevenson's first essay on *Talk and Talkers;* but I have never known a man more entertaining in his talk than "Brander." He is always ready to invent a witticism; he can always cap a funny story with another story still more funny; and he has a marvellous memory for all the "good things" he has ever heard. Of course, nothing in the world is harder to record in print than casual and momentary talk; and the reason why the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* stands unique in literature is that no other writer has ever rivalled Dr. Holmes in the achievement of transferring to the printed page the fine flavour of evanescent conversation. To me it seemed that "Brander's" talk was even better than the literary work of "Mr. Matthews" or the scholarly and educational work of "Professor Matthews"; and the reason why it was better was that it was more immediate and, therefore, more alive. I wished to have the flavour of his conversation conveyed beyond the circles of his many clubs; and this was the reason that I had in mind for urging him to write a book about himself.

The resultant volume is to me delightful; but, here and there, in studying the pages of *These Many Years,* I feel a tiny sense of disappointment. I am disappointed by those pages which appear to have been written by "Mr. Brander Matthews,"—the professional and practised man of letters,—and by those other pages which appear to have been written

*These Many Years: Recollections of a New Yorker. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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by "Professor Brander Matthews,"—the professor under whom I served my own apprenticeship, nearly twenty years ago, first as student and subsequently as assistant. But most of the book was written by "Brander"; and those chapters which are utterly "Branderian" will constitute, I think, a permanent addition to the literature of printed talk. The book is rich in anecdote; and it should furnish an unfailing source of "good things" for many nervous after-dinner speakers in the years to come.

The happy and successful life that is recorded in *These Many Years* is peculiarly interesting from several different points of view. The first of these is indicated to the reader by the sub-title of the volume,—*Recollections of a New Yorker*. The early chapters present a very valuable picture of that dim and distant city, the New York of half a century ago,—a city that seems now more obsolete and vanished from the earth than Mycenæ or Pompeii. For the observation of the "city that was," the author was accorded, by the accident of birth, a station which permitted a clear view above the heads of the congregated multitude. He has often said in conversation—though I do not find this quip recorded in the pages of *These Many Years*—that he was "a typical New Yorker, since his father came from Cape Cod and his mother from Virginia and he himself was born in New Orleans." His father, Edward Matthews, in the decade of the eighteen-sixties, was rated as one of the richest merchants in New York; and Brander, as the only son of a man of extraordinary wealth, was deliberately educated to practise the profession of a millionaire. To quote from the text of the present volume,—"To be a millionaire as my father conceived it for me was to practise one of the learned professions, as necessary to the state as any of its older brethren, medicine or the law or the church."

The author tells us that in 1873 the rent-roll from his father's real-estate was more than half a million dollars; and this figure is, of course, exclusive of the dividends from many other investments that had been made by Edward Matthews. Yet this enormous fortune suddenly collapsed in the panic of the early eighteen-seventies and faded finally away before the ending of the decade. By this misfortune, Brander Matthews was not utterly impoverished, since his mother was provided with a comfortable inheritance; but he was thrown, to some extent, upon his own resources, instead of being permitted to take up, according to his previous expectancy, the career of a gentleman of leisure. He has stated, in *These Many Years,* that he now regards the loss of his father's monumental fortune as, in the main, a benefit.

Yet the wealth of Edward Matthews offered many manifest advantages to his only son and his intended heir when Brander was a little boy. The family went frequently to Europe; and, because of the position of his father, Brander was permitted at a very early age to meet many famous and exalted people whom otherwise he might not have encountered. By the time that he was twenty-one, and before he had done anything notable by his own unaided efforts, he was already familiar with the best society of many capitals.

This initial advantage has subsequently been developed by the sexagenarian author of *These Many Years.* Scarcely an important personage has appeared, in Paris, London, or New York, throughout the last half-century, whom Brander Matthews has not met and who has not adopted, from the very outset, the familiar habit of addressing him as "Brander." By this circumstance, Brander Matthews has become a sort of Boswell of our times. He has known everybody worth knowing, for nearly fifty years, in America and France and England; and he has been endowed by nature with a special gift for remembering the conversation of the people he has known. At least a hundred very famous men are depicted in the pages of *These Many Years* with a familiarity that is so easy that it is absolutely un-self-conscious.

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The personality of "Brander" is eminently "clubbable," — to quote that rather awkward word of Dr. Johnson's. It has been my privilege to belong to several clubs that Mr. Matthews helped to organise; and I have noted many times the way in which a club wakes up when "Brander" drops in casually and begins by saying, "Have you heard——?" In New York, he was one of the founders of The Players, The Authors' Club, and The Kinsmen, and is a popular member of The Century Association; and, in London, he is a member of The Savile Club, and of The Athenæum, to which latter institution he was proposed by a sponsor no less eminent than Matthew Arnold. In these clubs, and several others, he has participated in the give and take of many unpremeditated but memorable conversations; and the cream of these conversations has been preserved for posterity in the printed pages of the present volume.

Because of his life-long habit of associating with great men and being always in the thick of things, Brander Matthews has been present on more than one occasion that marked a turning point in history. This fact, perhaps, may ultimately cause *These Many Years* to be listed in libraries under the head of "History" instead of under the more immediate title of "Autobiography." He was in Paris when news came of the disaster at Sédan, and witnessed the events attending the downfall of the Second Empire and the proclamation of the New Republic. His account of these hectic days appears to me less highly coloured than a parallel account recorded in the journal of Professor Fleeming Jenkin; but it is very vivid, none the less, and particularly interesting at the present moment in the history of France.

Since it chanced to be my privilege to suggest the composition of *These Many Years,* it is only natural that I should search the volume for defects. One defect I think that I have found; and I am very nearly happy at this hypothetical discovery, because it permits me for a moment to appear before the reader of this casual review not merely as a conversationalist but also as a critic. It appears to me that the author has not always been sufficiently concrete in his presentation of the many famous men that he has mingled with.

It has been difficult for me to make my mind up on this point, because,—in many cases,—I have also met and talked with the men that Mr. Matthews chats about with absolute familiarity. For me it is especially inspiriting to read his printed recollections of the conversation of several celebrated men of letters and men of the theatre at a period almost precisely thirty years before my own first meeting with them; but I have been moved to wonder, now and then, in studying the pages of *These Many Years,* whether these records would seem equally illustrative to people who had never met the characters in question.

One of the most delightful passages in the entire book—as I overturn the pages fondly—is the record of "dear Andrew of the brindled hair": I seem to hear once more the barking utterance of Mr. Lang, and my recollection of this versatile and kindly genius sweeps suddenly from the library at 1 Marloes Road to the Oxford and Cambridge Club and thence to Banchory: but I wonder if the picture would appear to be so vivid to a reader who had never personally met the celebrated man of letters who once told me, with unexpected frankness, that, at first sight, he "didn't like Stevenson at all."

Since this review is not a criticism but a conversation, "the present writer" may be permitted to be unconventionally personal. My own activities as a student of Robert Louis Stevenson have brought me into contact with nearly all of Stevenson's surviving friends; but the one great companion of Stevenson's formative period that I never actually saw was William Ernest Henley. Henley died so long ago as 1903; and that is the reason why—in preparation for my little book entitled *On the Trail of Stevenson* —I was required to gather my impressions of Henley from many inquiries di-

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rected to other early friends of R.L.S., —such as Mr. Edmund Gosse and Sir Sidney Colvin and Lord Guthrie. Mr. Matthews, in *These Many Years,* devotes several successive pages to his associations with Henley; but—speaking in this instance as an absolute "out-sider" —I must confess that I have failed to find exactly what I wanted. It is evident that Mr. Matthews did not like Henley; and, at this verdict, I am not surprised: for though I have met many men who admired the manifest ability of the author of *Invictus,* I have encountered only one who expressed a genuine affection for him: and this one—surprisingly enough—was that gentle genius, Mr. Kenneth Grahame. But what I miss most, in these pages of *These Many Years,* is the vivid image I was looking for,—an image of a wounded, groaning giant stumping valiantly on crutches,—an image of an unkempt head protruded forward from enormous shoulders over the top of an intervening table, —any concrete image which would make me seem to see this man that I have never actually seen.

In other words, I fear that the author of *These Many Years* has succumbed occasionally to the fallacy of assuming that the general reader was prepared to contribute to the consideration of his pages an exercise of visual imagination which is not necessitated by the facts set down. This fault—if I am right in regarding it as a defect—can be ascribed only to the author's too excessive modesty in refraining from an absolute directness of attack upon the subject-matter that stood ready to his hand.

But the book, as a whole, is highly satisfactory. At least, it is satisfactory to me; and, though I must not be regarded in any other aspect than that of a very friendly conversationalist, I have a feeling that this verdict of approval will be echoed by many subsequent and more disinterested critics.

Clayton Hamilton.

THE BOOKMAN RECOMMENDS

In this department the editors each month will endeavour to select from among the previous month's publications those volumes in each classification which seem in their opinion to be most worthy of recommendation to BOOKMAN *readers. The editors will be happy to answer any questions in their power regarding these books and indeed regarding any books concerning which* BOOKMAN *readers may desire information.*

Art

Pictorial Photography. By Paul L. Anderson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. With 23 illustrations and 25 diagrams. $2.50.

An American book on the principles and practice of American photography.

How to Study Architecture. By Charles Henry Caffin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Over 200 illustrations. $3.50.

An exposition of the study of architecture by a noted art critic.

Concerning Painting. By Kenyon Cox. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

A book for the general reader and student—with thirty-two reproductions of typical works from the older masters and contemporary artists.

The Substance of Gothic. By Ralph Adams Cram. Boston: Marshall Jones Company. $1.50.

Six lectures on the development of architecture from Charlemagne to Henry VIII, given at the Lowell Institute, Boston.

Biography

Li Hung-Chang. By J. O. P. Bland. Edited by Basil Williams. New York: Henry Holt & Company. $2.00.

Biographies of eleven men of all countries who have had a definite influence on thought or action in the nineteenth century.

Memories Discreet and Indiscreet. By A Woman of No Importance. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. Illustrated.

Twenty-two chapters of recollections of distinguished men and women.

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These Many Years. Recollections of a New Yorker. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

An autobiography in nineteen chapters.

Richard Strauss. The Man and his Works. By Henry T. Finck. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. Illustrated. $2.50.

A biography, in seven chapters, for music lovers.

Description, Travel or Adventure

Old Roads Out of Philadelphia. John T. Faris. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. With 117 illustrations and a map. $4.00.

The past and the present of the ten big highways leading out of Philadelphia.

From Job to Job Around the World. Alfred C. B. Fletcher. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. Illustrations. $2.00.

An account of the adventures of "two world beaters" who worked their way around the world.

Parnassus On Wheels. By Christopher Morley. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.25.

Fifteen chapters of whimsical adventure.

Domestic Science

Around the Year in the Garden. By Frederick Frye Rockwell. New York: The Macmillan Company. Illustrated. $1.75.

A seasonable guide and reminder for work with vegetables, fruits, flowers.

American Indian Corn. By Charles J. Murphy. Revised and edited with new recipes by Jeannette Young Norton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 75 cents.

One hundred and fifty ways to prepare and cook it.

The Child in Health and Illness. By Dr. Carl G. Leo-Wolf. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

A practical text-book for mothers and wives.

In a College Garden. By Viscountess Wolseley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated.

An account of the life and work of the students at the College of Gardening, Glynde, founded by the author for the purpose of providing training for educated women as professional gardeners.

Interior Decoration for Modern Needs. By Agnes Foster Wright. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. Illustrated. $2.25.

Ideas and information for those who do not wish to employ decorators.

Drama

An After-piece of More or Less Critical Confidences and Memoirs Touching Lightly upon the Various Somethings Which Go to Constitute What Is Called the American Theatre. By Mr. George Jean Nathan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

Twenty-three chapters on the current theatre topics.

The Community Theatre. By Louise Burleigh. With prefatory letter by Percy Mackaye. $1.50.

A review of the communal idea, and suggestions as to practical details in the organisation and administration of Community Theatres.

Holiday Plays for Home, School and Settlement. By Virginia Olcott. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

Plays adapted both for young people and their elders within the scope of amateurs.

Education

Spontaneous Activity in Education. By Dr. Maria Montessori. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.00.

The advanced Montessori method: carries forward for use with pupils of primary school age the pedagogic and philosophic principles of "The Montessori Method."

Essays

Facts, Thought, and Imagination. A Book on Writing. By H. S. Canby, F. E. Pierce and W. H. Durham, all of Yale University. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.30.

Three essays upon writing for students who have subjects and need advice.

Adventures in Girlhood. By Temple Bailey. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. $1.00.

Talks with girls about real problems.

Unicorns. By James Huneker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75.

In thirty chapters: sketches of certain latter-day artists, poets, novelists, philosophers, critics.

Trivia. By Logan Pearsall Smith. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.25.

Sketches, some of which have appeared previously in magazines.

Fiction

In Happy Valley. By John Fox, Jr., New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.35.

A story of the Kentucky mountaineers, of blended comedy and tragedy.

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Fanny Herself. By Edna Ferber. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. Frontispiece. $1.40.

A story of a small-town Western Jewish girl who makes her way in the business world.

Makar's Dream. By Vladimir Korolenko. Translated from the Russian by Marian Fell. New York: Duffield and Company. $1.50.

Four stories of Russian peasant life, first translated into English.

The Girl and the Faun. By Eden Phillpotts. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Illustrated in colour by Frank Brangwin, A.R.A. $2.00.

An allegorical story in three parts: "Young Spring," "Summer" and "Autumn."

The Dwelling Place of Light. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece. $1.60.

Completing the author's trilogy on the Church, politics and (this book) on industry. A picture of the class struggle and of the feelings and beliefs of the workers under our competitive system. The two heroines, types of the human spirit in bondage to industrialism, both break under the strain, to each her own way.

Temperamental Henry. By Samuel Merwin. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

The story of the loves of Henry the Ninth.

Neighbours. By Florence Morse Kingsley. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated. $1.40.

A humourous story of a dressmaker of Innisfield and some French neighbours.

The Heart of Her Highness. By Clara E. Laughlin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Frontispiece. $1.30.

A romance of Flanders, dealing with the daughter of Charles the Bold.

The High Heart. By Basil King. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated. $1.50.

A love story of a girl's choice between two men.

The Innocents. By Sinclair Lewis. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.25.

A story for lovers: the romance of an American Darby and Joan.

The Wanderers. By Mary Johnston. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Decorations. $1.75.

A love story showing the unfolding of the relation from prehistoric times to the present.

The Tales of Chekhov. The Party and Other Stories. Translated by Constance Garnett. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A collection of eleven stories.

King Coal. By Upton Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

A story of the coal-mining camps and of the conditions of slavery and misery that exist there.

Dormie One. By Holworthy Hall. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

Eight stories about the golfer as a type —by a man who has accumulated these anecdotes from more than twenty years' experience .

The Rise of David Levinsky. By Abraham Cahan. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.60.

A novel which is the life story of a Russian Jewish immigrant, giving his conflict between materialism and idealism and his rise from a peddler to a millionaire.

The Coming. By J. C. Snaith. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

A novel of the war, centring around a wounded soldier home from the trenches, a stay-at-home, and a philanthropist.

The Boy Scout and Other Stories for Boys. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Illustrated. $1.25.

A collection of five recently published stories.

The Mask. By Florence Irwin. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Frontispiece. $1.40.

A story of New York social and business life in which a young married couple pass through disillusionment and suffering to ultimate happiness.

The Three Black Pennys. By Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50.

A love story of the mills of Pennsylvania, dealing with three dark men of the Penny family.

Marching Men. By Sherwood Anderson. New York: John Lane Company. $1.50.

The story of a miner's son who conceived the ideal of a united labour force for the world's work.

The Newcomers. By Elia W. Peattie. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

A story of a family of newcomers to a village where they are not welcome for business reasons.

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Wolf-Lure. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: D. Appleton and Company. Frontispiece. $1.50.

A romance of political intrigue of the French days following the Napoleonic wars.

The Heart's Kingdom. By Maria Thompson Daviess. Chicago: The Reilly and Britton Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A story reflecting the spiritual problems of the day: a humourous yet serious development of what happens in a little Southern town between a man back from the trenches and a girl fresh from New York.

Long Live the King. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A story of love, intrigue, and adventure in the court of Otto IX.

Webster-Man's Man. By Peter B. Kyne. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated. $1.35.

A story about the discovery of ore on a Mexican claim, dealing with two men and a girl.

A King in Babylon. By Burton E. Stevenson. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

The story of an American moving-picture company in the Egyptian desert.

Ladies Must Live. By Alice Duer Miller. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

A New York high society story of two women in a pirate contest for a wealthy Westerner.

The Luck of the Irish. By Harold MacGrath. New York: Harper and Brothers.

A regular Harold MacGrath book, full of adventure and excitement.

Drowsy. By J. A. Mitchell. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. Illustrated.

A romance by the editor of *Life*, dealing with the love story of a woman and a reckless lover with an unusual inheritance.

General Literature

Nietzsche, the Thinker. By William M. Salter. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $3.50.

A study of the three periods in Nietzsche's life, in thirty chapters; written before the beginning of the war.

A Literary Pilgrim in England. By Edward Thomas. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Eight illustrations in colour and twelve in monotone. $3.00.

Literary England reflected in the homes and resorts of her most famous authors; in eight chapters.

God and Mr. Wells. By William Archer. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.00.

A constructive criticism of Mr. Wells's book, "God the Invisible King."

The Foes of Our Own Household. By Theodore Roosevelt. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.50.

Twelve chapters of warning and suggestion as to the interior foes which America must fight to win the war for democracy.

Books and Persons. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.00.

Comments on the epoch, 1908-1911; a collection of a series of weekly articles which appeared in the *New Age* under the author's pseudonym, "Jacob Tonson."

Benefits Forgot. A Story of Lincoln and the Mother Love. By Honoré Willsie. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. Illustrated. 75 cents.

A little booklet telling the story of Lincoln's reproof to a young soldier.

Tennyson, How to Know Him. By Raymond M. Alden. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. With Portrait.

A critical interpretation of his life and work; in six chapters.

History

Greater Italy. By William Kay Wallace. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

Italy's rise as a world power: a study of European history and international politics.

A Revolutionary Pilgrimage. Written and illustrated by Ernest Peixotto. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

An account of a series of visits to battlegrounds and other places made memorable by the War of the Revolution.

Early Philadelphia, Its People, Life and Progress. By Horace Mather Lippincott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Frontispiece and 119 Illustrations.

In forty-six sections—a collection of accounts of customs and institutions of Philadelphia to-day.

Our Flag and Our Songs. Compiled and illustrated by H. A. Ogden. New York: Edward J. Clode. 60 cents.

A brief story of the origin and life of the United States Flag, with a selection of the songs that have inspired the nation in war and peace.

The Evolution of the Hebrew People. By Professor Laura H. Wild. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

A foundation for study of the development of the life, literature, and thought of the Hebrews.

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Juvenile

The Story Book of Science. Translated from the nineteenth French edition. By Jean Henri Fabre. New York: The Century Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

A book of popular science in story form—for children from ten to sixteen years.

In Santa Claus's House. By Florence Irwin. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

A Christmas story for children.

Girls and Boys, and Our Children. By Anatole France. New York: Duffield and Company. Illustrated in colour and pen and ink by Boutet de Monvel.

Two books which prove Anatole France as charming a writer in the juvenile field as he is along other lines.

Miscellaneous

The Secret of Typewriting Speed. By Margaret B. Owen. Chicago: Forbes and Company. $1.00.

Directions for mastering the typewriter, by the world's speed champion.

Letters from Harry and Helen. Written down by Mary Blount White. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.

A volume of communications for those interested in the survival of identity and the conditions of life beyond death.

Poetry

Grenstone Poems. By Witter Bynner. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. $1.35.

Poems forming by their sequence a narrative of a young poet falling in love.

Collected Poems. By Wilfred Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Company. Frontispiece. $2.25.

A complete collection, including one hundred and fifty poems, of the author's realistic verse.

Love Songs. Sara Teasdale. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A collection of seventy-two lyrics, a few of which have appeared in magazines.

Rhymes of the Rookies. By W. E. Christian. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.00.

The sunny side of soldier service—some sixty poems by the men in khaki.

Baubles. By Carolyn Wells. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated by Oliver Herford. $1.25.

A book of humourous verse—some eighty jingles.

Rookie Rhymes. By the men of the First and Second Provisional Training Regiments, Plattsburg, New York, May 15-August 15, 1917. New York: Harper and Brothers. Illustrated. 75 cents.

A collection of rhymes and songs in which the rookies make fun of their fatigues, of their privations, of their homesickness, of their drills, etc.

Poems by John Masefield. Selected by Henry Seidel Canby, Frederick Erastus Pierce, Willard Higley Durham, all of Yale University. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.60.

A collection of fourteen poems published by the consent of the author.

Hays's Complete Poems. Household Edition. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

Over a hundred poems, including those new and old, translations, and some previously uncollected.

The Poems of H. C. Bunner. With an Introduction by Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

A new edition, including the contents of two former books, reprints from *Puck,* and some later lyrics.

The Answering Voice. One Hundred Love Lyrics by Women. Selected by Sara Teasdale. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25.

A lyrical interpretation of the woman's point of view in love.

Politics

Political Ideals. By Bertrand Russell. New York: The Century Company. $1.00.

A discussion of the problem: how can the men, women, and children of the world be made more comfortable and valuable to themselves and others?

The Coming Democracy. By Hermann Fernau. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

An exposure of Germany's political system and an appeal to Germany to rid itself of its imperial dynasty.

The Irish Home-Rule Convention. By George W. Russell, the Right Hon. Sir Horace Plunkett, and John Quinn. New York: The Macmillan Company. 50 cents.

A discussion, in three parts, of the questions now being considered in the Belfast convention.

The Government of England, National, Local, Imperial. By David Duncan Wallace, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

An untechnical handbook of the English Government.

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Austria-Hungary. The Polyglot Empire. By Wolf von Schierbrand. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. $3.00.

An interpretation—historical, social and political—of the forces of progress and of disruption at work in the polyglot empire.

Psychology—Philosophy

Delusion and Dream. By Dr. Sigmund Freud. Translated by Helen M. Downey. Introduction by Dr. G. Stanley Hall. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

A translation of the novel *Gradiva,* and an application to it of the principles of psychoanalysis.

The Essentials of Philosophy. By R. W. Sellars. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.60.

A text-book in twenty-four chapters.

Science

Earliest Man. By Frederick William Hugh Migeod, F.R.A.I. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Company, Ltd. $1.50.

A contribution to the study of the Primitive Man and Early Society, based on the author's researches among the tribes and animals of West Africa.

The Origin and Evolution of Life. By Henry Fairfield Osborn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A discussion of the origin and evolution of life, with the critical estimate of the theories of origin and adaptation, and the postulate of a possible new explanation.

War

Army and Navy Information. By Major D. W. C. Falls. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated by six colour plates and thirty line cuts by the author. $1.00.

The uniforms, organisation, arms and equipment of the warring powers.

The Terror. By Arthur Machen. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.25.

A mystery story first appearing in the *Century.*

My Four Years in Germany. James W. Gerard. New York: George H. Doran Company. Illustrated. $2.00.

Twenty chapters of the author's experiences as ambassador to Berlin.

Under Fire. By Henry Barbusse. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

Twenty-four hours in the life of a private soldier; the story of a squad.

Turkey, Greece and the Great Powers. By G. F. Abbott. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $3.00.

A discussion of the problem of the Near East, for students of world politics and of the war.

What Germany Is Fighting For. By Sir Charles Waldstein. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 60 cents.

An account of German war aims to the present time.

A Student in Arms. By Donald Hankey. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

A second series—several more essays with biographical fragments and notes by the author's sister.

The Principles of Military Art. By Major Sir Francis Fletcher-Vane, Bt. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.25.

Thirteen chapters of untechnical discussion, for officers of all ranks.

With Cavalry in the Great War. By Frederick Coleman. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs. Illustrated from photographs taken by the author. $1.50.

A personal narrative of the British trooper in the trench line, through the second battle of Ypres.

Gunners' Handbook for Field Artillery. By Captains John S. Hammond and Dawson Olmstead. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated. 40 cents.

A little handbook of specific requirements for candidates for rating as gunners.

On the Edge of the War Zone. By Mildred Aldrich. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company. $1.25.

Letters to a friend in America, from the battle of the Marne to the coming of the Stars and Stripes.

Pros and Cons in the Great War. By Leonard A. Magnus. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

An attempt to epitomise all the controversial literature about the war, pro-German arguments and the "contra" facts—a book of reference for writers, readers, and speakers.

The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney. By Henry Handel Richardson. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.50.

A story of Australian pioneer life, centring about a young Irish surgeon.

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The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the first of September and the first of October:

FICTION

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City	The Treasure Train	Understood Betsy
New York City	Christine	The Salt of the Earth
Albany, N. Y	Long Live the King	The Soul of a Bishop
Atlanta, Ga	Beyond	The Soul of a Bishop
Boston, Mass	The Red Planet	Christine
Boston, Mass	Christine	The Salt of the Earth
Baltimore, Md	The Long Lane's Turning	The Red Planet
Buffalo, N. Y	The Secret Witness	Beyond
Chicago, Ill	The Soul of a Bishop	Long Live the King
Chicago, Ill	Anne's House of Dreams	The Red Planet
Cincinnati, Ohio	The Red Planet	Christine
Dallas, Texas	Red Pepper's Patients	His Family
Denver, Colc	The Salt of the Earth	Anne's House of Dreams
Detroit, Mich	The Soul of a Bishop	Summer
Indianapolis, Ind	Beyond	His Own Country
Jacksonville, Fla	The Red Planet	Anne's House of Dreams
Kansas City, Mo	The Red Planet	The Definite Object
Los Angeles, Cal	Beyond	The Soul of a Bishop
Louisville, Ky	The Secret Witness	The High Heart
Milwaukee, Wis	The Long Lane's Turning	The Soul of a Bishop
Minneapolis, Minn	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Soul of a Bishop
New Orleans, La	Martie, the Unconquered	The Red Planet
Norfolk, Va	The Soul of a Bishop	The Secret Witness
Philadelphia, Pa	Christine	The Secret Witness
Philadelphia, Pa	The Soul of a Bishop	The Long Lane's Turning
Portland, Me	The Soul of a Bishop	The High Heart
Portland, Ore	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Wildfire
Richmond, Va	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Straight Road
Rochester, N. Y	Christine	Beyond
San Antonio, Tex	The Lovers	The Red Planet
San Francisco, Cal	The Red Planet	Christine
San Francisco, Cal	Christine	The Long Lane's Turning
Seattle, Wash	The Red Planet	Martie, the Unconquered
Spokane, Wash	Martie, the Unconquered	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
St. Paul, Minn	Cousin Julia	Christine
St. Louis, Mo	The Light in the Clearing	The Son of Tarzan
St. Louis, Mo	The Definite Object	The Red Planet
Tacoma, Wash	Over the Top	Mag Pye
Toronto, Ont	Anne's House of Dreams	Over the Top
Washington, D. C	The Red Planet	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Worcester, Mass	Christine	The Secret Witness

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
Belinda of the Red Cross	Finished	The Long Lane's Turning	The Salt of the Earth
Love's Inferno	Beyond	The High Heart	Bab: A Sub-Deb
The Long Lane's Turning	Red Pepper's Patients	We Can't Have Everything	Anne's House of Dreams
The Red Planet	The Definite Object	Out of a Clear Sky	The Long Lane'sTurning
The High Heart	The Soul of a Bishop	Long Live the King	Beyond
Beyond	The Secret Witness	The High Heart	Martie, the Unconquered
The Hundredth Chance	Beyond	The Definite Object	Summer
The Long Lane's Turning	The Salt of the Earth	Christine	His Family
Beyond	Martie, the Unconquered	The Red Planet	Green Fancy
The Long Lane's Turning	The Road of Ambition	Beyond	Kenny
His Family	Beyond	The Secret Witness	Scandal
Martie, the Unconquered	The Light in the Clearing	The Soul of a Bishop	Road to Understanding
His Family	Over the Top	The Yukon Trail	The Light in the Clearing
Beyond	Anne's House of Dreams	The Long Lane's Turning	Martie, the Unconquered
His Family	Martie, the Unconquered	Understood Betsy	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
The Long Lane's Turning	Martie, the Unconquered	The Definite Object	Summer
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	His Family	Martie, the Unconquered	The Worn Doorstep
Summer	His Own Country	Green Fancy	The Red Planet
The Soul of a Bishop	Scandal	Beyond	The Long Lane's Turning
The High Heart	Martie, the Unconquered	Anne's House of Dreams	The Broken Gate
Understood Betsy	Martie, the Unconquered	Cousin Julia	The Secret Witness
The Definite Object	Summer	His Family	Mistress Anne
The High Heart	Helen of Four Gates	Martie, the Unconquered	Beyond
Beyond	Anne's House of Dreams	The Salt of the Earth	Paradise Auction
Christine	Martie, the Unconquered	The High Heart	You Can't Have Everything
Christine	The Red Planet	Long Live the King	Green Fancy
The Secret of the Storm Country	The Red Planet	The Light in the Clearing	The Soul of a Bishop
The Red Planet	We Can't Have Everything	The Light in the Clearing	Summer
The Salt of the Earth	The Light in the Clearing	Bromley Neighborhood	The Hundredth Chance
The Dumb Bell of Brookfield	Anne's House of Dreams	Out of a Clear Sky	The Dark Star
Summer	His Family	Martie, the Unconquered	The Definite Object
His own Country	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Dark Star	The Red Planet
The Long Lane's Turning	The Definite Object	Christine	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Bab: A Sub-Deb	Summer	The Definite Object	The Red Planet
The Light in the Clearing	Summer	His Own Country	Anne's House of Dreams
Changing Winds	Sunny Slopes	Red Pepper's Patients	The Soul of a Bishop
The Hundredth Chance	Martie, the Unconquered	Bab: A Sub-Deb	In the Wilderness
The Definite Object	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	The Red Planet	The Light in the Clearing
Changing Winds	The Definite Object	Martie, the Unconquered	Bab: A Sub-Deb
Christine	Martie, the Unconquered	The Hundredth Chance	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
Anne's House of Dreams	Mistress Anne	The Red Planet	The Salt of the Earth

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BOOKS—NON-FICTION—ON DEMAND FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

On the Edge of the War Zone. Mildred Aldrich.
Rookie Rhymes. (By Plattsburg Men).
More Power to You. Bruce Barton.
A Son of the Middle Border. Hamlin Garland.
Towards the Goal. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
Laugh and Live. Douglas Fairbanks.
Open Boats. Alfred Noyes.
In the World. Maxim Gorky.
Germany, the Next Republic? Carl R. Ackerman.
The Land of Deepening Shadow. Thomas D. Curtin.
Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.
Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 366 and 367) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
" " "	2d	"	"	"	"	8
" " "	3d	"	"	"	"	7
" " "	4th	"	"	"	"	6
" " "	5th	"	"	"	"	5
" " "	6th	"	"	"	"	4

1. The Red Planet. Locke. (John Lane.) $1.50 170
2. Christine. Cholmondeley. (Macmillan.) $1.25 123
3. Martie, the Unconquered. Norris. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50..... 111
4. Beyond. Galsworthy. (Scribner's.) $1.50 110
5. The Soul of a Bishop. Wells. (Macmillan.) $1.50 106
6. The Long Lane's Turning. Rives. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50..... 89

A COMPLETE LIST OF BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS MENTIONED IN THE FOREGOING REPORTS

Anne's House of Dreams. L. M. Montgomery.
Bab: A Sub-Deb. Mary Roberts Rinehart.
Belinda of the Red Cross. Robert W. Hamilton.
The Broken Gate. Emerson Hough.
Beyond. John Galsworthy.
Bromley Neighborhood. Alice Brown.
Carry On. Coningsby Dawson.
Christine. Alice Cholmondeley.
Changing Winds. St. John G. Ervine.
Cousin Julia. Grace H. Flandrau.
The Dark Star. Robert W. Chambers.
The Definite Object. Jeffery Farnol.
Finished. H. Rider Haggard.
Germany, the Next Republic? Carl R. Ackerman.
Green Fancy. George Barr McCutcheon.
His Family. Ernest Poole.
His Own Country. Paul Kester.
Helen of Four Gates. An Ex-Mill Girl.
The Hundredth Chance. Ethel M. Dell.
The High Heart. Basil King.
Kenny. L. Dalrymple.
The Land of Deepening Shadow. Thomas D. Curtin.
Laugh and Live. Douglas Fairbanks.
The Light in the Clearing. Irving Bacheller.
The Long Lane's Turning. Hallie E. Rives.
Long Live the King. Mary R. Rinehart.
The Lovers. Elizabeth R. Pennell.
Love's Inferno. Edward Stilgebauer.
Martie, the Unconquered. Kathleen Norris.
Mistress Anne. Temple Bailey.
Mr. Britling Sees It Through. H. G. Wells.
More Power to You. Bruce Barton.
Open Boats. Alfred Noyes.
Over the Top. Arthur Guy Empey.
Out of a Clear Sky. Maria T. Daviess.
On the Edge of the War Zone. Mildred Aldrich.
Paradise Auction. Nalbro Hartley.
Red Pepper's Patients. Grace Richmond.
The Red Planet. William J. Locke.
Rookie Rhymes. (By Plattsburg Men.)
The Road to Understanding. E. H. Porter.
Salt of the Earth. Cecily U. Sidgwick.
Scandal. Cosmo Hamilton.
The Secret Witness. George Gibbs.
A Son of the Middle Border. Hamlin Garland.
The Soul of a Bishop. H. G. Wells.
A Student in Arms. D. W. A Hankey
Summer. Edith Wharton.
Sunny Slopes. Ethel Hueston.
Towards the Goal. Mrs. Humphry Ward.
The Treasure Train. Arthur B. Reeve.
Understood Betsy. Dorothy Canfield.
The Worn Doorstep. Margaret Sherwood.
You Can't Have Everything. Rupert Hughes.

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